

THE UNIVERSITY

OF ILLINOIS

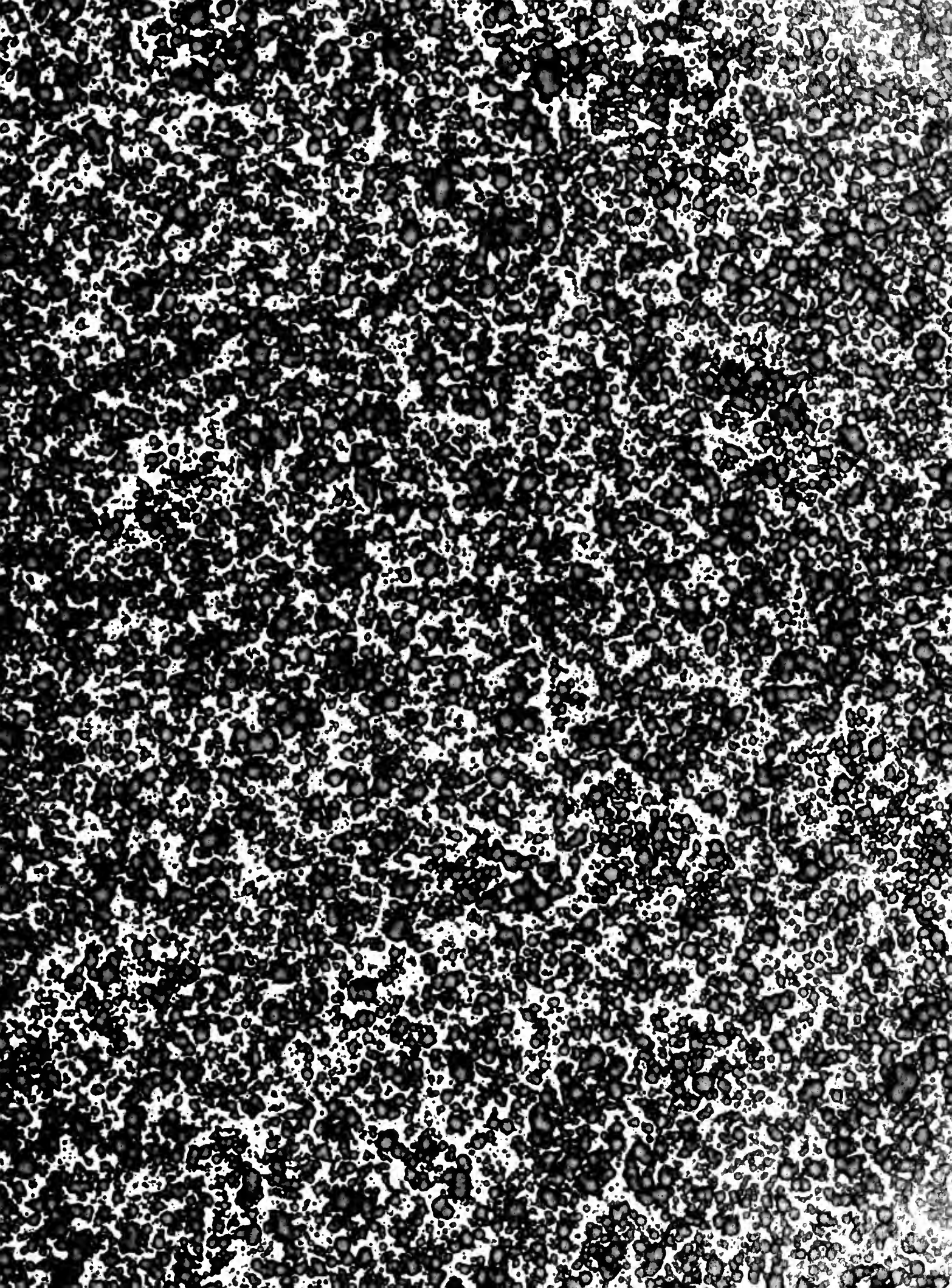
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THE SIREN



COMING OUT NUMBER

NOVEMBER, 1911



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Chicago

THE world welcomes the well dressed man. It challenges the other fellow.

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Start right--in Kuppenheimer Clothes. They make a man feel his own worth--they impress others.

The man of moderate means finds in them true economy--the rich man can wear no better.

In business--among social friends--wherever a man's appearance counts--they lend an air of simple dignity and solid worth.

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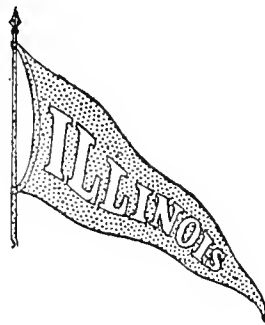
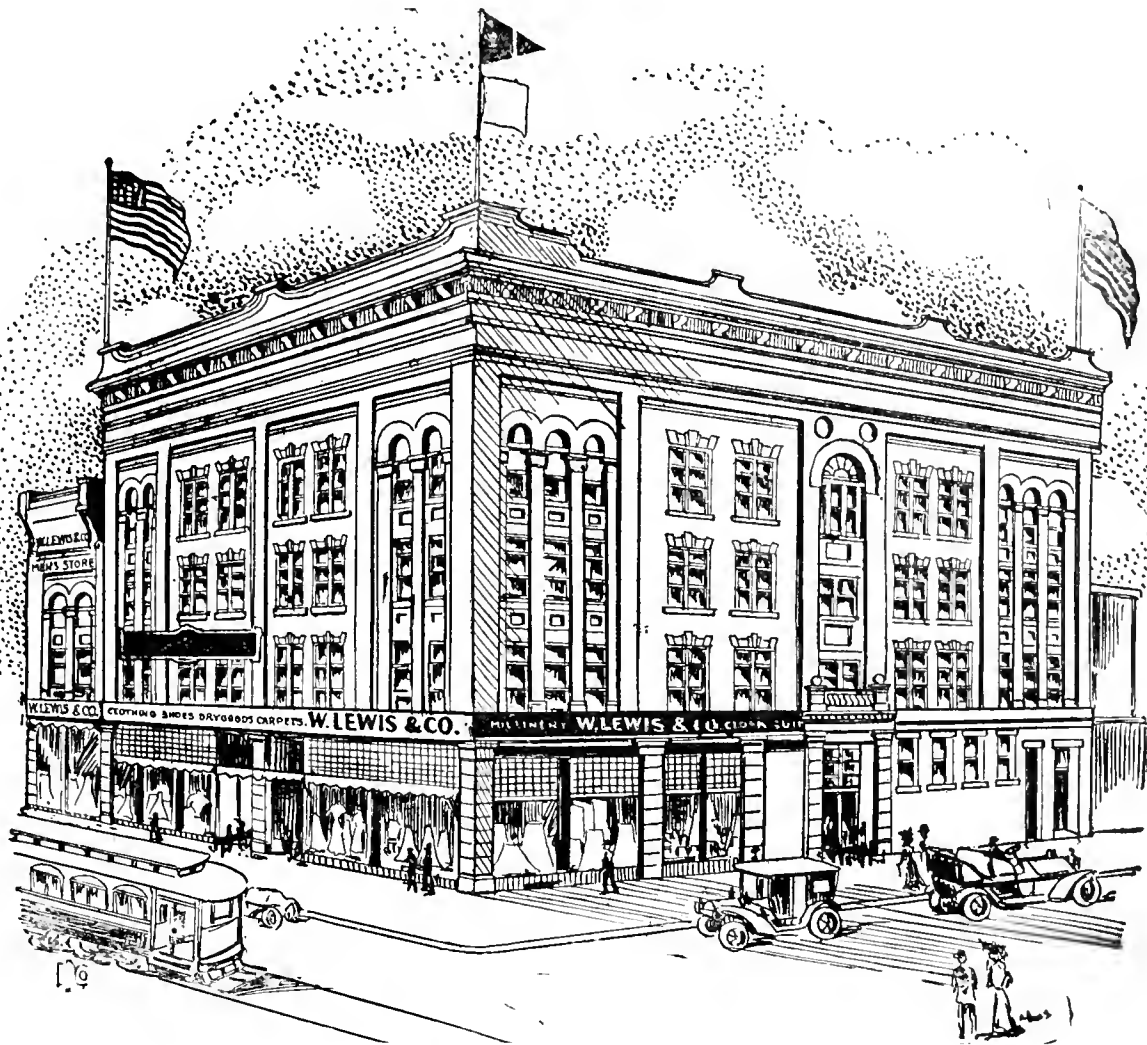
The House of Kuppenheimer now on display; of pure virgin wool fabrics, almost any shade, any style that a man of good taste and good judgment prefers--insists upon.

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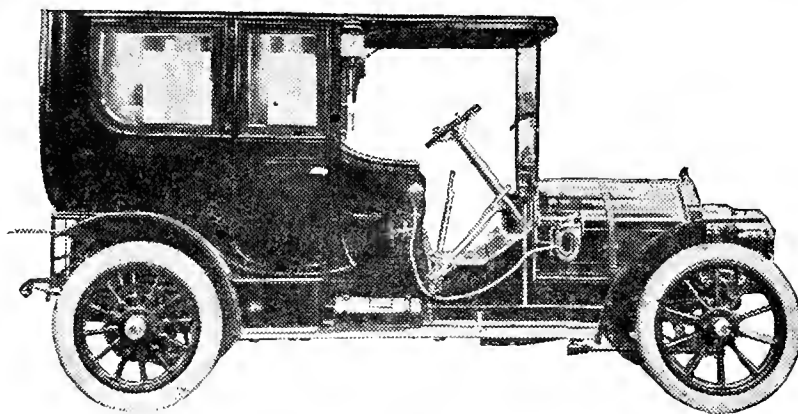
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Fits the purse,
the person and the
taste of the
most exacting.

It will pay you to
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We carry a com-
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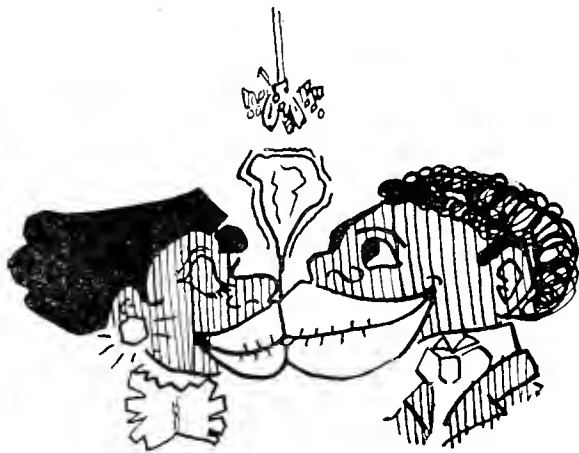
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URBANA, ILLINOIS



This Dark Secret will be exposed to you next
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The Chocolate Drop.



But a kiss is a

Laura Jean Libby
Beat to a Frazzle in
THE MISTLETOE NUMBER

Our experienced editors will bare the
little privacies of their lives to give you
vivid descriptions of every brand of kiss
from the infantile caress to the soul shaker
of the fair co-ed.



kiss for a' that.

Some have to cross the seas to find 'em.
but we have our little "siren" here at home.



THE CO-OP

(On the Square)

The Co-Op extends a hearty welcome to All

ALUMNI

and invites them to make this store their

Headquarters

We Can Offer Some Suggestions to You---

Various College Novelties to take home with you (and
remember we excel in this line of goods)

Some Photographic Supplies (take your own pictures of
the events)

Get a Song Book by all odds.

Come in Anyway

THE CO-OP

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You can get, what you
want, when you want it

---IN

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OF

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Who are Thinking of buying Jewelry
for Christmas will be interested in Miss
Bowman's stock located in the Opera House
block. Whatever you need that a jeweler
has we want to supply you with. We have
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**30 Years of continuous dealing
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We make a specialty of Diamond Mount-
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next time.

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The Quality Shop
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*It Pays to Buy where Goods
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RALPH M. PARKS

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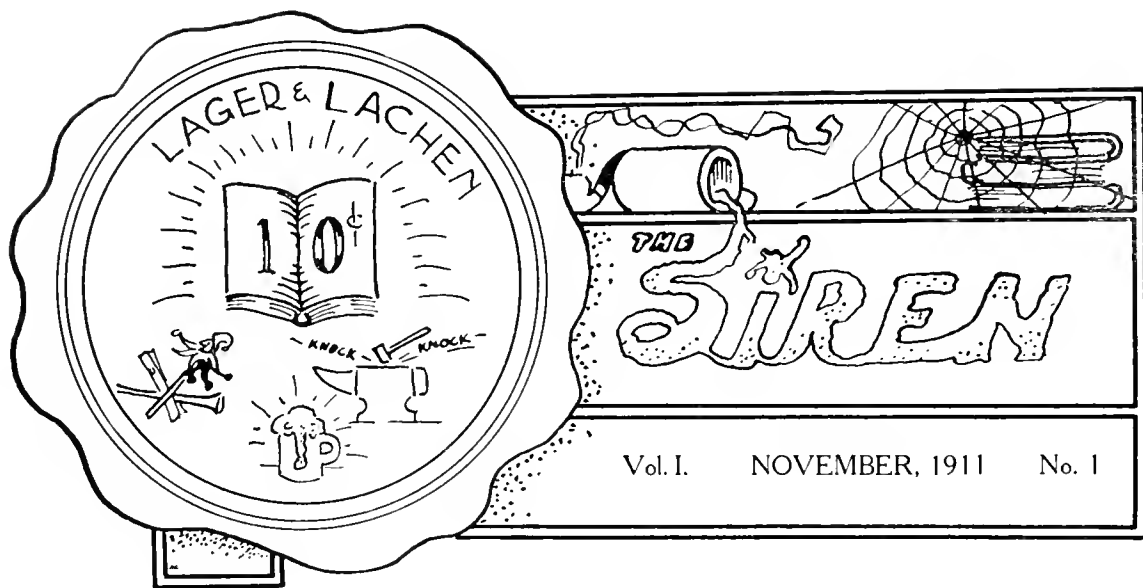
Look for the Little Shop
North of the Boneyard

Auto, 4381
Bell, 1111

Urbana,
Illinois.

Prologue

On a rocky island
In the Land of Sleep,
Sits a Siren gazing
Out across the deep.
Softly then our summons
Break upon her dreams,
In her isolation,
Heaven sent, it seems.
And she comes rejoicing;
With her we rejoice,
And in glad abandon
Listen to her voice.
Hark! Why, it no longer
Man's destruction sings---
Purely and divinely
With merry jests it rings.



BOARD OF EDITORS

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Published monthly during the college year by the students of the University of Illinois. Subscriptions 50c per year in advance; single copies, 10c; special numbers 25c. All business communications should be sent to P. H. Ward, 211 Daniel Street. Contributions should be sent to Julius Goebel, Jr., 918 Nevada Street, Urbana, or put in the Siren box in University Hall.



T was after the wily Odysseus had escaped their snares, that, in despair, the two oldest Siren sisters cast themselves into the sea. As a fitting memorial, King Jove, the kind hearted old reprobate, turned them into cliffs. Their younger sister, however, beautiful, hopeful, and afraid of the cold water, determined to live. In vain she scanned the seas for another hero-laden vessel sent by the blind Homer. She now decided to cultivate her voice, and, to revenge herself upon the Muses, who had failed to inspire their old protégé with a ship, she challenged them to a musical duel. Needless to say, she won. And so great was her success, that the nine dear old maidens, in chagrin, attacked her, hen-fashion, and stripped her of her feather garment. Undaunted, however, she cast about her for new fields of activity where the Muses either feared or scorned to tread.

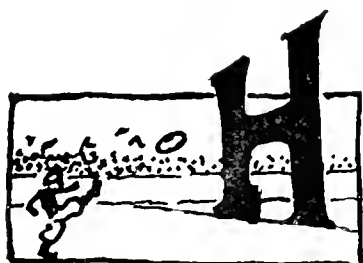
One day, *mirabile dictu*, she heard of Urbana. She packed her tape in her

THE SIREN

grip, and, in the enchanting morning mist, arrived by the journey-fatigued Washash. Imagine her joy and surprise at finding herself in a land, as guileless of Muses as is a babe of teeth. A veritable Utopia, inhabited by the pink of chivalry and culture, men who had never heard of jealous Muses. The Siren chuckled with joy, took out her tape, and signed a contract for monthly appearances ad infinitum.



WE sincerely appreciate the support which certain of our alumni have given us.



OW encouraging it is to know, that, despite the many adversities of the season, we at last have attained the *ne plus ultra* of football happiness. We are to play Minnesota. The air is tingling. We bang our feet against the bleachers and hug ourselves with eager anticipation of the fray. Yet some of us, those who have brought co-ed friends, are lost to the world. Poor fellows, who cannot even have the joy of sitting on their hands. Then the band marches onto the field. With one accord we rise and, with bared heads, we pledge our loyalty to our alma mater. We settle back into our seats. The field is quiet, except for the murmur of voices and the cracking of peanuts. Suddenly the gate is opened and we again spring to our feet. A moment more and we reseal ourselves. It's the Minnesota team. But we cheer lustily, and the mighty volume of our voices booms down the field. Scarcely have the echoes died away when the orange and blue trots upon the gridiron. We catch our breaths and simultaneously the great "oskee wow wow" bursts forth, for the battle is on!



THE KING IS DEAD! LONG LIVE THE KING!

THE Palace was very still that night,
Save for a wailing cry,
As a radiant angel wondrous bright
Slipped through the gates of eternal light
To earth, from the realms on high.

The Palace was full of wild delight,
But one heart was filled with woe,
For another King on the wings of night
Had come to rule with a rod of might,
And they said that he must go.

The fallen King from his trundle bed
Sobbed in the dark alone,
Till a gentle voice from o'er his head
Whispering comfort softly said
That he might share the throne.

THE SIREN

The Siren's Campus Debut

WHEN the Siren made her debut, the November day was resplendent in sunshine and autumnal colors. It was such a day as the deans love to spend in the woods: a splendid occasion for a fall family-picnic. The opportunity was not to be sidetracked, and, taking full advantage, the Siren, robed in a beautiful Parisian gown, stylish, but with no trace of the directoire or harem—in fact, her skirt was full of graceful curves and roomy—found herself in our midst, or rather, we found her—that is, a senior did. He first espied her perched delicately upon the bi-globed lamp-post around the east corner of Main Hall. She seemed to be trimming wicks; but that does not matter so much as the senior. Well, he saw her; graceful, nymph-like, with a wealth of auburn hair, faintly kicking her tiny pumps at the open windows of the moot court, from which no romantic law student was blowing kisses, but out of which flowed a torrent of expletives as from a red-haired man in anger. He saw her gracefully poised upon the globes, and he was immediately reminded of Sylvia—yet, Sylvia had to wear high shoes and had jet black hair. He thought her very much like Sylvia, and, after a glance towards the Woman's Building, he cautiously edged toward her.

She saw him and partly turned away, displaying a shoulder fit for a sculptor's model. Yes, the senior saw it plainly, and with his four years of training in the beautiful, he caught its full significance. He was spellbound—yet it is said he attended every important dance last year, including two cadet-hops, one of Mr. Hana's weeklies, and the military ball. He left her shoulder with his mouth agape, and intently watched the graceful movements of her arms and hands as she smoothed the panel over her knees, and flected a leaf off her bodice. "*Come si belle*" he thought. He had a very artistic temperament, and had once suffered a severe attack of Platonic friendship in the art-studio, when he had become infatuated with the symmetrical curves of Venus de Milo. What exquisite poise! And his mouth opened wider. He ventured nearer.

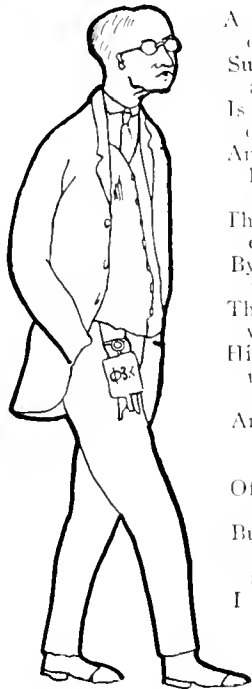
Divinely sweet she smiled, but modestly; in fact, her cheek colored and he saw the tint come and go. And he marvelled. Making sure he was alone, he shifted toward the post. The Siren wiggled her little toes in alarm, and blushed deeply. She was about to dismount. It was then that the senior saw her matchless face—every feature regular, with eyes sky-deep and blue. Rapidly he took notes upon his memory tablets, and compared her beauty with Sylvia's. After careful mathematical calculations, Sylvia was four points in the lead. The senior came nearer.

The Siren, a very timid young lady, deftly and modestly descended the lamp-post and nimbly skipped to the drinking-fountain. There she lingered to wet her lips and, incidentally, have her face bathed in the limpid geyser. Having completed her ablutions, she tripped away under the evergreens and was lost from view.

The amazed senior, wondering what fairy he had discovered, and whence she came, sheepishly replaced his champagne and purple, and ambled north along Wright Street towards the sanitarium.

THE SIREN

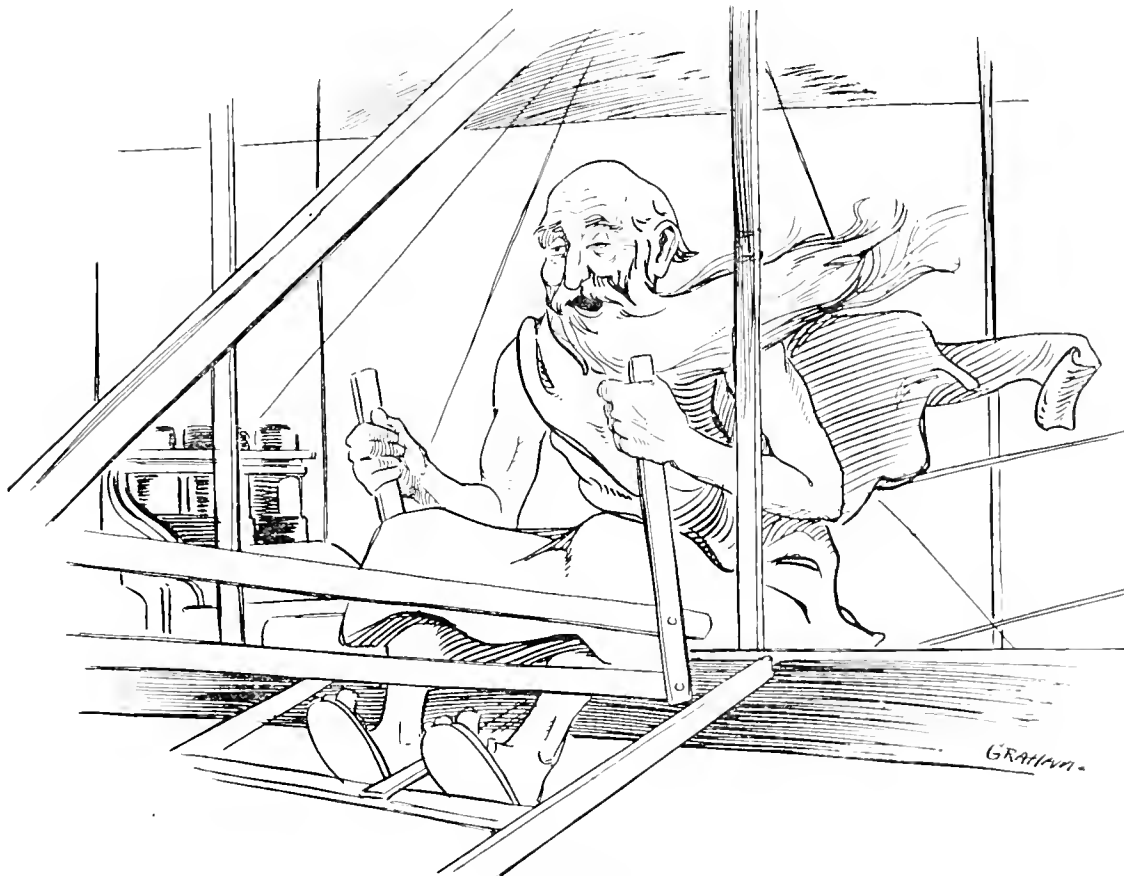
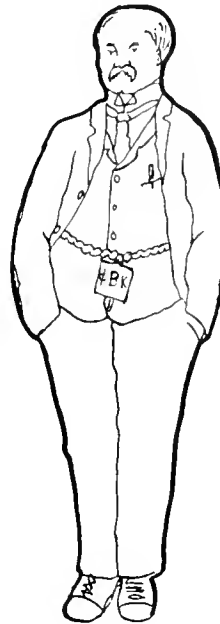
HOW TO WEAR A PBK KEY



A glittering key made
of eight carat gold,
Such as Peter employs
at the gate
Is found on the vest
of each studious man
An index to what's in
his pate.

The vest style, tho very
effectively used,
By no means is always
the mode;
The scholar unblest
with a wearable vest,
His belt with the treas-
ure will load.

And so we might quote
from an endless ar-
ray
Of methods to hang up
the key:
But the man who in
modesty puts his
away,
I fear the world never
will see.



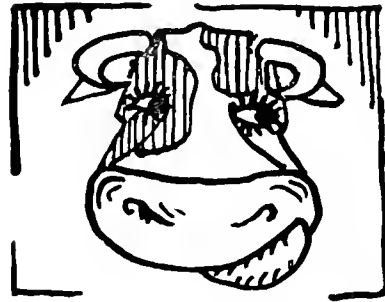
TIME FLIES

THE SIREN



DON'T worry sister, trust in God,
She will Help you."

IN THE HALL OF FAME.



VISITOR (Before bovine picture of great excellence)—Ah ha, Rosa Bonheur, upon my word.
Ag (sentimentally)—Nope, just plain "Old Rose."

MONTHLY STORY FOR FACULTY

THE MILL TAX KORAN

THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO SAINT McCONNUS

CHAPTER I

1. And it came to pass in these days, which was the sixth year of the reign of King Jaymees, that there went out a *decree* that all the kingdom of the Unversidies should be taxed.

2. And then did King Jaymees call together the council of elders, both men and *women*, and he took counsel of the best way to dispose of the shekels.

3. And there arose amongst them Abbothus, who was of the old men the *oldest*, and he spake, "O, King, ye ask us how to spend of our coffers. Verily verily I say unto you that it is best to bestow it upon the worthy Deanidies, and let those worshippers of Mammon, the Professoridies, be content in the *opulence* in which they live.

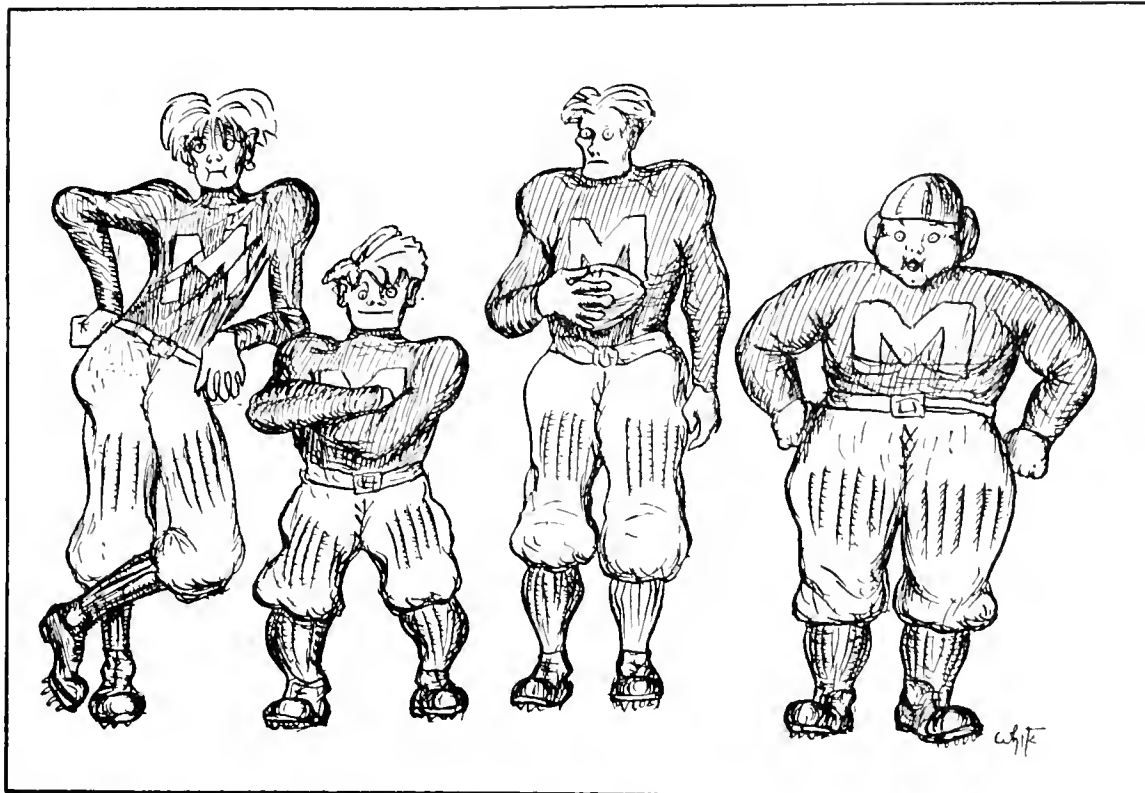
4. This counsel seemed good, but a certain *woman*, Carria, who likewise loved little the Unversidies, but withal

was dear unto King Jaymees, arose, and spake, "O, King, the Unversidies wax strong and overbearing; let a goodly share of the tax money be given unto thee, that thou mayest increase thy *paltry* revenue, and that thou mayest journey across the waters into distant lands."

And King Jaymees was pleased, and he spake, "O, Carria and Abbothus, ye speak *well*, but I would have you not forget that the mimeograph, upon which the invitations for my formal *receptions* are printed is broken. Let a new one first be bought, and then we shall take further counsel."

6. And this seemed good in the eyes of all and straightway a *new* mimeograph was bought for the King, and the people rejoiced and were exceedingly glad.

THE SIREN



"OUT OF THE NORTH THE WILD SWEDES CAME"



FREE

FREE

THE SIREN

Will give the following prizes for contributions to the next number.

Cover Design	\$3.00
Best Double Page Cartoon	\$3.00
Best Small Cartoon	\$2.00
Best Joke	\$2.00
Second Best Joke	\$1.00

All contributions must be submitted by December 5, 1911.



S ALL HERE''

THE SIREN

MONTHLY STORY FOR GIRLS THE TOO POPULAR TWO

I

THERE once resided in the center of a great universitee town a beautiful blond. Her first name was Mable and her second Popularitee. She was so popular that she had a caller every afternoon, and she gave away her evenings in sections. The applicants for divisions of her time were on file weeks ahead, and the lights in Mable's room gleamed out brilliantlee.

Across the street lived Minnie, a mere brunette, whom Mable gave but slight accord, for Minnie's front room showed signs but twice a week.

The best of times will change. Fair Mable's suitors grew "onweed" at the task of getting dates and began to long for some less-sought-for game. Their tired eyes fell upon the sweet repose of the neighbor's front room, and one by one they found Minnie's name in the "phone" directoree.

And so it was and so it is.

Now Minnie's meter registers a thousand every night, and Mable is taking Agriculture.

MORAL: If you cannot be unpopular, use a little judgment.

II

To a certain great universitee, at which the gentler sex mingles with the more firm in the pursuit of learning, there came a beautiful and attractive girl. Long and lingering were the looks of everee sorrowitee at this fairest of the prairie, and many were the dates she had, and entertainments, and much flatteree. Each and every sororitee would hold long talks in its privatest abode, and each would wonder which would bid fair Ann and where she finallee would go. Finallee the chase became so frantic that the men began to watch and many were the wagers they made as to which of the pleading groups of girls the fair Annette would choose.

And then came the catastrophee. When pledging day had come and gone and all had quieted down, it was found that Ann, having had no bid, had quietly left town.

MORAL: Modestee is a poor pol-icee.

SPEAKING of protective tariff why not lay a duty on the shoes, hats, memory books, and the et cetera of outside salesmen?

HAMPERED

"A PROPOS the 'return to nature' doctrine, who is the more restricted by institutions, the savage or the civilized man?"

"The savage, for he can't even go to war without a make-up."

BRANDED

"WHAT nationality is Prof. Durham?"

"Farmer, I believe."

HYPNOTIC

AFTER you have given up all hopes of landing him, my dear, tell him he looks like an Arrow Col-lar man.



"A YE, there's the Rub."

THE SIREN



THE END OF THE PLAY

I sat enraptured at *Camille*, my cheeks bedewed with tears;
As one entranced I gazed and wept, wrought up 'twixt hopes and fears;
And did I like the death scene? Ah, I cannot speak of that,
Because a woman just in front was pinning on her hat!

I watched a melodrama (it was mellow through and through)
Until my very hair stood up, and still the horror grew;
And heavens! Did the villain really cut the children's throats?
I'll never know! For those in front put on their overcoats!

I never saw poor Juliet die, or Hamlet breathe his last,
Or heard the final comments of survivors in a cast;
And ne'er expect to see a thing, just ere the curtain's fall,
Till Klein or Thomas writes a play that has no end at all.



A JUNE-GRASS COLLEGE WIDOW

THE honor student sat in his ten by sixteen, gazing lovingly upon the framed credentials above his desk. Outside the moonshine dripped down thru the languid limbs of Lover's Lane. It was June. The south-farm breeze bore to his weary ears the gentle voice of Freddie Fussler, as he cooed in glee-club tones to the fairest of the fair. The near-P. B. K. candidate clouded his tungsten and paid front-row attention.

Freddie was munching the end of a long blade of juicy grass, and with this new-fangled Cupid's dart made a stab at her cherry lips. She seized the opportunity and the tickly end of the spear between her dainty teeth; then, true to the wiles of the first mother of ours, dared him to race to the middle. He did, and squeezed out his fair opponent at the finish.

The real student tumbled onto the roof.

The defeated drew back in all the indignation of the sex "deadlier than the male."

"Now, sir," she snapped, "you may beg my pardon."

Freddie, who had been there before, in a low salaam strained his English tweed and humbly cooed:

"I admit it was pretty poor, but, dearest Angelica, it's the best I could do with a mouthful of grass."

THE SIREN

GIRLS WHO HAVE LOVED ME

A TRAGEDY

Beth was a maid of features fierce,
And with a will of steel;
Before her foolish college boys
In silent homage kneel.

I knelt, but wisely raised my eyes,
Thank Jove, the spell was broke!
I fled, but in unmanly fear
No word to her I spoke.

Sweet Theodora loved my purse,
She thought that I was rich;
She flirted violently with me,
The little black-eyed witch.

She danced like a Bacchante wild,
Throughout both night and day.
Again I 'scaped, but then, alas,
I had the deuce to pay.

Then Ruth came, like an autumn breeze,
With step serene, sedate;

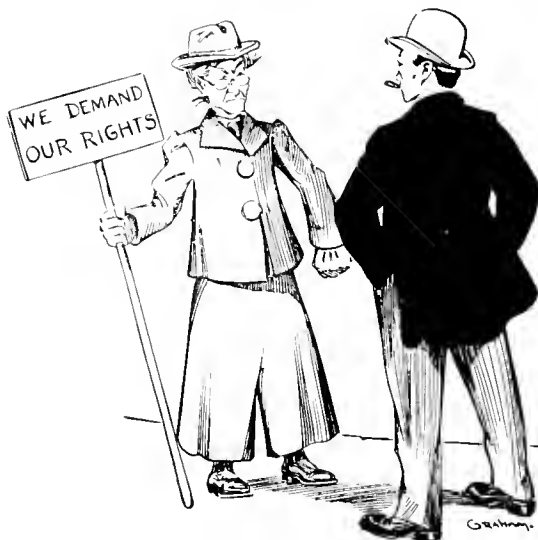
She revelled in her chemistry,
Without the door I'd wait.

Now happiness like that can't last,
And this I straightway knew.
Phi Beta Kappa was her goal,
I therefore said adieu.

Little Charlotte, ah, she had
A laugh that gurgled low;
It rippled, dimpled, gently on,
Forboding lover's woe.

This friendship, too, was soon ripped up,
She tried to run a "string".
I left because my morals were
Too soft for such a thing.

And now I've turned misogynist,
The gentle sex I shun;
I'm writing my biography,
With maidens I am done.



ONE of Life's Keenest Disappointments.—To spend two months growing a moustache and then to have nobody discover it.

"OLD CROW"

"DID yo' all get home sably, last evenin'?"
"No sah, I was delivahd."

GAS light and shining bar,
And one small keg for me;
And may there be no cheap five-cent cigar,

When I go out for tea.
Apologies to Henderson.

"SIR, are you opposed to votes for women?"
"Certainly not, but if women had the ballot then suffragettes would want it too."

THE SIREN

Reviews of Christmas Books

WITH Christmas but a month away, the SIREN has been harassed by a swarm of faculty authors who are anxious to have their books reviewed at a moderate cost. 1911 is especially fecund in what our editor is so bold as to call "Holiday Submissions;" nine Sunday-afternoon publications have been cautiously shoved under his door. With a broad policy of faculty support he has carefully criticised each one.

Dean Kinley's delightful little bubbling-over, "My Humorous Acquaintships," is an indispensable volume for an afternoon in the woods or an nutting excursion. Containing choice bits of humor, selected from a wide circle of old friends, and teeming with slaps at old maids and cracks at mothers-in-law, it will convulse with merriment even a dragged-out family head who has lugged the flat-iron lunch three miles thru the "murmuring pines and the hemlocks."

Dean Clark, with the zeal of a popular novelist, salutes us with "Gallantry and Gossip." In this spinster's handbook, his lively sense of humor skips and trips thru 300 pages, strongly salted with the brine of social life and delicately spiced with Cranston conviviality.

"An excellent gift for Aunt Selina." The New York Sun.

Director Harding appeals to Christmas shoppers with "Toots for Tin Horns." The book has a melody all its own. Dealing not primarily with music, but with splendid suggestions for lobster appetites with oyster incomes, its popularity is inevitable. A

certain Green Street local has purchased the entire first edition. Osborne Hall gets the second.

N. B. The book is published with apologies to Prof. Kaskawiski of the Romance language department.

Prof. C. W. Rolfe, enervated with a phenominal second wind, greets us with "Rocked to Sleep." This Christmas literary salutation marks the culmination of a life-long acquaintanceship with geological specimens. It is full of flint but not hard to grasp, and appeals especially to sentimental co-eds who are annoyed with masculine attentions.

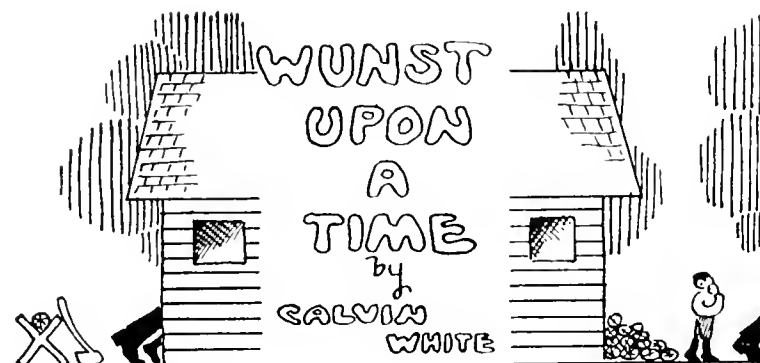
Next, we are pleased to review William Dietrich's "Bacon or Spareribs". In this truly American dissertation the long-unsettled partiality of certain Epicureans for Bacon has been brought to a pleasing conclusion. Ribs win with plenty to spare.

"An excellent after-Christmas-dinner mint." Chicago Tribune.

Freshmen will be attracted especially by Leo Hana's "Broadway Temptations." In this instructive pamphlet the glare of "the gay white way" is almost extinguished. The brilliancy of the electric light is dimmed; the effectiveness of the Israelite is checked. Gold bricks are recommended as investments. Specimens may be inspected at the "Gym." Mr. Hana has three beauties.

Later: For the purpose of propagating the creative spirit among our faculty members, a committee of seven has been appointed to consider the advisability of adding new courses to our curriculum, in order to use these publications as text-books.

THE SIREN



ONE day
Our Maw and Paw they went away,
An' left us kids with Minnie Lee,
An' told us es to see
How good an' quiet we could be.
But we wuz bad,
An' we made Minnie Lee so mad
She es scold an' scold, an' nen
Bert—He's got trousers es like men,
An' his voice goes way up high,
Nen way down low like Uncle Ben.

Bert he looks 'hind all the clocks,
Till he finds the key what locks
Granddad's drawer, an' there's a box
Full o' some black stuff
What Bert called snuff,
An' a pipe, an'—an'—lots o' things.
An' nen Bert said,
"This old place is awful dead.
Come on kids. We'll have some fun."
Nen we all run
Down behind the shed.

There wuz Jake and Fred an' Sid—
He's es a little bit o' kid—
An' me.
An' Bert he took a match,
An' scratch it on the patch
Of his pants, ah' nen he smoke,
An' pretty near choke.
Nen he give us all some snuff,
An' we es sneeze, an' he es puff.
Nen we sneeze an' sneeze some more
Till our noses wuz all sore.

Nen our eyes begin to run
Like we wuz cryin'.
An' he es laugh, like it wuz fun.
An' we es sneeze until it hurt,
Me an' Jake an' Fred. Nen Bert
Got sick, an' Sid
Run an' tell. Es like a kid!
Nen Maw an' Paw come home, an' Fred
An' me an' Jake got sent to bed.
An' Paw took Bert out to the shed—
An' I know what he did.

HER NUMBER

PROF.—Mr. Jones, what does 1860 bring to your mind?
Jones (dreamily)—Nellie's telephone, sir.

FOR the white shirt-waist and black skirt—
It's a dry leaf that takes on no colors.

THE SIREN

THE LAMB RAMPANT



MUSIC AND DRAMA

A DRAMATIC critic dropped in the other evening to hear a rehearsal of "The Lion Rampant." (That was the only way he could get in.)

"You have noticed the posters? Ferocious animal playfully pawing the air. Very deceptive. I watched the lion thru a whole performance and the worst he did was to paw his hair. Lion? Why, sir, he was a lamb—a Mary's little lamb. As long as Mary was not on the scene, he showed spirit, I admit; fact is, if it had not been for her, he would have been a good politician. A moral there—More than one promising young man has been ruined thusly. Now, if he only had taken a fancy to that other girl—but, that is the way with these young fools. Well, we must not be too hard on our amateur play-

wrights, and, as I say, there is a moral in the comedy.

"I must confess, the final scene in which she throws him a rose, is truly romantic. I still insist he did not deserve the favor, but as this was mostly her fault, I was not displeased.

"Except for the things I have mentioned, there is nothing to be afraid of, and it will be perfectly safe for you to attend. Of course, if you have a sensitive nature, you will have to beware of such remarks as: 'Come, let us leave our cosy corner, Diogenes, the plot thickens, and it must needs be stirred.' As I say, if you are sensitive, it will be well to sit where you can dodge behind a post; besides, there is nothing to be gained by sitting in the front row."



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We carry the finest line of Xmas Pennants and Pillows to be had in the Twin Cities. Our prices are lowest, and we will make to order in Felt or Leather anything that is desired. Special orders in this line are catered to. Call and look at our goods at the Student Store before you buy your Xmas Pillows and Pennants.

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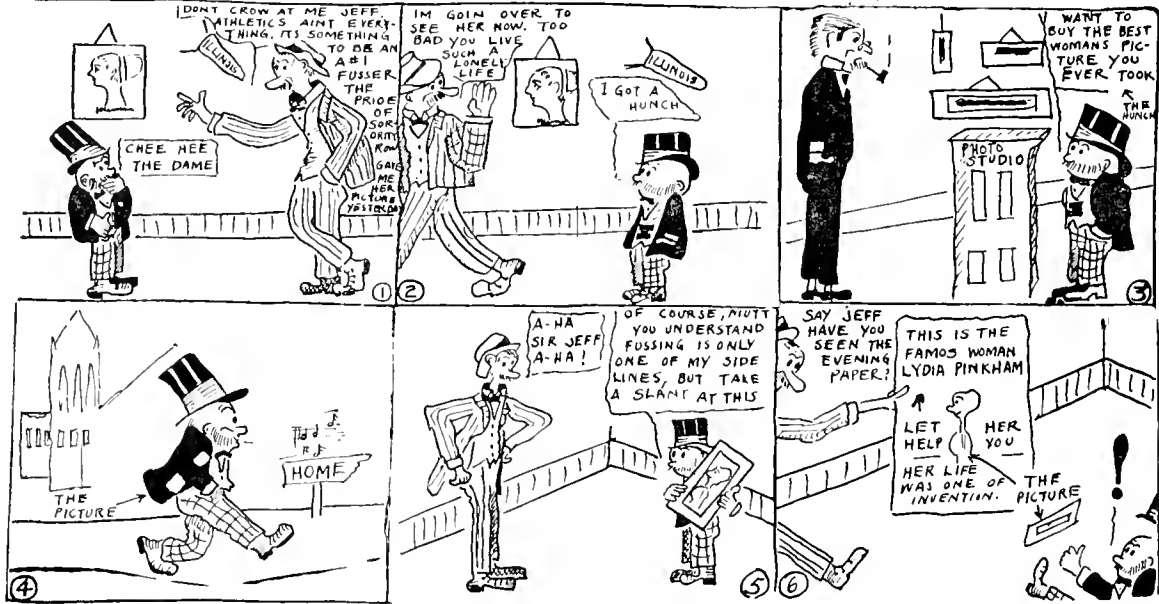
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JEFF POSES AS A FUSSER BUT
DRAWS A POOR HAND.

WITH APOLOGIES
TO FISHER



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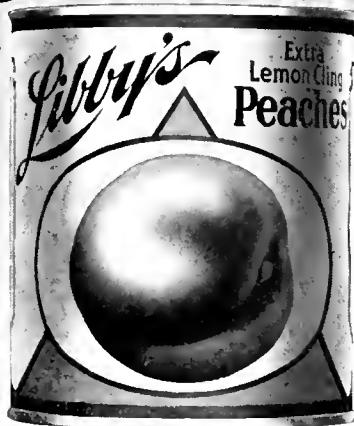
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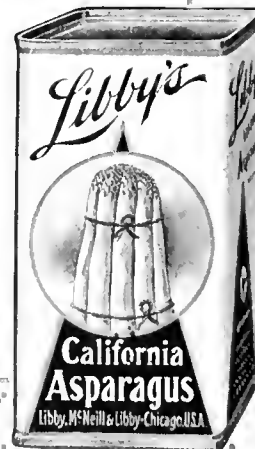
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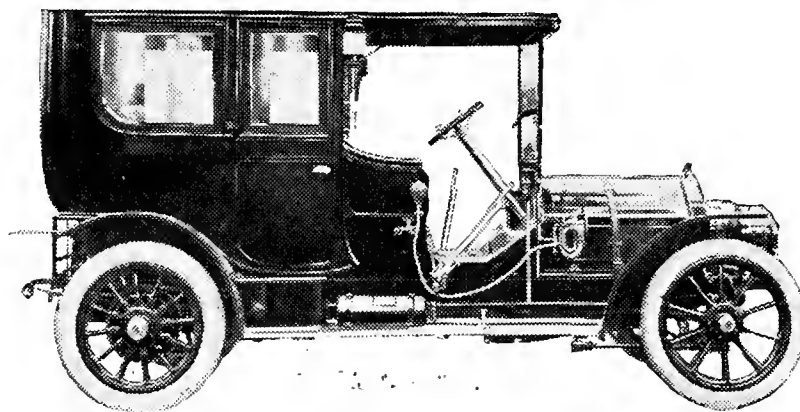
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For the accommodation of students and others returning home for the holidays, the Illinois Central will operate a special train to Chicago, Friday, December 22nd, leaving Champaign 1:00 p. m., arriving Chicago 4:15 p. m.

Ample connections at Chicago with all Eastern and Western Lines and with the Illinois Central Limited trains for St. Paul and Omaha, which reach Rockford and Freeport, Ill.; Waterloo, Iowa; Omaha, Neb.; Sioux City, Iowa; Sioux Falls, S. D.; St. Paul Minneapolis and all points West.

Special train returning, leaving Chicago, 9:00 a. m. Wednesday, January 3rd, arriving Champaign 12:15 noon in time for 1 o'clock classes; provided sufficient number sign cards on going trip

Don't forget the quickest and best service to Springfield and St. Louis, via Clinton and the ALL STEEL popular "DAYLIGHT SPECIAL" which carries observation parlor car, Cafe-Club car, free-reclining chair cars and coaches. Leave Champaign 12:10 p. m., arrive Springfield 3:04 p. m., arrive St. Louis 6:02 p. m. Tickets on sale, commencing Wednesday, December 20th. Buy your tickets early and avoid crowded ticket windows.

The Letter Shop

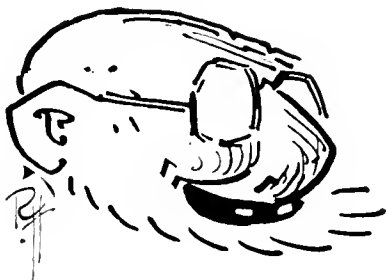
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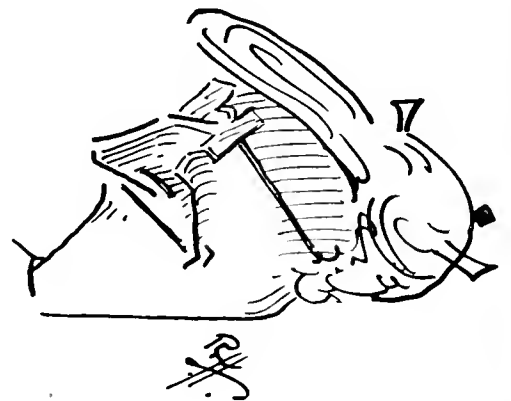
Auto 1574
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A HILARIOUS WHOOP OF RURAL GLEE
will be turned loose in our next
superhuman achievement
The Shorthorn Number
of
THE SIREN



He: Mother, I'm invited t'
jine this here Farmers'
Club. What d'ye think
of that?



She: I got hopes my-self.
I hear there's some
"Alfalfa" girls here.

Devoted to Homely Homegrown Humor.



When Dido died, did Hannibal?

CO-OP

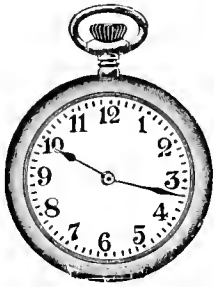
(On the Square)

“THE MIS-EL-TOE
the
mark”
if
her
present
comes
from
the

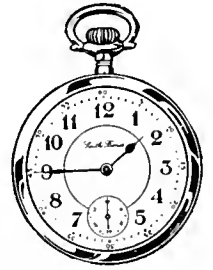
CO-OP

The Gift That Lasts a Lifetime

A Watch For Christmas



Some one in your family circle has expressed this preference. Why not look them over now? In the line of gifts no one article so closely entwines itself into our daily lives; nothing so greatly creates recurring thoughts of the giver, no gift so heartily appreciated. We have them all---everything---good watches and better watches. One of them purchased here is a joy forever and equally lasting is the satisfaction of knowing that it came



from Miss Bowman's. For nothing inferior has a place in the Bowman stock. Everything is valued for what it is worth, not for what it appears to be. Consequently Miss Bowman's prices are always reasonable. The most for your money whether you have much or little to spend. If you know nothing of watch values or know them like a book this is the place for you to buy. Think over a watch gift. We especially solicit the patronage of the students.

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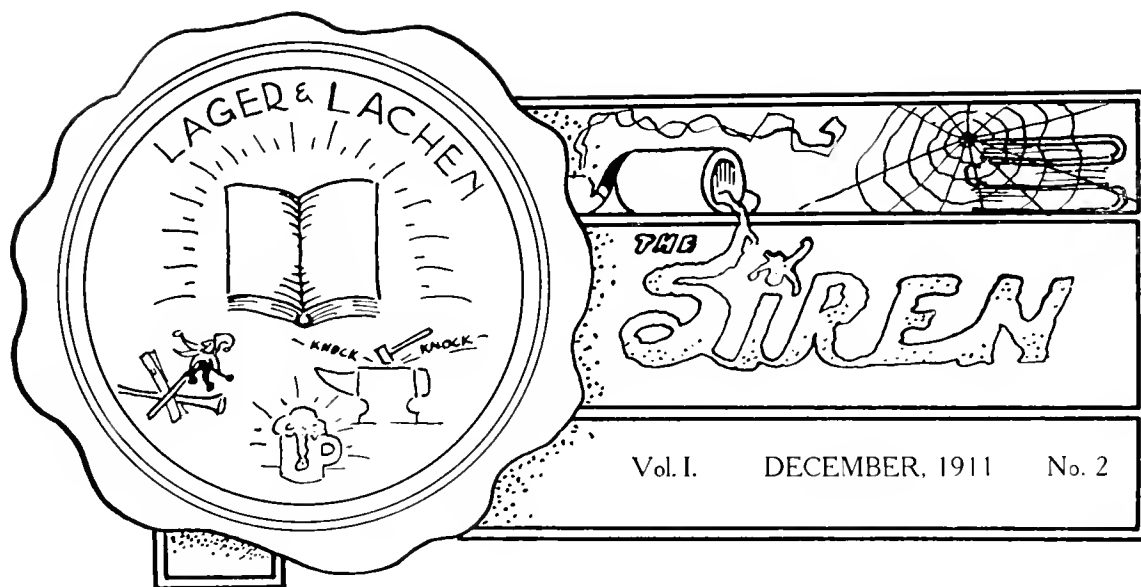
It is Your home! A place especially planned for your convenience—Come and enjoy it. :- :- :- :-

LESEIURE BROS.

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If Hetty Green went to heaven in her son's airship, would the sky-scraper?





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Published monthly during the college year by the students of the University of Illinois. Subscription 50c per year in advance; out of town subscriptions, 75c; single copies, 15c; special numbers, 25c. All business communications should be sent to P. H. Ward, 211 Daniel Street. Contributions should be sent to Julius Goebel, Jr., 918 Nevada Street, or put in the Siren box in University Hall.



E admire and applaud the efforts of the Y. M. C. A. to make us religious, and the Siren, though at first inclined to chuckle over its iron command forbidding her all social engagements during the week, immediately donned a camelhairem gown and feasted on wild honey. She is obliged to the local chapter of United Sky-Pilots for the week of calm which it has managed to create for us. Deep down in the nether regions of her subconscious soul she had feared the days of the revivals were over, when, lo! Oh miracle of miracles, they have revived the revivals.

Earnest, regenerated "has-beens" accost us with the gleaming eyes of saints, and tell us the story of their lives. They sound wilder than the tales of the Ladies Home Journal. With wondering faces we follow them down John Street. In sack-cloth and ashes the co-eds turn out and join the throng. Brothers in sin, we clasp their hands and follow the apostles as they depart.

Messrs. Adams and Clark have hibernated for a week. They are no

THE SIREN

longer needed. No longer is the campus blue with cigarette smoke, nor is the midnight calm broken by the clink of convivial glass and poker chips. No longer need the professors prod us to keep us awake in class. And the Orpheum's shining portals are closed. Yea, we live now in a new Utopia, unknown to Plato, undreamed of by More.



In order to make the Siren a permanent institution at the University, the staff must have the support of the student body. One way to support it is to contribute material. A second way is to subscribe early. A third and more important way is to please our advertisers. This is an old phrase, but one with reason behind it. No magazine can exist without plenty of advertising. The merchants who make a bid for your trade in these columns deserve to receive it. They demand results for their space. The Siren requests that you read her advertisements and patronize those who patronize us. A mention of the publication when making a purchase would be appreciated both by the merchants and the publishers.



It is with mingled feelings that we turn our steps homeward, this gay gladsome time of the year. Those of us who have swept along the high tide of society, are rejoicing that we have managed to leave so much of our post-Prom savings behind in "dear old" Champaign. Some of us are thinking of the turkey and plum puddings, and comparing them with Tite Wad's peerless brand. Some of us, with elated hearts, are bursting with pride that the first three months have been more successfully concluded than usual, and we are bringing home with us, not only our precious selves, but also, a very good report card.

A few provident souls are already framing up explanations to make to papa, about the expense account. They are wise. Others are busy with twenty reasons for mamma why they have not yet changed their summer underwear. Still others are wondering how they will ever explain to the "Girl at Home" why they just couldn't invite her to the Prom. Then there are the lonely few who will stay and enjoy the wild carnival of delight which the Twin Cities offer each Christmas. Santa Claus will stop twice at their doors. But however you celebrate, the SIREN wishes you a jolly Christmas, and a New Year full of cheer.



WE are pleased to announce the election to Board, of Mr. K. D. Tilton, '15, and Mr. P. Remmel, '14.

THE SIREN

MILL TAX KORAN
THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO SAINT McCONNUS

CHAPTER II

1. And it came to pass in these days which *were* the sixth year of the reign of King Jaymees, that King Jaymees journeyed across the waters into distant lands. And there came to rule in the *kingdom* the Vice-roy Jonathan.

2. And Jonathan the Vice-roy bore great *desire* in his heart to rule *well*, and he caused a decree to be passed that none of the Universidees, either Scholaridies or Professoridies should smoke in the *limits* of the kingdom. And there was great sorrowing in all the corners of the realm.

3. Now a certain one of the Professoridies, Bergius by *name*, was wroth at the decree, and *straightway* he set forth across the kingdom, bearing with him his sacred meerschaum.

4. And it came to pass that Peter, who was the centurion of the *troops* of King Jaymees, perceiving Bergius and the sacred meerschaum, forthwith accosted him and *commanded* him to cease the emission of smoke.

5. And Bergius refused. Then did the *blood* boil within Peter and he spake, and said, "Behold, if thou *ceasethst not*, thou shalt come with me unto the Vice-roy Jonathan". And Bergius ceased not nor did he go *unto* the Vice-roy.

6. And when the Vice-roy Jonathan heard of this he *commanded* Bergius to appear before him. But go Bergius would not. Nor did the Vice-roy *compel* him, for Bergius was rich and honored in the land.

JUST LIKE DAD

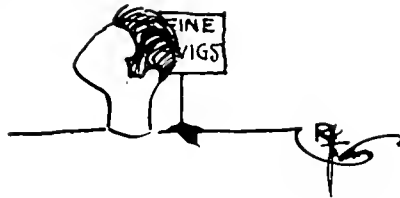
GRANDPA says in the days when he Was a good little boy like me, Santa Claus came in a reindeer sleigh. (Humph. Don't think much of that sort of way.)

Now he rides in a limousine,
And sometimes, too, in his flying machine.
And he's got a yacht and a telephone,
And a chef that can play on the slide trombone,
Cause I talked to him over it all alone.
And he asked me what I'd like to see
Most of all on the Christmas tree,
And I told him heaps and sads of things,
The kind that he almost always brings
To good little boys, for I'm tryin' to be
As good as I can, till the Christmas tree.
Then I said, "Mr. Santa, if you please,
Is your new car a Mercedes?"
Then he laughed and laughed, but I couldn't see
Why he should say, "You're the death of me."
And what do you think, when he laughed that way,

It sounded just like the other day,
When I said something awful bad—
He laughs perzactly just like Dad.

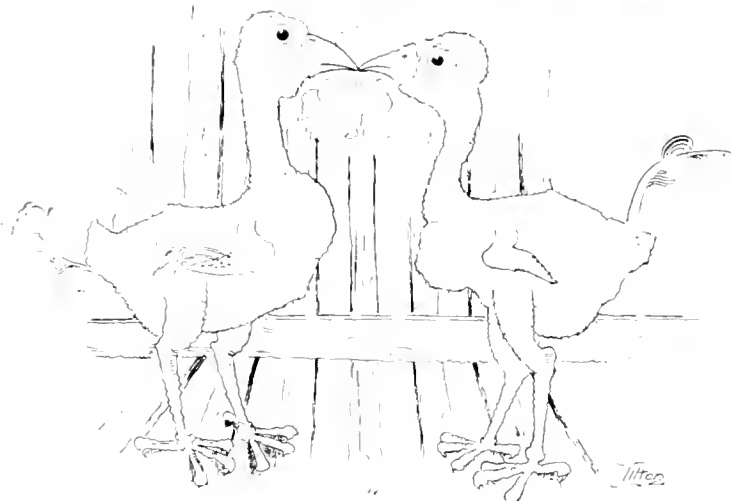


His face was a Blank.



Merry Christmas to the Freshmen

THE SIREN



"If a body meet a body."



THE PANTS RAMPANT

Oh, I've worn a tuxedo in far Montenegro,
And a dress suit I've worn in Montrose;
But I'll always remember the night in December
When I rented my evening clothes.

The coat was not bad, 'twas the best to be had,
And the trousers were charmingly pressed;
But when hauled in position, they just would insist on
Keeping lookout from over the vest.

'Twas clad in these pants that I started to dance,
The offenders nailed down with a pin,
And I thought with elation and congratulation
That my anchor would never give in.

While twirling in bliss to the Waltz of the Kiss,
The safety pin gave a loud sigh,
Then a pitiful moan and heartrending groan,
And the trousers' top band rose on high.

My partner grew pale and I felt the girl quail,
In my pocket I put my left hand;
And clung to the breeches as if they were riches
And held down the trousers' top band

And so through the night in perpetual fright
I danced like a man in a doze,
And I'll always remember the night in December
When I wore rented evening clothes.

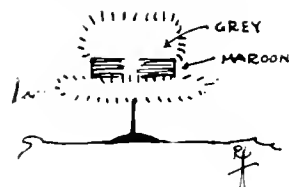


PERTINENT

HE—A very suitable place for an addition to the Woman's Building, isn't it?

She—Yes, very. What will it be when finished?

He—A false front, I believe.



Merry Christmas to the Sophomores

THE SIREN



"The blind lead the blind."

IFS

IF "Dear old Billy" put "The Girl I Love" to sleep, would "The Lion Rampant" be likely to wake "The Girl of My Dreams"?

If you are going to "Take My Advice" you will learn "What Every Woman Knows" and you will avoid "The New Marriage" and thereby "Baby Mine" and "The Three Twins".



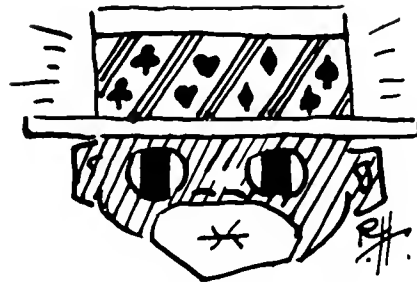
PALPABLE

"DO all nuts grow on trees, papa?"

"Yes, my son."

"What kind grows on the chemistry?"

"Chemists, my son."



"Alexander's Band."



"The Turkey Trot."



Merry Christmas to the Juniors

THE SIREN



"The Romance Seminary."



FREE

THE SIREN

FREE

Will give the following prizes for contributions to the next number.

Cover Design	\$3.00
Best Double Page Cartoon	\$3.00
Best Small Cartoon	\$2.00
Best Joke	\$2.00
Second Best Joke	\$1.00

All contributions must be submitted by January 6, 1912.

Winners of last month's contest: Mr. Tilton, Mr. C. S. Moss, and Mr. H. R. Green. The cover was drawn by E. C. Graham, '15.



Merry Christmas to the Seniors



Santa



is to "11"

THE SIREN

STORY FOR GIRLS

T WAS during Christmas week, and a certain house in a certain university town was decorated from top to bottom with ye wonted red and green. From nearly every window was an holly wreath and nearly every fixture sported mistletoe.

On the eve of the 25th the front room was dimmed, not because it was vacant, but because it was occupied by the subtle-eyed brunette, the daughter of the house, and by the fusser. The fusser (so called because he showed up every day and knew girls' first names), was

falling peacefully under the spell of the brunette's glimmy gleamers. She, remembering that nearly every chandelier was hung with mistletoe, moved with wily suggestion until she stood coyly blushing under the fixture. The fusser, who caught the cue without a falter, advanced, not too boldly and yet not awkwardly, and caught her in his arms without a muff. He kissed her. And then they both looked up. Lo! On this particular chandelier there lacked the green and white excuse.

Comment—Everyday is mistletoe day



WHEN THE UNION BUILDING'S BUILT

I've paid my Union Quarters,
I've seen the Union show,
I've helped steer celebrations
Where the Union said to go.
There's just one little detail
That keeps my faith a-tilt,
I'll ne'er swear by the Union
Till the Union building's built.

When will they start usin'
Some books what ain't writ here?
When, oh when, Urbena,
Will you sell us studes some
beer?

Oh, when, dear old Shampagny
Will you run your lights full
tilt?

The answer's here, Sylvester,
When the Union Building's built.

Up around the law school
Now and then you see,
A seekin' edication,
Our little Leo G.,
But let's not weep now, fellows,
'Bout the milk that nature's spilt,
'Cause Leo'll be a lawyer
When the Union Building's built.

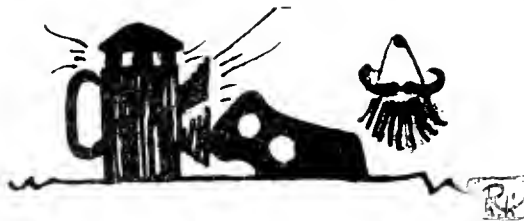
There's lots of little questions
That bother wise men's brains,



"It's a sober key that can find its own lock."



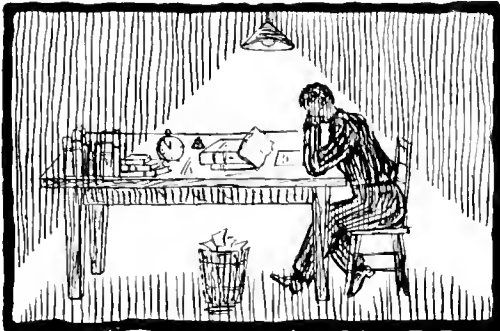
And keep the great ones hop-
pin'—
Mine and Prexy James,
But the ones that always baffle,
And make us wise ones wilt,
Will every one be answered
When the Union Building's built.



Merry Christmas to Tommy

THE SIREN

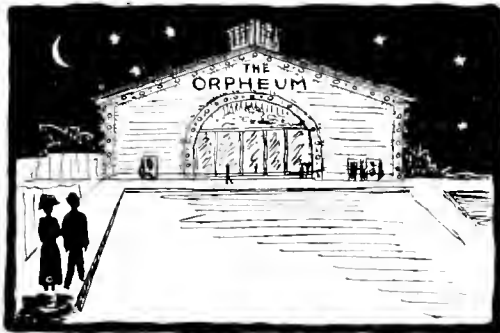
WHY DO WE ALWAYS WRITE HOME ABOUT



ABOUT THIS



AND THIS



ABOUT THIS



OR THIS

BUT
NEVER

JACK—Illinois should do well in the hurdles next spring.

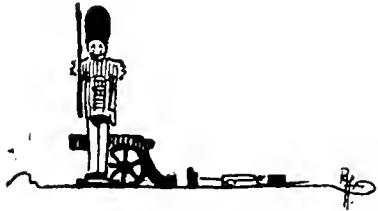
Flossie—Why so?

Jack—It's leap year.

.....

"Have you been to see 'Every-woman'?"

"Gosh, no! I've got my hands full with Jane."



"Mott is here!"

Merry Christmas to Major Morse

THE SIREN

ON the whole the Prom was a great success — a jubilant jubilee — a magnificent and meritorious manslaughter. There was much of the blushing belle and the yearning youth business, and the coffee was fine. Then, too, the whole affair was marked by the most careful and cautious courtesy. Approximate dancing was frowned upon, and smoking in the gym was prohibited. Ask Pete if it wasn't. Pete! Something ought to be done about that fellow—he almost beat the starch out of Sheets. (If you, peruser, should miss any of the whimsicality in that last, ask Tom A.—he'll explain). Some unnice remarks were instigated concerning the condition of the floor, and some even went so far as to scrape the soles of their shoes with pen-knives. However, the writer has nothing to say, he had a hole in his

pump and would have had to have them resoled anyway. In spite of some minor inconveniences, such as the too great length of dances, the intense concentration of the punch, and one or two other burs under the saddle, it was a sublimely sportive, pensive, and practical promenade.



A TRAGEDY

I woke, to look upon a face,
Silent, white, and cold.
O, friend! the agony I felt,
Can never half be told.

We'd lived together but a year—
Too soon, it seemed, to see
Those gentle hands outstretched and still,
That toiled so hard for me.

My waking thoughts had been for one
Who now to sleep had dropped.
'Twas hard to realize, O, friend,
My Ingersoll had stopped.

—Anonymous.



Capital Punishment.

SINCE EVE WAS A BABE

It was Christmas on the
islands,
And the black maids all were
there
Dressed in scant apparel,
And with little but their hair,
When the chieftain entered
slowly,
And his voice intense arose,
"What want my girls for
Christmas?"
And the beauties shouted:
"Clothes!"



Merry Christmas to the Co-Eds

THE SIREN



6-5-11

1911

"A Study in Shadows."

"DIDN'T I see you Monday at Prof. Fairlie's lecture?"

"No; I slept at home."

•••••

"WHY are the campus trees fenced in?"

"To keep them from leaving."

•••••

JINGLES—How do mermaids support themselves?

Bingles — Warner's Rust Proofs, my boy.

•••••

WITHOUT BENEFIT OF MISTLETOE

SOME kisses do not need the romance of the mistletoe, yet they remain ever green in our memories. The baby-kiss is one of them. There is the little red mouth in a wreath of innocent saliva, or sometimes covered with jam, jelly or molasses, and there is mamma, prouder than Cornelia, extending the little bundle of swaddling clothes wrinkled around the full, fat face. You want to please her, and you remark something about boy or girl, a close resemblance, good health, weight, and its promising future, until you blush at its stupendous possibilities. You are ready to retire with

the palm of victory when a kiss is mentioned. You start, but suppress your emotion and come to your mental support with the suggestion that it is only a baby after all. You don't dare protest; you are in the enemy's territory. Bravely you hold your ground and you let the little sticky face get nearer. It rubs its confectionery on your nose and then you smile broadly. A blush creeps over your face and it grows and grows. You laugh to hide it; the proud mother laughs, and you bolt for the door to mop your nose with your pocket-linen in the free, open air.



Merry Xmas to the U. M. C. A.

THE SIREN



MURDER WILL OUT.

SHERLOCK HOLMES—You are from the University of Minnesota; you played in the game against Illinois; you are a patient man, and I also might say you know how to do the right thing.

Big Swede—Marvelous! How did you know?

Sherlock—Very simple! I know you are from Minnesota, because you are a big Swede; I know you played in the Illinois game, because I see you got yours; I know you are a patient man, because I see a Wabash folder in your pocket, and I know you can do the right thing, because you beat Chicago 30 to 0.



QUITE SO

How oft have I in the d. d.,
When it is c. as i.,
Reflected on how nice t. b.
To just t. o. and s. y. e.,
And lost in slumber lie,
For truly 'tis a beastly b.
To have a bloomin' e. o'e.



PRETZELIZED

PROVERBS

THERE'S many a kiss
'twixt chin and lip.

A braying deer entices
no bucks.

Constant sponging will
drive away friends.

A grade is enough to the
grind.



PROF.—Mr. Smith,
what is local col-
or?

Smith (astonished)
—Why, orange and
blue.

THE SIREN

MUSIC AND DRAMA

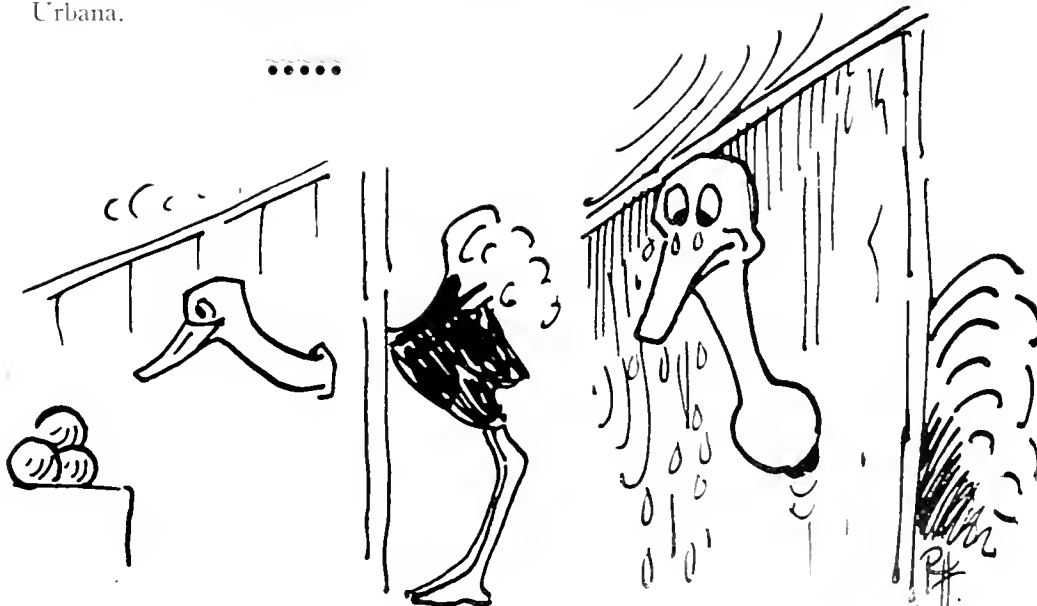
TINKLE, tinkle, tinkle! Whisky, barber-shop, and diminished sevenths! What's the use! Your dramatic critic in a moment of ill-advised generosity went to hear the Glee and Mandolin clubs. They are getting along very nicely, thank you. They haven't changed a bit. "By Thy Rivers" was disguised entertainingly enough to make faint any reminiscences one might have. "Waggybooliloo" was rendered much as usual. One of the cleanest bits of work was done by the Pirate, who was assisted by his butchering crew. The usual glee club humor protruded its timid face in spots and—there was a song and dance, entitled "College Days." The dance was good. The whole thing was—well, almost reminiscent.



.....

Very timely, indeed, just before our revivals, was the fourth annual presentation of the Messiah by the renovated Choral Society. The work of the Seniors was superb, that of the Juniors next best, and so on down. But best of all, were the good old barnacles whose voices every year are ripening. Mrs. McElroy Johnston did the most commendable work for the soloists, and the orchestra was also very good. We sincerely congratulate the Choral Society that, like the Deutsche Verein, it is no longer a stepping stone to the high-life of Urbana.

.....



The Orange

and Blue.

THE SIREN



B. V. D.

SHE—How does the cold weather strike you?
He—From my shoulders to my wrists
and from my knees down.

"BRIGGS leads a quiet life."
"How so?"
"He's a waiter."

Siren

Staff Aspirants

COMPETITION for places on The Siren Staff is now open. Men of the four classes are eligible.

Election is by the Staff on the basis of work submitted for publication. Contributions should consist of cartoons, special features or short jokes.

Mail all material to The Siren, 918 Nevada St., or drop in Siren box at the entrance to Main Hall.

For further information, see Editor at 918 Nevada St.

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THE SIREN

EXCHANGES

Potash—"Cohen can nefer make a goot golluf blayer."

Perlmutter—"For vy not?"

Potash—"He nefer hollers fore —always he yells dree ninedy-eight."—*Wisconsin Sphinx*.

...

Larry—I like Prof. Whatshisname in Shakespeare. He brings things home to you that you never saw before.

Larry—Huh, I've got a laundryman as good as that.—*Dartmouth Jack O'Lantern*.

...

"Is she proper?"

"Proper? She's so darn proper she won't even accompany a man on a piano without a chaperon."—*Princeton Tiger*.

...

Stude—"Is it possible to confide a secret to you?"

Friend—"Certainly. I will be as silent as the grave."

Stude—"Well, then, I have a pressing need for two bucks."—

Friend—"Do not worry. It is as if I had heard nothing."—*Michigan Gargoyle*.

...

Count de Munnie—"My adored one! Let me place my burning heart at your feet?"

Miss New York—"What's the use? I haven't got cold feet."—*Princeton Tiger*.

...

Couple going skating.

She—"Are you certain the ice is safe?"

He—"Sure. Wasn't I on it last winter?"—*Wisconsin Sphinx*.

...

Barber, half through shaving a customer—

"Haircut?"

"No."

"Shampoo?"

"No."

"Massage?"

"No."

(After a long pause)—"Er-um, your eyebrows are a little long, sir; if—"

Customer, with vehemence—"Yes, I like them that way this cold weather. If you want to do something clip the lining out of my fur gloves. I'm no damned harvest."—*Cornell Widow*.

GOOD

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AND

Lunch

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Both Phones

EXCHANGES

It was nearing midnight.
 "Dearest," he murmured.
 "Yes, love?"

The hands pointed at the hour. He gulped and blushed. "How," he murmured, "do you like my new moustache?"

She smuggled closer. "It's the best I ever tasted," she sighed, sweetly.

And the cuckoo fell off its perch.—
Stanford Chaparral.



"How is it that Rufus never takes you to the theatre any more?"

"Well, you see, one evening it rained and so we sat in the parlor."

"Yes?"

"Well, ever since that, we—Oh, I don't know, but don't you think that theatres are an awful bore?"—*Cornell Widow.*



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The small boy contemplated the campaign cigar thoughtfully. With every manifestation of pleasure he applied a match to the end of the malodorous weed. In spite of the warnings of a mistreated stomach, he smoked it in prodigious puffs down to the last whiff. He had reached the end of his rope.—
Michigan Gargoyle.

•••••
 "Awful torture they used to inflict on the Orientals."

"Why, how's that?"

"I've been reading how they plastered up the chinks, in the wall of the forts."—*Michigan Gargoyle.*

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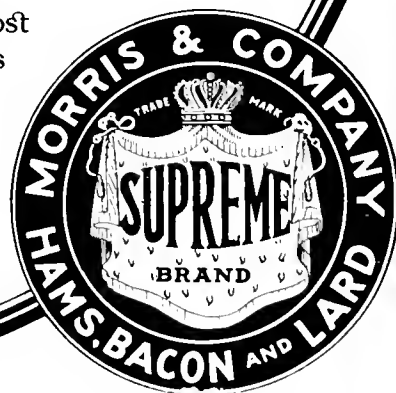
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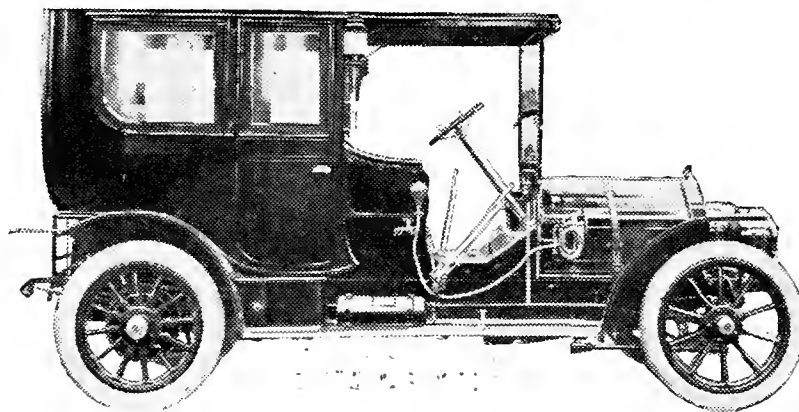
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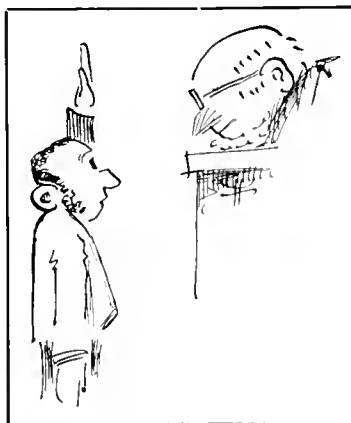
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"How's that?"

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Two to Go



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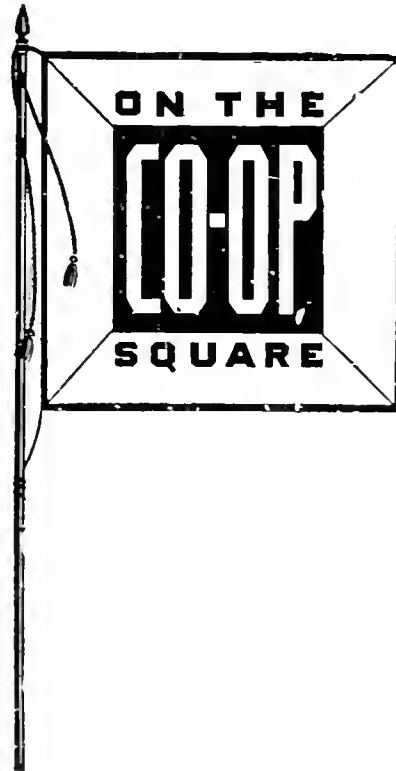
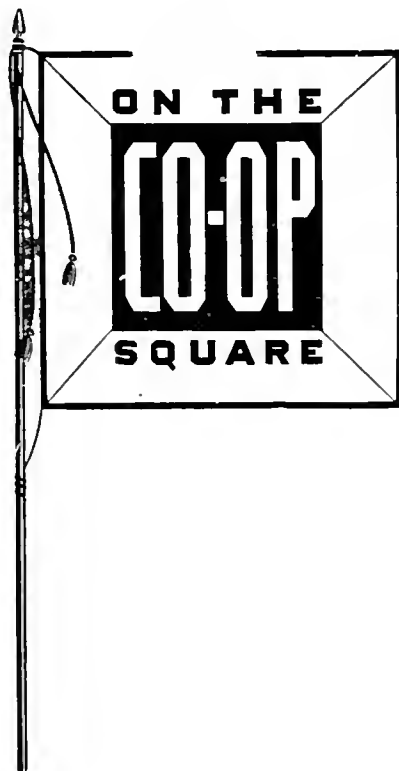
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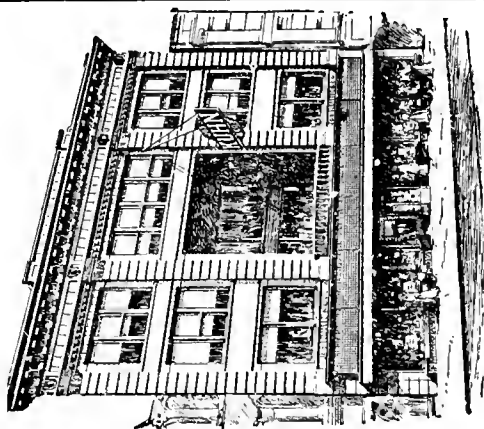
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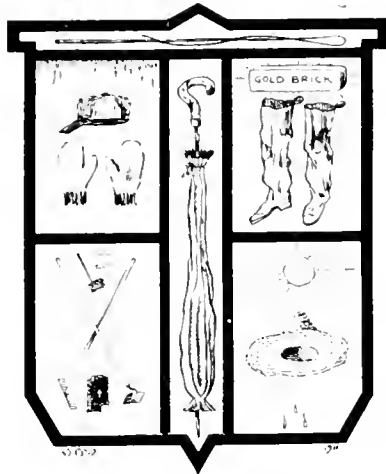
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PROLOGUE

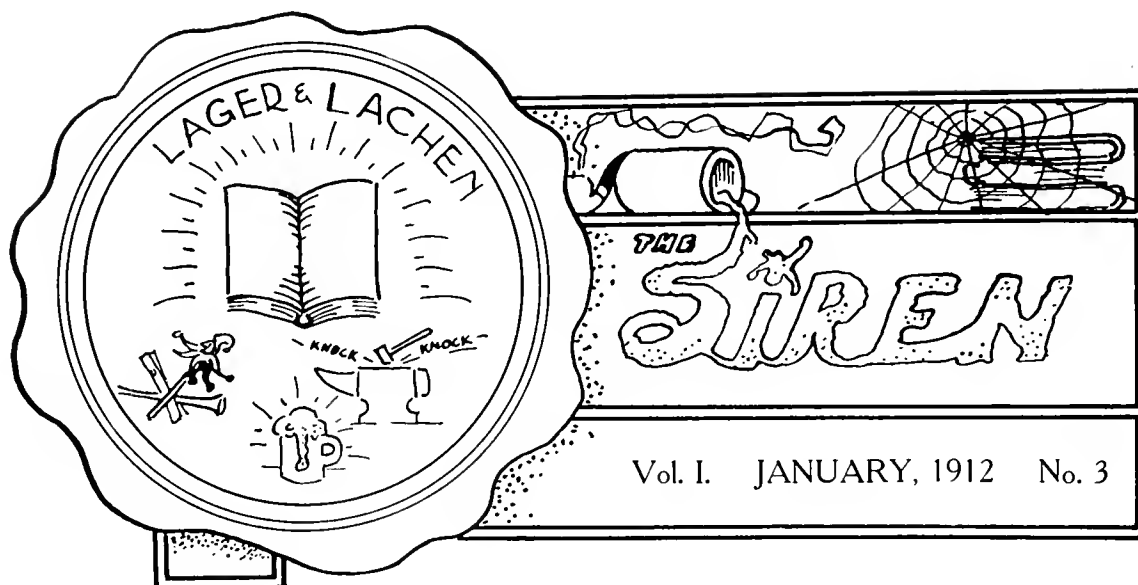
Welcome to our midst, bucolic friend,
 Thou bringest sweetest odors of the farm.
 The scent of high-mowed hay and fodder blend
 To lend unto thyself a fragrant charm.

We love thy simple face, thy trusting gaze,
 Thy ever-ready mind to grasp and hold
 The subtle twists and turns of college ways,
 Thy smile of bovine bliss, when thou art "sold."

We love thy muffler red, that mother made,
 Thy stylish clothes of latest Hinglish dip,
 Thy wristlets, tie and socks of purple shade,
 But most of all, the down upon thy lip.

Ah, Fairy Fuzz, that never yet hath known
 The cruel relentless scrape of iron blade,
 No gosling's back or Senior's cheek hath grown
 The equal of thy shining cornsilk shade.

And so we bid thee, Hail, becowlicked friend,
 And if perchance our jokes should fail to land
 In addled brains of those who here attend,
 Of course we know that thou wilt understand.



BOARD OF EDITORS

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Published monthly during the college year by the students of the University of Illinois. Entered as second class matter, January 2, 1912, at postoffice at Champaign, Ill., under Act of Congress March 3, 1879. Subscription 50c per year in advance; out of town subscriptions, 75c; single copies, 15c; special numbers, 25c. All business communications should be sent to P. H. Ward, 211 Daniel Street. Contributions should be sent to Julius Goebel, Jr., 918 Nevada Street, or put in the Siren box in University Hall.

Contributors to This Issue.

E. E. MITCHELL	J. MINCHIN	L. W. RAMSEY
E. L. HASKER	C. S. MOSS	E. P. HERMANN



weeks of Ag lectures!

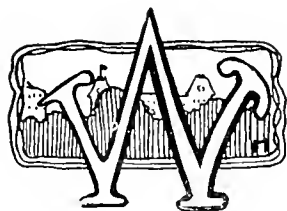
In the natural course of events, men expecting such a long sojourn in

WHEN WE consider that, all things being equal, it will take our Shorthorn friends seventy-two years to obtain their A. Bs., instead of the paltry four years which falls the lot of the majority of us, we are consumed with admiration. Ye Gods, seventy-two two weeks in Urbana-Champaign! Surely their patience surpasses that of Job himself. Seventy-two two weeks of boarding house delicacies scattered thru their lives, seventy-two two weeks of campus tickets, and last but not least seventy-two two

THE SIREN

one place, will cast about them for something to regulate or to reform, if not for anyone else's comfort, at least for their own welfare. Now, freshmen Short-horns, you who have this delightful period of three score and twelve years before you, we would suggest that when you arrive home for your fifty weeks vacation, that, instead of forgetting your ill-treatment, you should agitate the erection of dormitories for men, you would thereby not only secure habitation for your next pilgrimage, but would also have a most magnificent revenge on the evil-hearted boarding housekeepers.

We therefore welcome you on this condition, and give you the freedom of the *Siren* and her ranch.



WE AGREE with the late Mr. Crane, that the evils existing in the Universities are many and crying, but none weeps more for a remedy than the despicable practice of college theft. Many of us have experienced at one time or other the effects of this practice. Some archaic piece of track uniform taken from the gym, some problem cleverly "lifted" from our notebooks, and now, the latest of outrages, the sorority

robberies.

These thieves have all earned a warm place in the penitentiary, but the recent laboratory deprivations have eclipsed all in daring and in horror, and again our insufficient police system must be blamed.

Certain experimenters in the zoological laboratory had inoculated buns with one hundred eggs of *Taenia solium* (zoological slang for tapeworm), for purposes of experiment. The twelve o'clock bell rang, and the laboratory was deserted. The buns were left on the table. When the experimenters returned at one o'clock, the buns were gone. Not a crumb gave slightest evidence of where they had gone to, and the suggestion that the *Taeniae* themselves had eaten the buns was rejected as untenable, by the learned director of the laboratory. Terrified beyond measure at the results which this theft might lead to, the zoologists inquired everywhere. Not one of the underfed instructors or hungry deans would confess to the crime. It is hoped that the infantile parasites whose young and hopeful lives were cut short by this dastardly theft, will have developed their revenge by the time of the semester examinations.



THE *Siren*, tho not particularly favorable toward Woman Suffrage, is, nevertheless, convinced that women have certain unalienable rights which have hitherto been denied them. Chief and foremost of these rights which has been brutally scoffed at in University circles, is the privilege of expressing themselves freely and happily in print. The *Siren* intends to correct this unfortunate attitude, and will in the month of April give the girls their chance. The whole editorial administration will be turned over to the ladies, and they will be allowed to do their worst without any interference whatsoever. All girls who are interested in this opportunity will communicate with the editor.

THE SIREN

STORY FOR FACULTY

THE MILL TAX KORAN

THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO SAINT McCONNUS

CHAPTER III

1. And it came to pass in these days, which was the sixth year of the reign of King Jaymees, that a *certain* one of the Professoridies, Badeno, by name, was *blessed* with the possession of a dog.

2. And Badeno inquired into the generations of the dog and was amazed, for behold, the generations were many and noble and equal unto those of the King's most yellow dog. And the *inhabitants* who waxed fat and multiplied in the fur of its hide were many and pedigreed also.

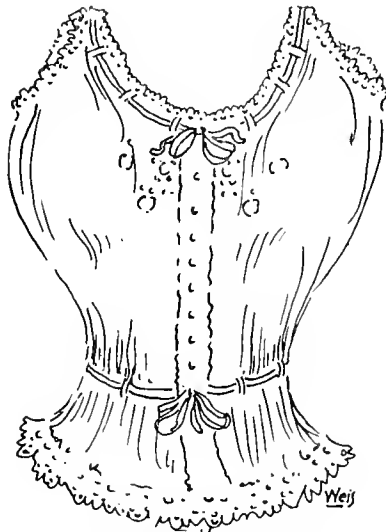
3. Now it came to pass that *Potatoes*, who was the chief surgeon in the kingdom, set forth across the *realm* in search of prey, and he found the dog of Badeno, and seized him, and took him into the laboratorium and slew him, and the dog died in great agony.

4. And behold, when Badeno heard the *tidings* from the mouth of Peter,

the centurion of the King's troops, he swore a *mighty* oath, and his rage was terrible to behold. Straightway he set forth across the realm to the palace of Jerome, who was the Master of the King's Kalkuli, and who was the Deanidi set over Potatoes.

5. And lo, when he *reached* the presence of Jerome, after much *waiting* and ceremony, he gave unto Jerome that which was Jerome's, and much else which was not, and behold, he broke the third *commandment* of the Prophet Moscs. And Jerome was terrified by Badeno, but he made no *outcry* and he suffered him to continue.

6. And when Jerome returned from the abattoir of the King and *could* speak once more, he caused a decree to be *proclaimed* that henceforth no more dogs should be slain within the limits of the kingdom. And for many days he carried the lamps of *mourning* on his countenance.



That Mysterious Rag

"MORNIN' Si!"

"Mornin' Rube!"

"What'd you say you give your hens for roup?"

"Castor oil!"

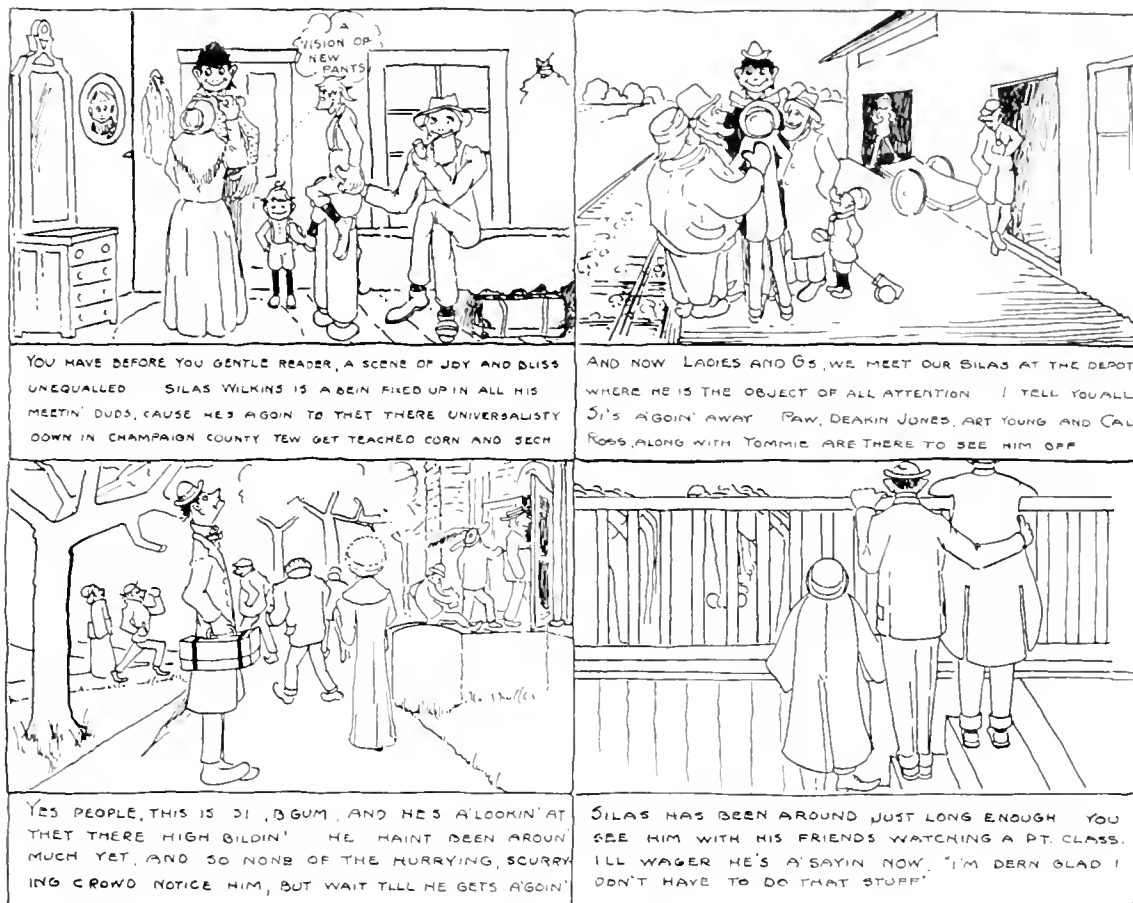
"So'd I, and mine died."

"So'd mine."

"Bye, Si."

"Bye, Rube."

THE SIREN



BEFORE THE MID-NIGHT LUNCH

Oft in the stilly night
 Ere hungry bedbugs find me,
 The still air brings the sounds
 Of other beasts around me:
 The squeals, the grunts
 Of restless runts,
 My fits of sleep all broken,
 The pigs that groan,
 The cows that moan
 Are worse than frogs a'croakin'.
 Thus in the stilly night
 Ere hungry bedbugs find me,
 The still air brings the sounds
 Of other beasts around me.

When I remember all
 The crys, so chimed together,
 I hear a baby's squall
 I wish in regions nether,
 I sleep like one
 Who sleeps alone
 With all the house deserted:
 When clothes are shed
 And fires are dead,
 And all but I departed,
 Thus in the stilly night
 Ere hungry bedbugs find me,
 The still air brings the sounds
 Of other beasts around me.

THE SIREN

TALES FROM SHAKESPEARE—II



"Out damned spot".

Macbeth

SHE—(Glancing sourly at staggering bacchanalian)—

S. B.—Yesh, and—hic—if Heavens, he's got a load on, you had it, you'd have to make two tripsh.

IN SAVOY

HOBBO—Kin yuh give a fellah a dime to keep him from starvin' to death?

Naybo—Sorry, but I'm the undertaker.

DOC'S OLOGY

DOPS of drainage water
And the typhoid germ
Make the doctors happy,
While the patients squirm;
And the undertakers;
Humble as can be,
Help us on our journey
To eternity.

DELICATE philosophic adjustments to be made in the next issue of the Illinois Magazine.

1. Has the average university professor a sense of humor?
2. What do we use higher education for?
3. Is the college yell ethical and if not, why?

BLINKS—Where was the Declaration of Independence signed?

Thinks—(Recently a grass-widower) Reno, of course.

2000 A. D.

"WHAT has become of the wild goose of a century ago?"
"Don't you remember, aviator."



A Stock Expression.

APACE

Quirk—The Turks are rushing to protect their borders.

Smirk—Aha, another Turkey Trot.

THE SIREN



The First Dean of Men.

“WHAT do you think of Miss Love’s new cluster?”

“Very nobby, indeed.”

MA—Hiram says he’s eatin’ in Tite’s now.

Pa—Must be some durn-fool college fashion, I reckon.

THE JANUARY PRIZE CONTEST

THE winners in the January prize contest were Mr. E. E. Mitchell, Mr. E. L. Hasker, and Mr. E. P. Hermann. The cover and center page cartoon were drawn by members of the staff. Contributions for the February issue are due February 7, 1912.

FRESHMAN (Studying German)—
What does “mitlausen” mean?
His roommate—Scratch.

THE kindly Commuter entered the hardware store. “Let me see your hose”, quoth he to the willowy shop-girl.

“Sir, if you do not leave this store at once, I shall call the proprietor.”



The Spring Maid.

REFRAIN

THE melancholy days are here,
My empty coffers look
As if I’d have to hock my watch
To buy a copy book.

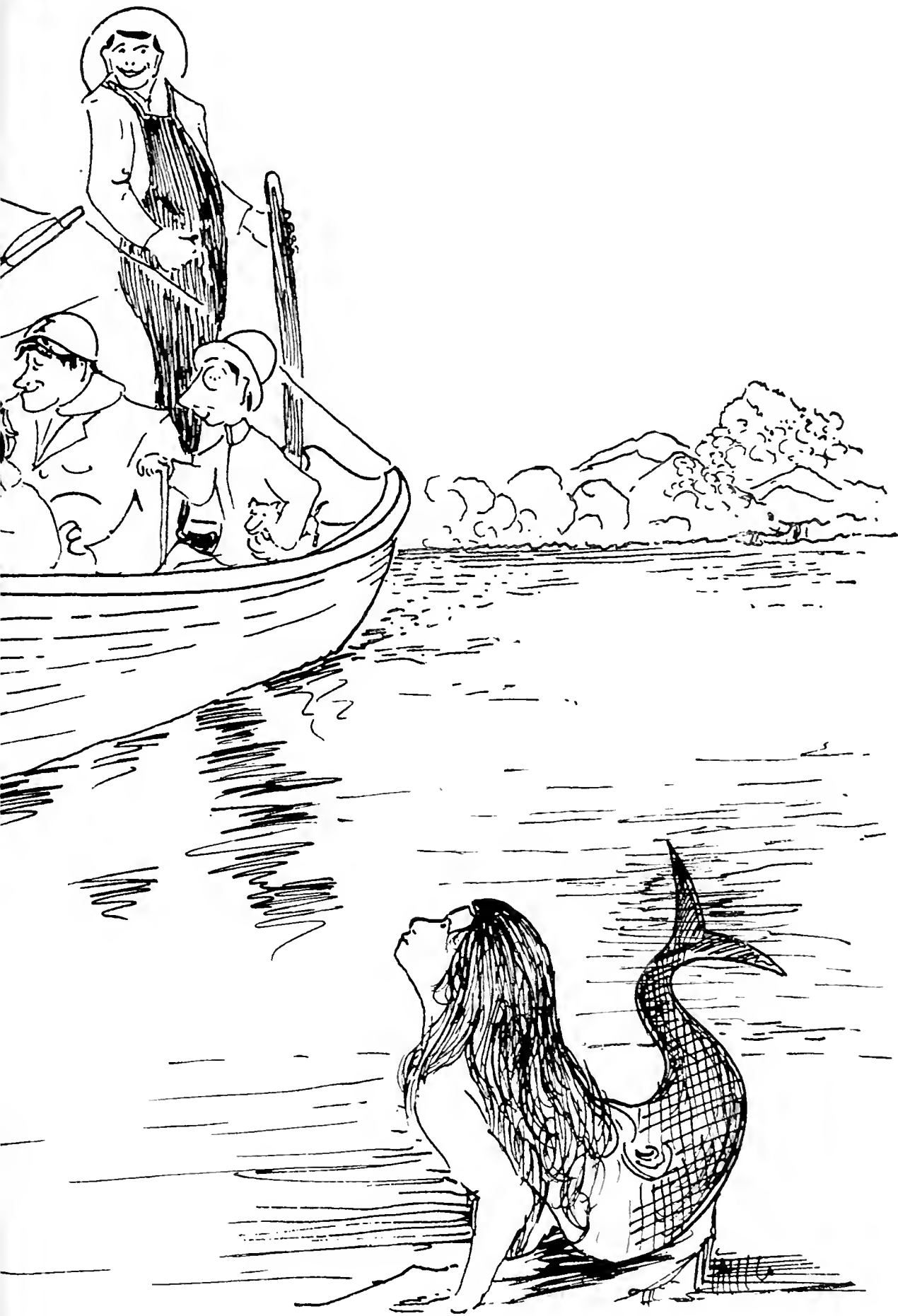
THE HORRID THING

“WHY do blonde men usually marry brunettes?”

“Because they are light-headed, I suppose.”



TWO WEEKS BAY
OR
THE SHORTHORN AT THE HELM
- T. -



THE SIREN

PRETZELIZED AGVERBS

IT'S a wise horse that knows its
own stall.

You can send a goose to col-
lege but you can't make her
think.

A hitch in time saves kine.

No crops without weeds.

A cockroach in time may clear
the table.

It's a wise farmer who waters
his stock.

It's a short tail that switches
no flies.

To tie a cow is to have a cow.

A change of fodder makes fat
cattle.



Shadows of what might have been.

BARBER (preparing for shampoo)—
Wet or dry, mister?
Mister (indignantly)—Sir, I am a
prohibitionist.



A Rye Face.

'T WAS EVER THUS

WILLIE had a sweater vest
He sent it to the dyers
To have changed from white to red—
And now look at the damn thing!

DIPPED FROM THE STREAM

"DO cows eat fish, Reginald?"
"Oh, you foolish dear, why, of
course not."
"Well, I found two minnows in our
milk this morning."

THE SIREN

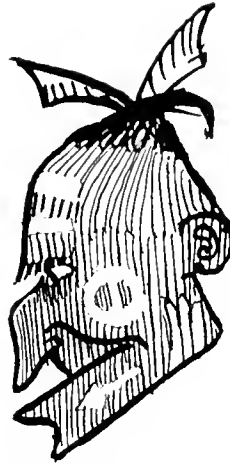
A MIDWINTERNIGHT'S DREAM

Thru a storm of whirling snow flakes
Bravely in the snow I plow
To a dread examination
On the Chinese verb relation
In Hankow.

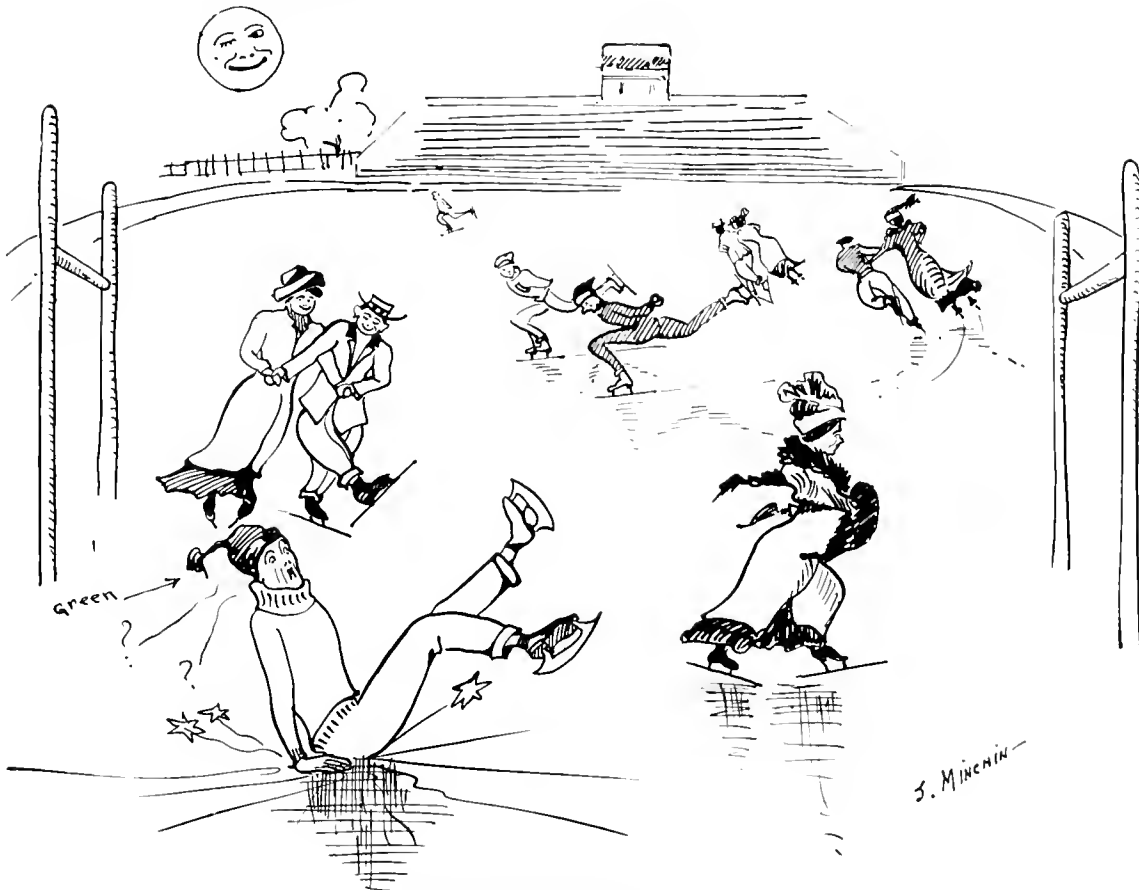
Thru the storm appears a figure
Joins me in my fev'rish walk;
Silent, he, in cogitation,
I, repeat the conjugation
Of "to stalk."

Thru the storm his voice comes piping
From beneath his furry lid.
"Art a short horn?" he doth query.
I reply with accents weary,
"Lord forbid."

Thru the storm he then departeth.
I continue on my way.
In my head his words are ringing
Odors from the stable bringing
To this day.



AMERICAN UNDERSLUNG



When we get our rink.

THE SIREN

STORY FOR GIRLS



IN the same house at a certain universitee lived two non-male registrees who were as different as the sun and earth. Mabel, a tall and willowy brunette, was what young men term "wise"; while Mary, hazel-eyed earth child, was what we just call "nice." Hence Mabel was popular and had much confidence, while Mary knew not of men and co-educational love. In the drear days of January, there came to this department store of learning an horde of simple sons of soil called "shorthorns", and with them came John, Apollo of the Fields, who differed from his kind only in that his father had the wealth of many acres. Mabel and Mary, the former hearing of John's acreage, the latter seeing John, both fell in love with him.

Mabel began her campaign first, and

beautiful was the technique she displayed. She played the game as it is played, with pouts and banter and with slanted eyes, until poor John looked up in adoring awe and wished, but dared not hold her hand.

One day when John came and Mabel, as usual, was not prinked, shy Mary talked to him, and knowing naught of the mathematics of love except that $1+1$ makes two, she threw her arms about his neck and whispered of her love, till Johnny lost his heart and warmly kissed her lips. At this was Mary truly shocked and shyly she told him of her brother who had charged her that unless engaged, she must never kiss another. And John, true and big-hearted as he was, was grieved to hurt so small a thing, and leaving Mabel in her room, went out to buy the ring.

Remark—In innocence there is wisdom.



"I'll sho be glad when ah gets to hebbin, 'cause den ah can set down by de good Lawd and tell all mah trubbles."

"Aw you go 'way, Liza! We'll bof be so durn glad ef we get there, we won't care who we sets by."

TO THE BONEYARD

O, Limpid Stream, that peaceful flows,

Who can thy beauty tell in rhyme?

Ah me, thy worth no poet knows.

O, Rivulet, lofty, sublime.

Can any stream with thee compare,

In wonder, grandeur, majesty?

Thy waters pure, thy virtues rare,

Who can extol them fittingly?

Thy name shall ere bring memories sweet

Of college pranks and work, O, Stream,

Of scansion, meter, verse, and feet,

For once thou wert my daily theme.

THE SIREN



If they ever get it started—



ADVICE TO THE SHORTHORN

MY Shorthorn friends, before you enter into the vicissitudes of the two weeks course, I wish to warn you against one source of trouble—our co-eds. There is but one way to approach them and suffer no defeat. You must not when you espy one of our gentle companions, caper like a yearling colt and begin to whinny. Neither is it proper to amble up to one and attempt to rub noses with her—that is a custom of the savages. Do not as I have heard it said of our oriental friends, butt your head against the frozen earth, lest she send for an ambulance. Nor would I have you procure a lariat and attempt to hold her attention in such a crudely western fashion. It were far better for you to firmly grasp your linen blue or red and delicately shake out its voluminous folds into the wintry air—

the so-called Chautauqua salute. Perhaps, you will get but an icy glare in reply, but remember that hope cannot be congealed by zero weather. If, at length, you receive encouragement—a winning smile—(do not mistake the satiric giggle) you may continue your advances. Approach on two feet set at an angle of 45 degrees, bow graciously, neither stiffly nor hurriedly. Put on a pleasant face but with no watermelon grin, and stand not like a stork on alternating legs, but upon both feet. Hold your heavy cap or Stetson sombrero in your hand, neither twirl nor juggle it, and converse glibly. Mention the mercury-spilling weather, the beauty of the glistening snow, and then her expensive furs, her rosy cheeks and dainty feet. To do these things well, will make you greatly sought and longed for, the young Lothario of the West.

THE SIREN



Ag student wishing lodging—
Adv.

JUST LIKE A GIRL

SHE stabbed me once, she
stabbed me twice.

'Oh, why?' I cried in pain,

"Oh, just because," she
sweetly said,

And ran me thru again.

WHY?

WHY do the freshmen al-
ways use

The books of solid facts the
most,

While the senior, grad, and
prof peruse

The Saturday Evening Post?

OUR MEDUSA



"And whosoever looked upon the face, was turned to stone."

WATCH THIS PAGE FOR THE COMING DANCES

College Club will Dance	Varsity Club will Dance	Crystal Club will Dance	Orange and Blue will Dance
at College Hall	at College Hall	at College Hall	at College Hall
February 10	February 3	January 26	January 27
March 17	March 9	At Elks Hall	February 24
June 2	April 13	February 16	March 23
	May 25	March 8	April 5
		April 12	May 17
		May 3	
		May 17	

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If the Walker could sing, would the Orphe-um?



B. V. D.

She—What do those mystic letters, B. V. D., stand for?

He—Oh—er—being—very décolletè, I presume.

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Wear no other style,**

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Geo. E. Amsbary

Tell us you saw this ad in the Siren.

If a fly got tangled in the milk, would the cream-separator?

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Mandy--That boy of ours is getting awful careless, Si.

Si--What's the matter now?

Mandy--He writes here that he has cut his metal-lurgy twice in the last week.--*Stanford Chaparral.*

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Champaign, Illinois

EXCHANGES

"I've a job as a street-car conductor,"

I heard a man lately declare.

"'Twas the change that I needed,
you see, sir,—

But I do not take more than what's
fare."—*Il'isconsin Sphnix.*

...

Farmer Wheathead—Gosh, Mandy, that boy's getting extravagant in his night gowns.

Mrs. W.—Sakes alive! What has he bought now?

F. W.—Wal, he says here that he paid fifty dollars for an evening dress.—*Stanford Chaparral.*

...

A
Cause
Of

—
Endless
Despair.

—*Stanford Chaparral.*

...

There was a young curate of Bristol

Who shot an old maid with a pistol,

When they heard what he'd done,
He was given a gun

By all the young curates in Bristol.
—*Harvard Lampoon.*

...

Physics Prof.—(After long-winded proof)—And now, gentlemen, we get $X=O$.

Sleepy Voice—(From rear of room)—Gee, all that work for nothing.—*Yale Record.*

...

"Do you keep dates?" asked the kindly old gentleman as he sauntered up to the girl at the grocery counter in the department store.

"Always," she replied. "But I don't remember ever making any with an old geezer like you."—*Stanford Chaparral*

...

"Dearie I love you with all my heart."

"Oh, you're too good to be true."
—*Il'isconsin Sphnix.*

...

Alleged Humorist—"Can you imagine anything worse than a giraffe with a sore throat?"

Proven One—"Sure, a centipede with corns."—*Texas Coyote.*

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AT

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Home Phone 2175 CHAMPAIGN



38 N. NEIL STREET

Photography

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those who
appreciate
THE
BEST
in

IN MORAL IDEAS AND PRACTICE

Prof.—What would you suggest to put a stop to the lamentable crowded condition of the saloons on Saturday nights?

Stude—Lengthen the bars.—*Cornell Widow.*



Phyllis—(With decision)—If Jack proposes to-night, there will be some turning down.

Marjory—Why, Phyllis, I thought you liked him.

Phyllis—I do, my dear. I was speaking of the lights.—*California Pelican.*

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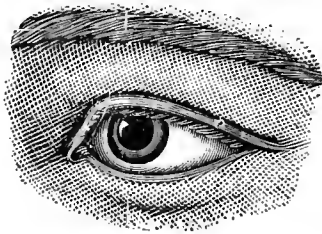
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Carolyn L. Kremer.

EXCHANGES

"Miss Bolde," said the shy student to the fair co-ed on the other end of the sofa, "If I were to throw you a kiss, what would you say?"

"I'd say you're the laziest man I ever met."—*Minnesota Minnehaha.*

"What is a bussel, father?"

"Sh! Musn't talk about such things behind a lady's back."—*Michigan Gargoyle.*

Klug—Ever read "Looking Backward?"

Stung—Yes, once in an exam, and I was canned for it.

"Thou shalt not covet thy roommate's socks, his ties, his books, nor anything that is thy roommate's."—*Wisconsin Sphinx.*

Fond Mother—Why don't you want to go to heaven, dear?

Terror—Because I have so many warm friends below.—*Wisconsin Sphinx.*

Dr. Filbert—You are overstudying. I must forbid you all brain work for a week.

Staff Poet—But I must turn out some poetry for the June Mag.

Dr. Filbert—Certainly, certainly, go right ahead.—*Texas Coyote.*

Little poker parties,

Little flecks of foam,

Makes another student

Join the folks at home.

—*California Pelican.*

He—"How do you like my moustache?"

She—"Why—not so very well at first sight.

He—"Perhaps it will grow on you.

She—"Oh, Lester, you are always thinking of the most absurd things."—*Cornell Widow.*

1915—What's a rounder?

1914—A rounder, my son, is a man who habitually and simultaneously loses his balance of cents and his sense of balance.—*Yale Record.*

"Do you think a woman should get the wages of a man?"

"It depends on whether she is married to him or not."—*Princeton Tiger.*

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The Man Who Knows

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Expert Cleaner
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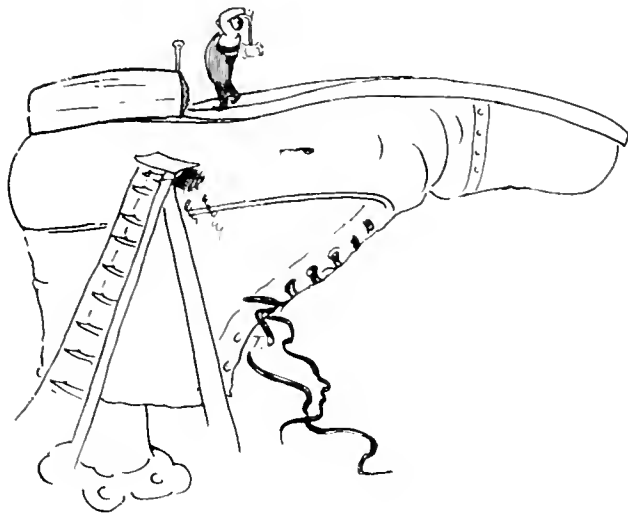
Cleaning, Pressing
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Champaign, - - Illinois

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This is only a Picture

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BARNY KETTERER

The Little White Shop north of the Boneyard

Ask about the White Line Laundry

Bills payable once a month

We replace your buttons and mend
your socks free of charge.

Bell 406

Auto 1550

Fresh.—What is a water-works plant, sir?

Senior—A water-works plant, my boy, is a place
where water is dispensed.

Fresh.—Then, sir, what are bulwarks?

Senior—The literary societies, my son.—*Wisconsin Sphinx.*



Freshman—Thought you said the coffee was rotten
at this club. What did you order it for?

Soph—Oh, I use it in my fountain pen.—*Dartmouth Jack-o-Lantern.*



MERCHANDISE HEADQUARTERS

We announce Square Deal Merchandise

We are putting before the public goods that are strictly high grade in every respect. It will pay you to keep this in mind and apply it to our line of merchandise for 1912.

You cannot afford to make your purchases until you have visited our store.

Flat Iron Store Company

Urbana :: Illinois

Have You Been to the

Vanity Sale?

Come and get a Travelers package of **Marinello Powder**, enough to last you a week---**FREE**.

SPECIAL

HAND PREPARATIONS

Our hand lotion is not sticky and leaves the hands smooth and soft. A bottle of lotion and a box of special hand cream both for **25c**

Special prices on all Hair Goods.
Combing's bought or made up.

Marinello Shop

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===== \$5.00 =====

Stephen's Bldg. - - - Urbana

===== BE SURE AND GET A =====

BENGAL CURRY

AFTER ORPHEUM AT

JOE'S PLACE

Opposite Gazette Office on Hickory Street

Have you seen it? Have you been in the Second Floor Smoking Room? Have you tried Joe's Individual Pies? Do you know that Joe's Home Made Bread is better than mother makes?

Then meet me tonight at the CLEANEST, BEST PLACE IN TOWN

Catering a Specialty

THE SIREN



TRUTHFUL NUMBER

Our Advertisers---Get Acquainted With Them

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Abernathy's Studio, C.
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Stephens' Photographer, U.
Strauch, C.

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Flanigan-Pearson Co., C.

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Stern Bros., C.

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L & P Tailoring Co., U.
Pitsenbarger & Flynn

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Franks Greenhouse

BARBER SHOPS

Hoover's
Kandy's

JEWELRY

Bowman's Jewelry Store, C.

RESTAURANTS

Joe's Place, C.
The Cave, C.
The Grille, C.
Marten's, C.
3rd St. Delicatessen

BEAUTY PARLORS

Miss Anna Muss, C.
The Marinello Shop, C.
Mrs. Jennie Chavers
Mrs. Goode

STUDENT SUPPLIES

The Co-op

LAUNDRY

Urbana Steam, U.
White Line, C.
Champaign Steam, C.

PRESSING AND CLEANING

Harry Greenefield
Souder's Pressing Establishment
Pitsenbarger & Flynn

LIVERY

Illinois Motor Sales Co.
Shobe Cab Service

MISCELLANEOUS

Jahn & Ollier, Engravers
Crescent Loan Bank
Lyric Theater, C.
Harris Coal Co.,
F. R. Smedley, Ins.
Freeman & Brooks, Contractors
Royal Typewriter Co.
Ralph Parks, Orchestra
Illinois Traction System
Walker Opera House

We Sell Service.

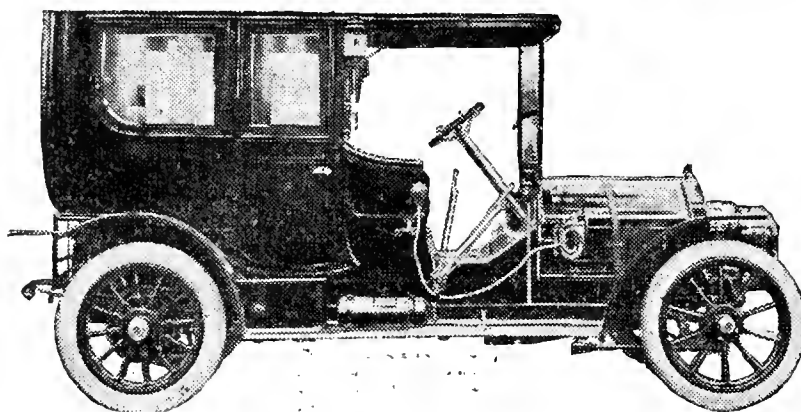
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Prompt Service,

Courteous
Treatment

Reasonable
Charges



All Day and
Night Calls
will be Given
Prompt Atten-
tion.

CLOSED CARS FOR PARTIES SAME RATES AS CABS

ILLINOIS MOTOR CAR SALES CO.

CHAMPAIGN BRANCH

105 W. Hill St.

Bell 475 Auto 1361

CHAMPAIGN

URBANA BRANCH

206 E. Main St.

Bell 265 Auto 4210

URBANA

WATCH THIS PAGE FOR THE COMING DANCES

College Club will Dance

at College Hall

March 16

June 2

Varsity Club will Dance

at College Hall

March 9

April 13

May 25

Crystal Club will Dance

At Elks Hall

March 8

April 12

May 3

May 17

Orange and Blue will Dance

at College Hall

February 24

March 23

April 5

May 17

MAKE YOUR DATES EARLY

COLLEGE HALL AND GRILLE

UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT

Our Dining Service is of the Best. Ask our Patrons.

THE GRILLE.

LUNCHES.

SHORT ORDERS.

CANDIES.

CIGARS

E. F. JOHNSON, Manager

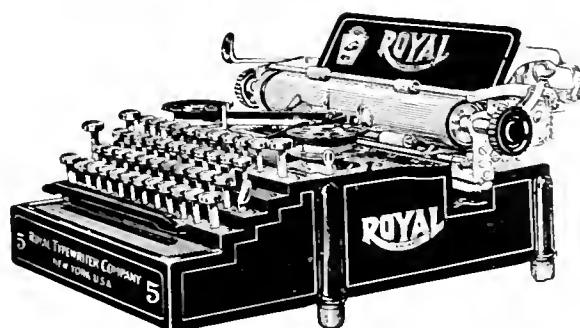
... New - Model ...

OF THE

Royal - Standard - Typewriter

The Latest Model of any Typewriter on the Market.

PRICE
\$75.



PRICE
\$75.

Has Two-Color Ribbon, Back-Spacer, Tabulator and many new and valuable patented features that other typewriters do not have.

*Send for "The Royal Book," 32 pages of typewriter information---the finest typewriter catalog ever issued
Yours for a postal card.*

Royal Typewriter Co.,

Royal Typewriter Building, New York
58 East Monroe St., Chicago, Ill.

The Third Street Bakery and Delicatessen

604 South Third Street

The Clean Store for Particular People
Home-made Pies and Cream Puffs
Boston Brown Bread, Etc.

EVERYTHING GOOD TO EAT
One visit to our store and you will want to
Come Again

G. A. OSTRAND, Proprietor

Thos. Franks & Son FLORIST

E. University Ave.

Champaign

The Largest Greenhouse in Central Illinois

Buy where you get the Best

Instructor: Did you filter this?

Youth (with a sly smile): No. I was afraid it couldn't stand the strain.—*Harvard Lampoon.*

• • •

Spanker: Joe married a widow with three children.

Spinkler: Oh, well; he was always putting on heirs.—*Yale Record.*

• • •

Physics Prof.: What makes the world go round?

Stude—Three beers, five gin fizzes and two highballs.—*Stanford Chaparral.*

• • •

A snake can crawl out of a small hole but that does not make him a college professor.—*Joy Book.*

DO YOU WANT TO MAKE MONEY



enough this summer to put you thru school next year?

Take the Y. M. C. A. course in salesmanship, then apply to the CROSS-REFERENCE BIBLE COMPANY, 16 North Neil Street, Champaign, for work in choice territory. Excellent commission or salary.

¶ This Publication is a fair sample of the work which is turned out by the Book Department of "The Flanigan-Pearson Co."

¶ Estimates on Catalogue, Book and Pamphlet Work will gladly be made by addressing
THE FLANIGAN-PEARSON CO.,
CHAMPAIGN, - - - ILLINOIS



JAHN and OLLIER
ENGRAVING CO
Artists, Engravers, Electrotypers
— 554 Adams St —
Chicago, Ill.

If Pabst grew pale on Edelweis would that make Budweiser?

SH!



SH!

THE DANVILLE NUMBER
MARCH 22

WALKER OPERA HOUSE

—PLAYING THE BEST ATTRACTIONS—

Some of the plays to be seen at this house the next few weeks:

Feb. 23 "THE EASIEST WAY"

Feb. 24 "NAUGHTY MARIETTA"

Feb. 27 "EXCUSE ME"

March 2 "THE COUNTRY BOY"

March 4 "POLLY OF THE CIRCUS"

March 6 "GAMBLERS"

ORPHEUM THEATER

VAUDEVILLE

Booked by Western Vaudeville Managers Association Chicago.

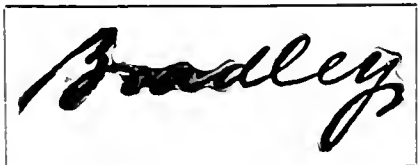
3 SHOWS DAILY

10 and 20 Cents

"Always a GOOD SHOW for price of Admission"

Purity

Perfection



Originator of "Chocolate a la Boston"--Students' Delight

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Champaign

M. S. FREEMAN

ELLIS BROOKS

FREEMAN & BROOKS
CONTRACTORS

420 Illinois Building

Phone Bell 303

CHAMPAIGN, ILL

"Not that I love the Freshman less but the Sophomore," said the landlady as she slipped an extra lump in the latter's chocolate.—*Texas Coyote*.

~ ~ ~

Adolescent Suitor (to her father)—"May I have your daughter for my wife?"

Irate Father: "What do I want with your wife?"—*Wisconsin Sphinx*.

SPRING draws NIGH

Why are the birds of spring time happy? Is not one good reason, because they are always wearing their gay plumage--because they are beautifully dressed? Don't you, yourself feel in better spirits when you have on bright, brand new clothes? Of course you do.

To prepare you for the arrival of spring, we have filled our store with reliable, enchanting, new spring things to wear. Buy your new clothes now and be ready when "Spring" arrives.

Flat Iron Store Company

Flat Iron Building. Urbana, Ill.

629

631

South Wright Street

THE

TRUTHFUL

NUMBER

629

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South Wright Street

"on the square"

You can get what you
want, when you want it

—IN—

HABERDASHERY

—OF—

R. E. ZOMBRO

604 E. Green Street

WE DON'T MAKE WATCHES

We do make sure however, that every watch bought of us is correctly made before we sell it, our system of carefully inspecting every watch movement before it leaves our store has earned for us a reputation of being dependable in everything connected with the watch business.

"Bowman Prices will interest you."

How's Your Watch Running This Cold Weather?

If it goes wrong we can make it go right.

Over thirty years of honest dealing has helped us to win the public's confidence.

OUR WATCH WORDS ARE
Carefu'ness, Courtesy and Capability.

Ray L. Bowman

Walker Opera House.

Champaign, Ill.

Where the Quality is Always Right.

DONT GIVE UP!!
all your salary for clothes
let us show you



**Great Rain
Coat
Robbery**

English slip on
\$10.00 values
for \$6.50.

\$5.00 values for
\$3.75.

**JOS. KUHN &
CO.**

The Parks Orchestra

Ralph M. Parks

810 West Green Street

Urbana, Ill.

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The University Press

W. D. MILES

1st. National Bank Bldg., Urbana



Everything in Printing

Dance Programs
A Specialty

Both
Phones

THE STUDENT'S NEW PLACE

614 Green Street

The New Billiard Home equipped with the best cushion tables—New Cues and Smooth Ivory Balls—affords the students the most ideal place to come and enjoy a little recreation after their tedious studies.

*It is Your home! A place especially planned for
your convenience—Come and enjoy it. : : :*

LESEURE BROS.

614 Green Street

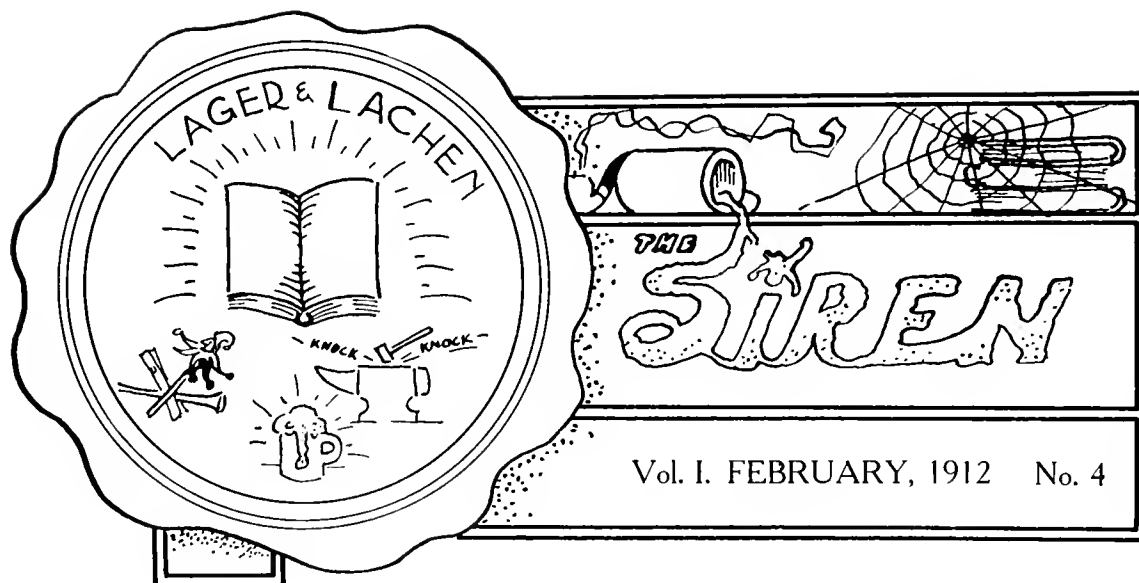
Prologue

“What makes the week go by so slowly,
Why long we for the seventh day?
Is it hope for consolation,
Or the preacher’s invocation?
Tell me, pray.

“What hath the pastor in his study
Safe for Sunday locked away?
Can it be the offertory,
Or the key to Purgatory?
Tell me, pray.

“For just a second, men have told me,
He will put it on display,
What can be this object mystic,
Is it something pietistic?
Tell me, pray.”

“Hush, my child, and I will tell thee,
Be not shocked at what I say;
In the study, gentle youth
Lies the naughty naked Truth,
Let us pray.”



BOARD OF EDITORS

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Published monthly during the college year by the students of the University of Illinois. Entered as second class matter, January 2, 1912, at postoffice at Champaign, Ill., under Act of Congress March 3, 1879. Subscription 50c per year in advance; out of town subscriptions, 75c; single copies, 10c; special numbers, 25c. All business communications should be sent to P. H. Ward, 211 Daniel Street. Contributions should be sent to Julius Goebel, Jr., 918 Nevada Street, or put in the Siren box in University Hall.

Contributors to This Issue.

ERICH TINZMAN	I. M. KIRLIN
MARIE GOEBEL	E. P. HERMANN
	C. J. STOWELL



OUR TRUTH! Driven from her last stronghold, she has been obliged to seek refuge with a humorous magazine. *Sublime ad ridiculum*, as it were. Professors, at one time her champions and guards, have slunk to their studies, terrified by the horrible examples which despotic college presidents have made of the too audacious of their number. The wonderful and inspiring search for *das Ding an sich*, entrusted to the academic teacher since the time of Plato and Aristotle, is forgotten, and a new goddess, the Goddess of Red Tape, is now being worshipped, and holds sway over their thoughts and actions. Rumors have come to our ears.

THE SIREN

that even at the University of Illinois this new deity has found secret devotees.

It is, nevertheless, consoling to observe, that once in a great while, a professor will stand up and proclaim what he believes to be the truth. Let him beware, however, the academic book-man, in the disguise of the president or some other dignitary (interesting word!), who, like Zeus, is ever ready to "can" those of Titanic aspirations.

It is with these aspirants, rather than with the timid worshippers, that the *Siren* sympathizes, and whom she invites to call, as often as they please, upon Mlle. Truth, to whom she has given temporary quarters.



HERE must be something contagious in the atmosphere about our city, worse than measles or prickly heat, which yearly infects the minds of our Senior Memorial Committees. Each graduating class seems to vie with the preceding in presenting to our thankful, yet speechless university, a monstrosity more wonderfully conceived than its predecessors.

We clasp our hands with joy, at the darling little eyesore which is to grace our campus on next Commencement Day. Surely no more suitable ornament could be found for our wind-swept prairies than a Grecian column, in spite of the anachronism of a light-house on the top.

We chuckle softly to our-selves, when we think how frustrated the south campus fusser will be, when the searching rays of this admirable Memorial are turned upon his idyllic cooings.

On the hot summer days, perhaps, an awning will be put around the column, and we may sit like ancient Greeks, and sip the lemonade which the Domestic Science department could furnish. Or, perhaps, and we whisper it softly, we might partake on moonlight nights, of some of the great Joseph Schlitz's divine gift to man. What a fitting reminder of a famous class will this memorial be.



WE are pleased to announce the election to the board of Mr. E. E. Mitchell, '14, and Mr. L. W. Ramsey, '14. Mr. Burril Wright, '14, has been elected Circulation Manager.



THE *Siren* board has decided to entrust the magazine and its fate in the hands of the girls, for the month of April, and has selected Miss Eva Mitchell, '12, as editress-in-chief. The coöperation of all the coeds is earnestly and respectfully requested.



THE SIREN

THE MILL TAX KORAN

THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO SAINT McCONNUS

CHAPTER IV.

1. And it came to pass in these days, which was the sixth year of the *reign* of King Jaymees, that tidings came from across the seas, concerning the triumphs of King Jaymees, in the realm of Wilhelmus, the second of that name. How Wilhelmus had honored King Jaymees, and had bidden him to his assemblage, and had *loved* him as a brother.

2. And when the tidings reached Jonathan, the viceroy, he caused them to be proclaimed abroad in all the rolls, yea, even in the rolls of Neffins, who was the meanest of the scribes in the realm. And there was great *rejoicing* throughout the kingdom.

3. Now it happened that these triumphs came about in this wise. When King Jaymees had reached the lands of Wilhelmus, it came unto his ears that the Emperor was to hold an assemblage to which all the lords of realm were invited. And when King Jaymees heard these *tidings*, his heart burned within him, for he had desire to see the great Caesar, and to do him homage.

4. And he went among the people, and spake, "How is this, the mighty Caesar hath an assem-

blage, and yet he hath not commanded me to appear?" And the people told *him*, "Behold, if thou layest 30 shekels upon the altar of the great Caesar thou mayest appear in the assemblage." And it came to pass as they said.

5. For, behold, when the *assemblage* was called, King Jaymees betook himself unto the palace of the king and no one hindered him.

6. And when Wilhelmus saw King Jaymees, he said unto his counsellor, "Who is this man, what doth he here?" And his counsellor replied, "It is the mighty King Jaymees, who hath journeyed *hither* from across the waters."

7. Straightway then did Wilhelmus summon him, and King Jaymees appeared before him, and fell upon his knees, and did homage unto Wilhelmus.

8. And Wilhelmus bade him rise, and putting on his neck, the Order of the Apple Pie, second class, he held out his hand, and clasped that of King Jaymees.

9. And when King Jaymees returned from the palace, he put his hand in his sheepskin, nor would he extract it for several days, saying, "Blessed is the hand which Wilhelmus hath touched, and it shall not be profaned."



Chicago wils it.

"Papa", said the little boy,
"What's a rhyme for flagon"?
Papa answered with a sigh,
"Jag on, sonny, jag on."

GUFF—Jones can't stand the cello.
Muff—What's the matter with it?
Guff—It makes such bass music.

LIT.—Goin' to the bull fight tonight, Professor?
Prof.—What do you mean, sir?
Lit.—Ain't you heard, there's an intercollegiate debate on.

THE SIREN



One Frat They All Make.



'NISHIATIN' DAYS.

Thought ye wuz a member.
Sort o' guessed it from yer ways.
Don't ye recollect the ritual,
And the skulls and bones we gathered
Fer regalia displays
In the secret ceremonies
Of the 'Nishiatin' Days?

There wuz "Touchy" Davis,
"Hironomus" Hatch, and Mayes,
And "Buckie" with his checkered apron on.
But the Sweet boys, Hal and Lutie
Wuz the ones we used to haze
In the solemn ceremonies
Of the 'Nishiatin' Days.

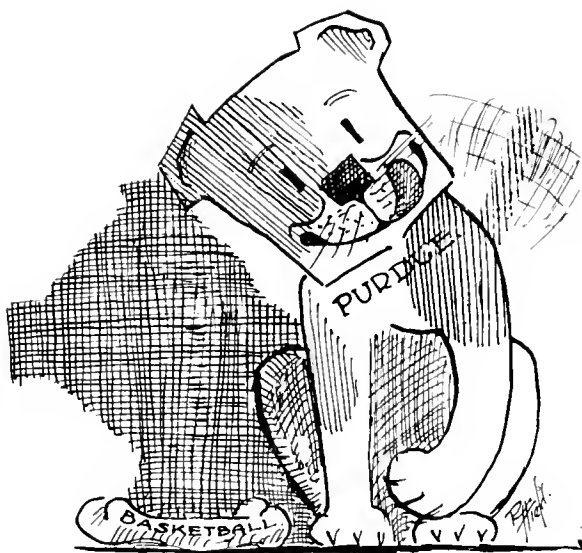
Things wuz mighty spooky.
By the candle's ghostly blaze
Oaths wuz written out in human blood,
And we pledged to blackest secrets
With solemn mystic phrase,
When we had our ceremonies
In the 'Nishiatin' Days.

Lutie always "bellered"
Till his mother heard his brays;
Then the 'nishiators always went and hid.
But the Sweets would come back next time
Like a pair of silly jays,
And then we'd have another
Of them 'Nishiatin' Days.

Candy pulls wuz "bully",
So wuz circuses and plays.
Coastin' used to give us heaps of fun.
But I sort o' dream the longest
Of the time we got the craze,
And had our ceremonies
In the 'Nishiatin' Days.

Talk about yer lodges
And their charitable ways:
Talk about yer B. P. O. of E's;
They can't put a feelin'
In yer heart that grips and stays,
Like the golden boyhood memories
Of the 'Nishiatin' Days.

THE SIREN



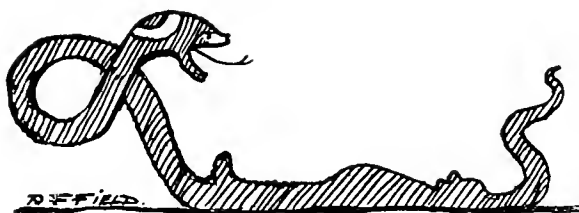
Every dog has his day.

TWO BEERS.

P. S.*—When I was young I was the wildest boy in our county.

Chorus Girl—Oh, really, were all the other young folks girls?

*Parsimonious Sport.



Murder will out.

"WHY do the jokes in the 'Illinois' remind you of a 15 cent steak, Duke?"

"Ah, Monsieur, zey are ze pièce de résistance."

OPTY—Is the tower clock right?

Pessy—Sure, the hands were right where they are two days ago.

CHEM.

Atom said to Molly Cule,
"Will you unite with me?"
Molly Cule in haste replied,
"There's no affinity".

In the gas light's ghostly glare,
Poor Atom hoped he'd meter.
But she eloped with a rascal base.
Her name is now Saltpeter.



What they all say.

"WHY foh yoh call yoh boy 'Epsom', 'Nastasia'?"

"Case he am so physically strong, ah reckon."

SIMPLY AWFUL BUT AWFULLY SIMPLE.

D. N. KLARK—What would you advise to stop this abominable practice of entertaining chorus girls?

Tom—Import more waitresses.

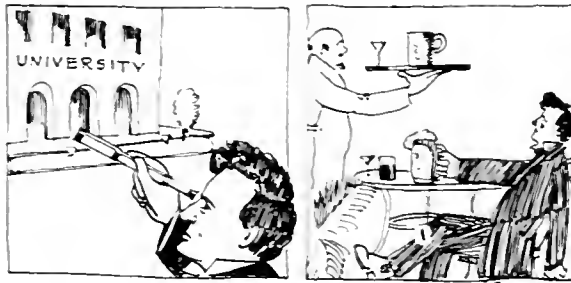
ELECTRICAL TERMS.



Some types of transformers.

THE SIREN

PREXY IN GERMANY.



Fiction — Fact.

CHAMPAIGN.

LOUISIANA LOU—Dry town, eh Percy?

Perc—Er—yes, but it's nice in here at Tucker's.

AT THE ROMA.

WAITER—Signor, mebbe lika piccalilli?

The Groom—tenderly—Grazia, I picka ma Mariuccia. Nica gal.

BOSTONIAN.

There was a young policeman named Larson
Who arrested a Methodist parson.

"You're wanted," said he.

"For assault, battery,

Theft, burglary, mayhem and arson".

A SEA URCHIN.

In me there lived a tiny germ
As happy as could be:
'Twas dark, but he could crawl and squirm
And sail my stomach sea.

But now he's deeper in the dark,
A sailboat without jib.
In hunting for a tiny bark
He found my floating rib.

A BLACK BULL.

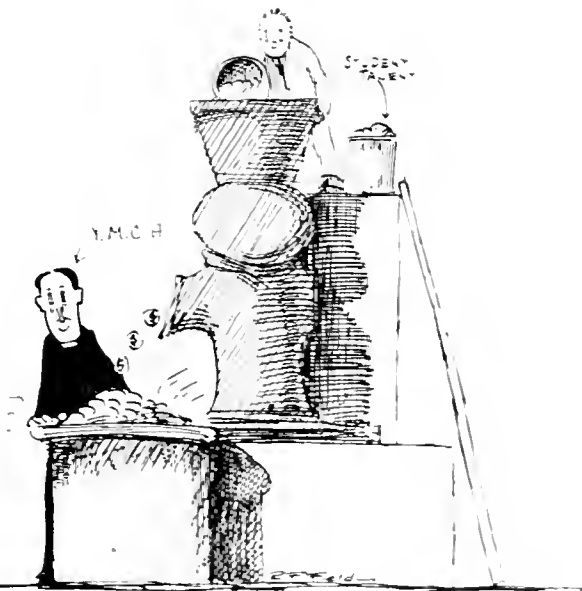
"WHY foh don' you call yoh watch-dog
'Cop', Sambo?"

"Gwan, yoh nigger, dis am no Irish setter."

PAID MOURNERS.

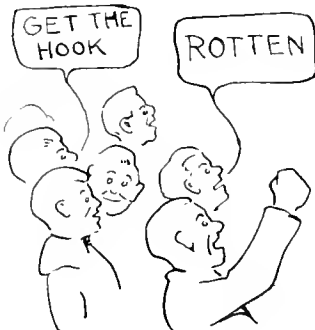
"BEGORRA, an' tis a pity he died so soon."

"You're roight. Wan wake a week's
plinty fer a timperate mon."



The Post-Exam Jubilee.

WHEN THE CROWD
AT THE ORPHEUM
GETS NOISY —



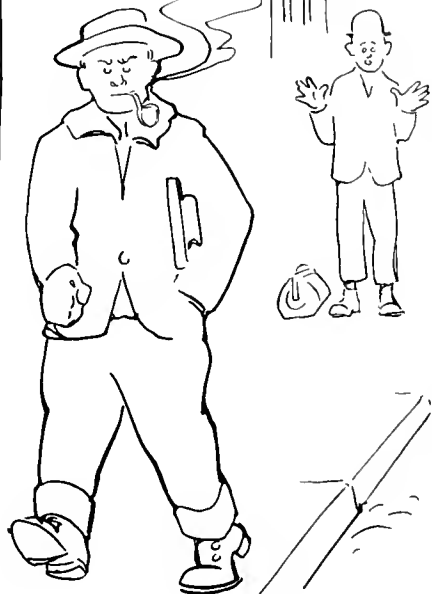
MILITARY AS THE FRESHMAN
DREAMS IT WILL BE



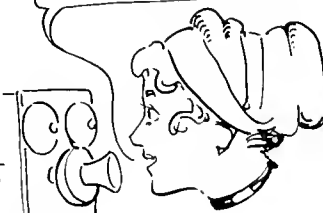
THE NEWCOMER IMAGINES
THAT ALL COEDS WILL LOOK
LIKE THIS —



THE FRESHMAN'S
ATTITUDE TOWARD
THE SENIOR
LAST SEPTEMBER

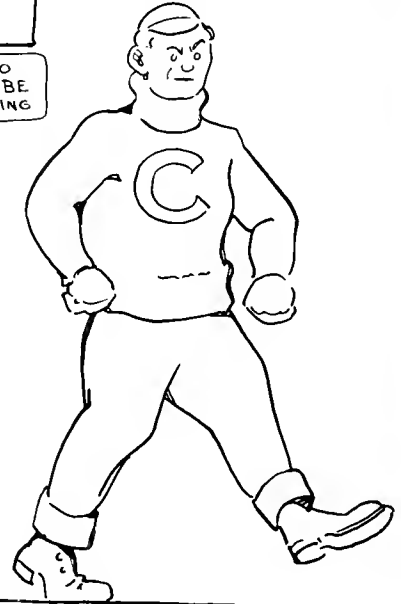


OH THANK YOU
MR SMITH I'LL
BE DELIGHTED

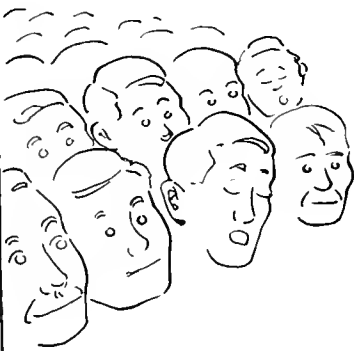


HE THOUGHT
MAKING
DATES WOULD
BE PRETTY SOFT
LIKE THIS —

THE HIGH SCHOOL
ATHLETE AS HE LOOKED
TO THE FOLKS AT HOME



WHEN HE GETS TO
COLLEGE HE'LL BE
THE WHOLE THING

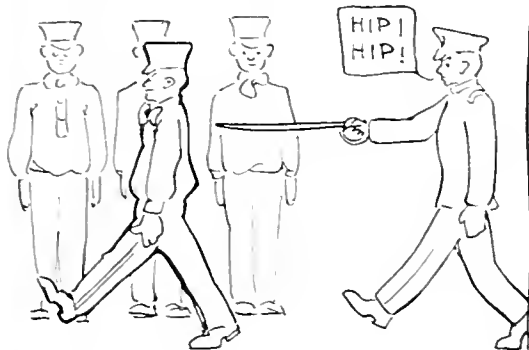


AS P.T. LOOKED TO THE
FRESHMAN LAST SEPTEMBER



BEFORE AND

BUT HIS DREAMS ARE SHATTERED THUS —



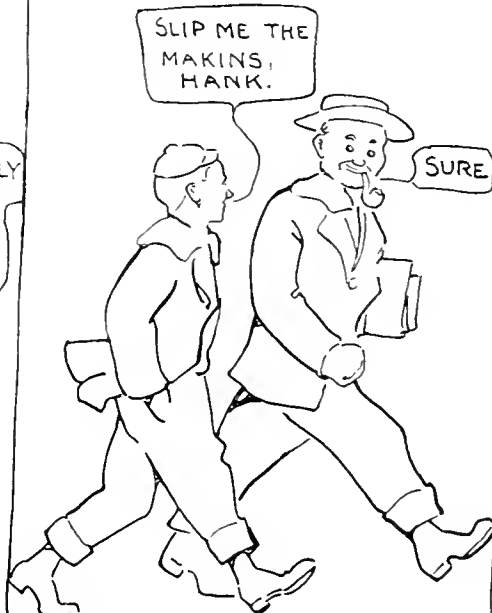
THIS IS THE NOISE THAT PUTS ON THE SOFT PEDAL EVERY TIME



UT HE FINDS THE REAL GOOD LOOKS MORE LIKE THIS —

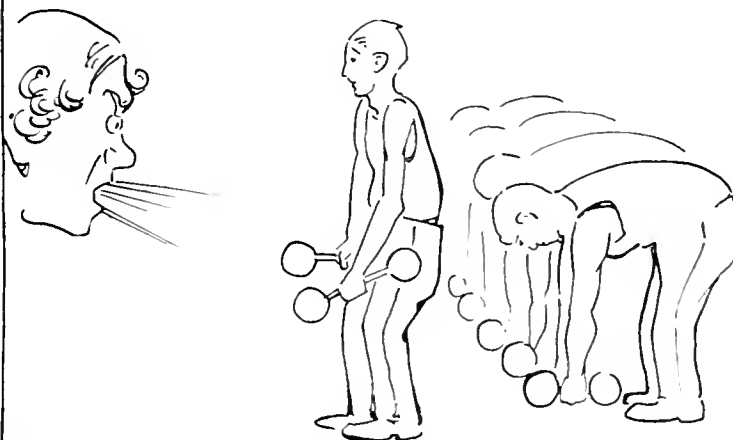
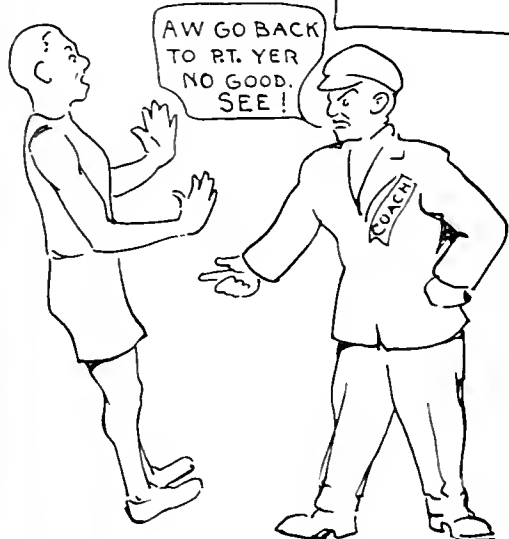


BUT HE FINDS EXTEMPORANEOUS DATE-MAKING IMPOSSIBLE



SIX MONTHS BRING THE FRESHMAN AND SENIOR CLOSER TOGETHER

THE H.S. ATHLETE AFTER HE HAS TRIED FOR THE TEAM



P.T. FROM THE PRACTICAL SIDE

GRAHAM

FTER TAKING

THE SIREN

A Story of Two Saints

From the Turkish

In a lonely valley not far from Aintab, lay a Tuerbe, as, among us Turks, is called the tomb of a departed saint. Nearby there lived and prayed the shiek Abdurrahman, a worthy dervish with a green turban, a descendant of the Prophet. Not only did he lead a holy life, but he was deeply versed in the mysteries of his religion. It was only on Fridays that he would show himself to the hosts who visited the tomb. At all other times he lived lonely and remote from the world, except for two companions: a disciple and an ass. The former wore the cloak of the dervish and was called Ali. He had spent the twenty years of his life in close companionship with the ass, and bore a peculiar resemblance to him in mind and appearance. No one knew whence he came. He was pious and he did his duty in serving his master and caring for the Tuerbe, and he devoted himself, heart and soul, to the teachings of the former.

One day the master said to his disciple: "My son, I have led you along the path of life and shown you the way of our master Nickschibend, as well as my mortal eyes could perceive it. The time is now ripe for you to journey into the world, to visit the tombs of the most Holy Ones, and to make a pilgrimage to Kaaba, the Eternal City. As you know, I am poor, but is not poverty the pride of the dervish? Yet gladly will I share with you what I have, and my blessing you will take with you upon your wanderings.

Ali accepted the news with the stoicism of a dervish. His master gave him an amulet, an old leopard's skin, a cup in which to collect alms, a pilgrim's staff, and, as a final proof of his love, the old ass. Lovingly the master then embraced his disciple, and sent him on his way. True to the expectation of Abdurrahman, Ali journeyed not towards the city, but towards the heart of the country. Gradually his provisions decreased, and it was with alarm that he noted how poorly his ass withstood the journey. From hour to hour the animal grew weaker, and finally, on the fourth day, be it from age or exhaustion, he lay down and died. Sadly Ali regarded him, for had they not been companions since youth?

While his eyes were still filled with tears, he saw in the distance a cloud of dust, which he soon recognized as a troop of horsemen. He was seized with a sudden fear that he and his dead ass might be regarded with suspicion. Hastily drawing the animal aside from the road, he began covering it with sand, which he formed into a sort of mound. Scarcely had he finished, when the horsemen drew up before him and their leader accosted him with these words: "Why are you mourning, most worthy dervish? And whom have you buried?"

"My last, my dearest friend," answered Ali. "A friend with whom I have grown up and from whom I have never been parted."

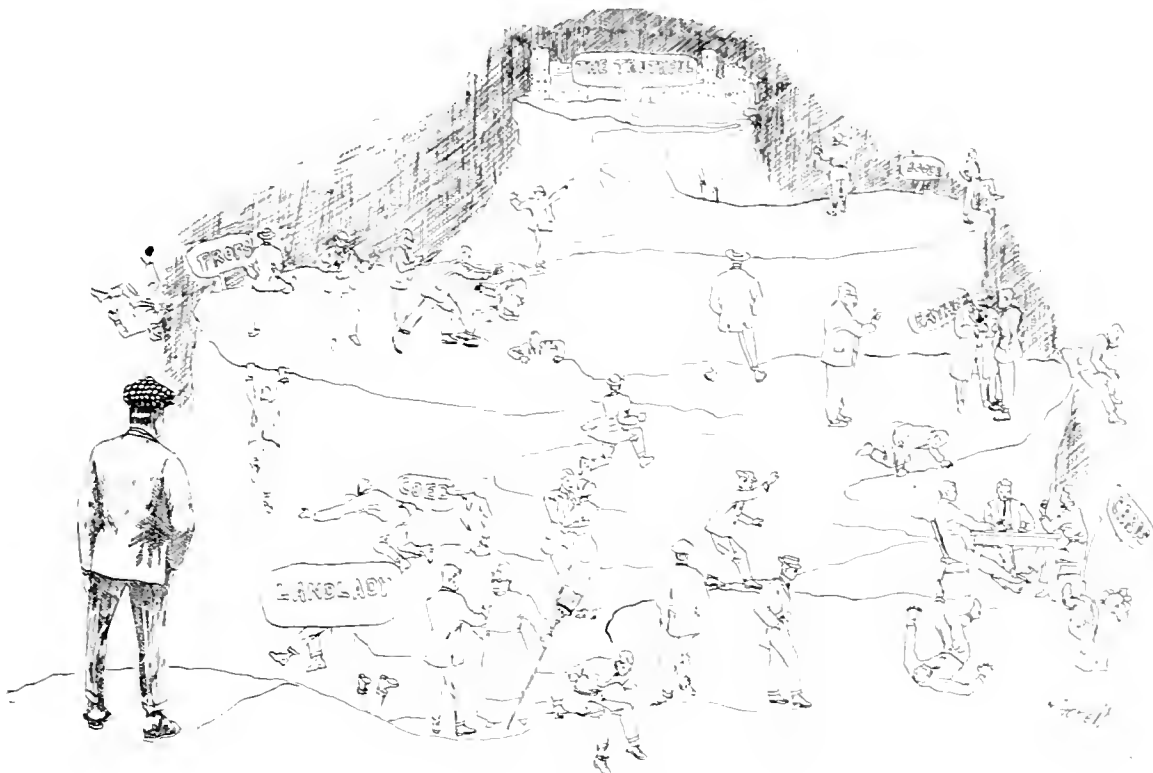
The dervish noted that his departed friend was taken by the strangers for a brother-dervish, but, fearing their rage, he dared not tell them the truth. Bidding Ali to remain at the grave of his beloved friend, they departed, promising to send provisions.

The leader of the horsemen was a rich and pious Bey of the vicinity. Deeply touched by the fact that a strange dervish had come there to die, he said to his friends: "Let us build a tomb for the departed One, and let us beg this holy man to remain here, so that his piety and devotion may become an example to us all."

And thus it came to pass. Within a few weeks a Tuerbe had been built upon the grave, and Ali was installed as sheik thereof. Upon the front of the chapel stood the words: "This is the grave of that most holy man, the famous shiek Abdurassah, of the Order of the Nickschibend. Pray for him." And the people began to make pilgrimages to Ali, especially the women, who sought his help in all things. The fame of his piety increased, and great were the gifts of those who benefitted by his wisdom and prayer. Thereby he increased in girth and his beard waxed in length.

(Concluded on Page 98)

THE SIREN



The Long Road.



FREE

THE SIREN

FREE

Will give the following prizes for contributions to the next number.

Cover Design	\$3.00
Best Double Page Cartoon	\$3.00
Best Small Cartoon	\$2.00
Best Joke	\$2.00
Second Best Joke	\$1.00

All contributions must be submitted by March 7, 1912.

THE SIREN

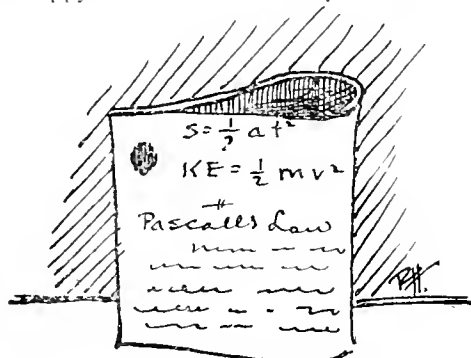
THE COTILLION.



"I HEAR the law clubs can't have their pictures taken."
 "How's that?"
 "They are too crooked to be grouped."

LET US WEEP.

"WHY are you so sad, Professor?"
 "My wife is getting up a golden jubilee for our silver wedding."
 "That's like flunking in exams and trying to be happy at the Post Exam Jubilee, eh?"



"The Easiest Way."

WEEP! Weep! My friends! To think of it! The ogre of proximity is in our midst. Were you, perchance, at the Sophomore Cotillion, and was your shocked and covert gaze held by the neighborly grace of the girl in red—or the one in gray—or the one in pale blue—or the others? Did you look long with averted face and thru spread fingers at G. Huff flagrantly dipping under the sparse canopy of the Stars and Stripes? Did you blush? If not, naughty! Ashes and burlap for you! Oh, friends, pray with me to purge our family of such malicious mal-adjustments as produced by a man and woman trying to economize floor space and doing fancy dances among our athletic director.

UTOPIA OUT-TOPED.

Drink to me only thru a straw,
 I'll have it just that way;
 To put a glass within the lips
 Will spoil their shape they say.

If you should sip from out a cup,
 You must be ever wary,
 For such an antiquated way
 Is most unsanitary.

You must not wear your clothes too tight;
 It is a foolish style,
 For you might pinch your liver so
 You'd stop the flow of bile.

You must be careful what you put
 Upon your dainty head,
 Or you may lose Dame Nature's crown
 And wear a spot instead.

Don't pinch tight shoes upon your feet,
 If they're too large a size,
 For corns and bunions are not gems
 A person oft will prize.

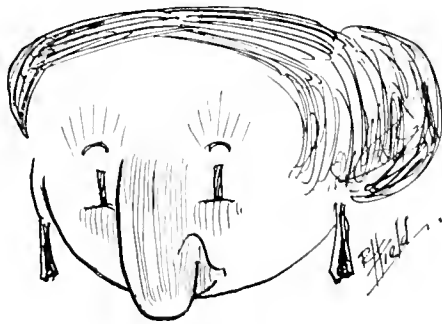
If you would live a healthy life,
 Seek out some tropic isle.
 Whate'er you wear, the doctors say,
 It stops the flow of bile.

L'Envoi.

I find myself upon this isle
 Without a single care;
 I have the person yet to meet
 Who cares a damn for what I eat,
 And even less for what I wear.

THE SIREN

BIBLICAL BUNK.



AS SHE PROBABLY WAS.
REBECCA.

CANDY KIDS.

"K ANDY'S youngsters are certainly chips off the old block."

"You don't say?"

"Sure, a bunch of little shavers."



If all of us were just like George,
What would this pcor world be!
There'd be no lawyers in the land,
Nor yet a cherry tree.



I WONDER WHY.

I wonder why my sister Lou
Persists in lookin' worst,
When no one's round but me and you.
Her "shootin' jacket's" burst;
Her hair's done up in bungwads;
Her skirt's a holy fright;
She's always cross and grumpy,
Just like she'd had a fight.
Her face is awful funny though
With coal smut in her eye.
You bet she bangs and whacks the pans.
I wonder why.

I wonder why the other night
Her cheek wuz like the rose.
When Mr. Clawrence Poicy came.
(He's one of sister's beaux.)
Her hair wuz nice and fuzzy.
My! but she wuz sweet.
They wuz close together
In the window seat.
'Cause I wuz peakin' through the screen.
He kissed her on the sly;
Then he made an awful face.
I wonder why.

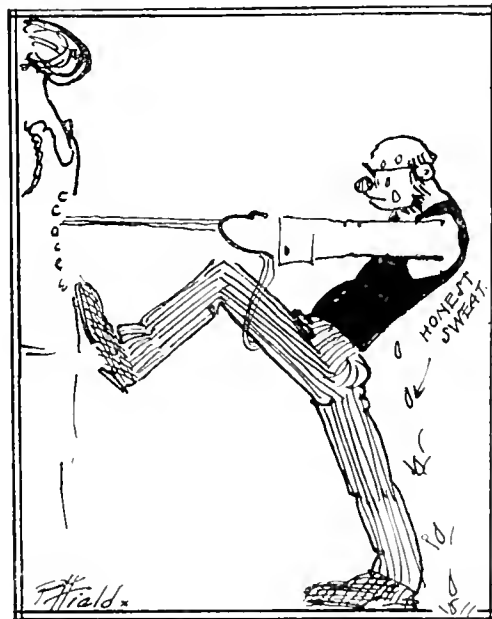
HISTORY PROF.—What do you know about
Egyptian deities, Mr. Smith?
Smith—Not very much, sir, I smoke Fatimas.

"PAPA, what does 'dot' mean?"

"'Dot', my son, is French slang for
money".

THERE was a young man of Siam
Who thought he was Omar Khayyam.
The critics all said
Old Omar is dead,
And your stuff is not worth a damn.

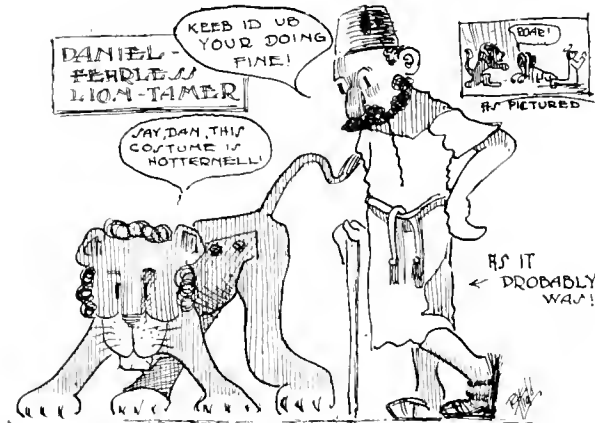
FRESH—Say, what is a stag, anyway?
Soph.—A stag, my child, is a beast without
any doe.



"Bunty Pulls the Strings."

THE SIREN

BIBLICAL BUNK—(Continued).



Daniel in the Lion's Den.

BLASED.

It's sort of lonely, isn't it
A-whirling 'round in space
With a trip to our nearest neighbor
Considered a wild goose chase?

We see the same family faces
The same old land and sea,
And we'd have to travel a million miles
To go to a neighbor for tea.

We're alone out here in the ether,
We're marooned on the lonely sphere;
The astronomers call ten million miles
Approximately near.

It's twenty-six millions to Venus
And to Mars—you can search me;
If I can't make a trip from this crowded earth,
I'll surely die of ennui.



STORY FOR GIRLS.

BEFORE John came, Della, the Delt, was as popular as a pretty girl at a travelling-men's convention. If there was a social function at which she did not appear, everyone noticed it and wondered if she were sick. Even her most intimate girl friends dared not bite Della's back or whisper gossip to the men of the university, for all men were enlisted in her following. Then John came. He took her to the Prom, the Cotillion, his formal, the Chemist's Ball and thirty or more other brilliant social successes. It began to be noised about that Della was copped; that competition was closed. One by one her discouraged waiters re-opened the short-cut to the other sorority houses. At last the most faithful had forgotten her telephone number. Finally, John deserted and took another girl to a dance. Della, the Delt, stayed at home and played bridge with three legacies. Telephone numbers once forgotten are not easily recalled. Now Della sings in the choir.

Comment—There is safety in numbers.

MRS. WASHINGTON—Why don't you chop down that old cherry tree, pa?
Pa. W.— Let George do it.

BIBLICAL BUNK—(Continued).



The Wise Queen of Sheba.

THE SIREN

A BRAIN STORM.

He tried to keep her face in mind;
It sank in greatest pain.
I pray, good friend, be not unkind
'Twas water on the brain.

BEAUTY HINTS.

IT'S a wise girl who saves the lemons handed
her during the day, to improve her complexion
at night.

Hangnails on the fingers are like tatters on
a silk petticoat.

To acquire a red nose, wear pumps, silk hose,
and carry a muff.

(To be continued.)

THERE was an instructor named Hanna,
Who slipped on a peel of banana.
He hated to swear,
So he sent up a prayer,
Hallelujah, amen, and hosanna.

"AW, say, old chap, livin's bally expensive
ovah in America."

"Explain yourself, my boy."

"Why, I saw a sign when I was there, 'Weight
reduced thirty pounds a week', and ovah heah
they do it for 15 shillings."



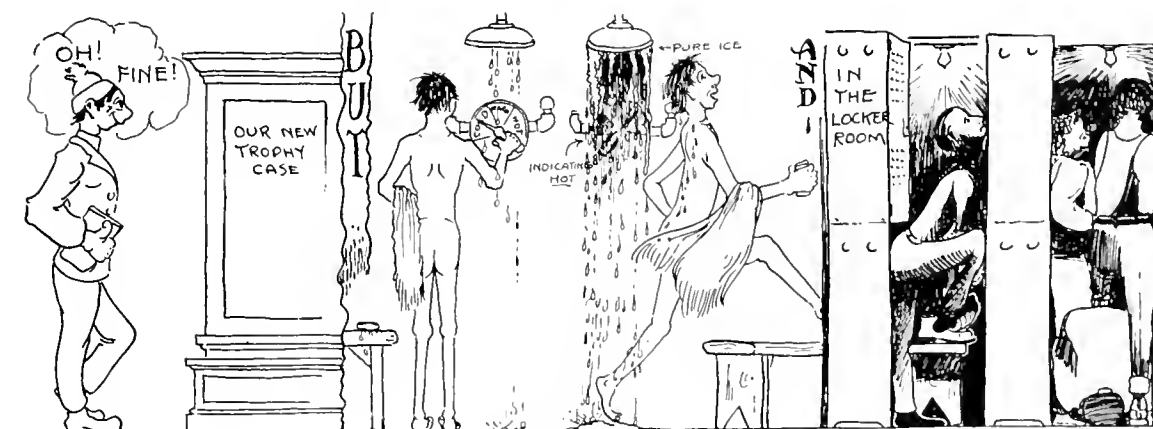
William Penn(ed).

ANTHROPOMORPHIC.

"If God were sick, papa, who would make him
well?"

"Our metaphysicians, my son."

•••••



GYMANIA.

(Continued from Page 92)

In time his fame reached the ears of the sheik Abdurrahman, his former teacher, and he determined to visit this famous colleague. He saddled his donkey, made the four-days journey, and mingled among the crowd of worshippers who were waiting at Ali's Tuerbe. Soon Ali appeared. He looked peculiarly familiar to the old sheik. Waiting until the crowd of worshippers had departed, he approached his former pupil. The latter, somewhat shamefacedly, recognized his old master, and invited him to remain. Long they talked over old times and new. Abdurrahman finally put the fateful question. "Tell me, my son, who is the Holy One over whose grave you keep vigil?"

Shyly Ali replied, "Oh, my master, tell no one. It is not my fault! The Holy One is none other than the ass you gave me fifteen years ago! He died here, and I cannot help it if the people worship him as a saint."

Both were silent a long time, then Ali spoke. "Most reverend Father, you have never told me, nor have I hitherto asked you, who is the saint who lies buried within your shrine. Tell me now."

The old man looked far into the distance, then he cleared his throat, and said, "Well, Ali, I know you will tell no one. My saint was the father of yours."

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the
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Co.**

URBANA



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IN CALIFORNIA

Dorothy—How are you going to vote in the coming presidential election?

Hortense—In my new brown tailor suit with fur trimmings.—How are you?
—*Stanford Chapparel.*

Teacher—Arthur, I shall be obliged to detain you today after school.

Arthur—Of course, you understand that if any gossip comes of your keeping me in every day, you are responsible.—*London Opinion.*

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Barbers

Two
Porters

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experts only.*

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will Wear no other
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*Silver Collars, Superba Ties and Socks. Full line of
Men's Trousers. Best 16 button Ladies Kid Gloves
\$3.25.*

Geo. E. Amsbary

Tell us you saw this ad in the Siren.

Quoth a Freshman, to a Sophomore,

"Let us go into a show"

"Yes, Freshie," answered Sophomore

But do you know where to go?"

"We'll go where lights are shining

To a gloomy place we'll not

We'll visit the Lyric Theatre

Renown as Champaign's Bight Spot."

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CHAMPAIGN, ILLINOIS

Conductor: Shall I help you to alight, madam?

College Girl: Much obliged, but I don't smoke.—*The Tabler.*

• • •

Jinks: How are you doing in your studies?

Binks: Derriere.

Jinks: What do you mean?

Binks: Behind in French.—*Williams Purple Cow.*

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Student's Requests

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Champaign, Illinois

THE SIREN

EXCHANGES

AN OVERSIGHT

Electrical Stude (proud possessor of a pocket battery)—Were you ever charged with electricity?

Sad and Weary Stude (who has just been to the busy office)—No, but for heaven's sake don't mention it to them. I've been charged with everything else.—*Stanford Chaparral*.

• • •

Senior Girl—Where are you going, dear?

Freshy Girl—Down to the Library to study.

Senior Girl—That's right, dear. You can't get acquainted too soon.—*Stanford Chaparral*.

• • •

Why are college professors and cowboys alike?

Because they both make their living by slinging the bull.—*Texas Coyote*.

• • •

How does Gaby Delys spell her name?

I suppose she takes off all the letters that aren't necessary.—*Harvard Lampoon*.

• • •

Marie—I always think these bathing costumes make people look shorter.

Karl—Well, they also certainly make people look longer.—*Witzige Blaetter*.

• • •

Can you tell me what was the nationality of Napoleon?

"Corse'I can!"—*Yale Record*.

• • •

The barber put perfume on Bogg's hair by mistake instead of tonic.

Was Boggs angry when he found out the mistake?

Well, naturally he was incensed.—*Michigan Gargoyle*.

• • •

"She has the prettiest mouth in all the world."

"Oh, I don't know. I'd put mine up against it any time."—*Michigan Gargoyle*.

• • •

Prof.: "And what do you call the man who makes the allegation?"

Fresh Law—"Why—er—a—the alligator."—*Michigan Gargoyle*.

• • •

Optimist: "Where are you going?"

Pessimist: "Hell."

Optimist: "Come along, then, grouchy. We are headed the same way. I have math this hour."—*Michigan Gargoyle*.

• • •

She—And would you really put yourself out for my sake?

He—Indeed I would.

She—Then do it, please. I'm awfully sleepy.—*Williams Purple Cove*.

GOOD

SODA, CANDY

AND

LUNCH

AT

*McCormick's
Confectionery*

61 N. NEIL ST.

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appreciate
THE
BEST
in

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Photography

COAL

Chester A. Harris & Company
Illinois Building Phones ^{Bell 176} _{Auto 1388} Champaign

Friend—What were your sensations in the wreck?
Victim—Just the same as in football. Three coaches passed
over me and then the doctor came.—*Puck.*

• • •

Percy: Lend me a five, old chap, and I'll be everlastingly
your debtor.

Reggie: That's just what I am afraid of, old fellow.—
Pathfinder.



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the best place in the two cities
for good eats is at



608 E. Green St., Champaign, Ill.

Our luncheons are prepared carefully in
the most sanitary manner—by expert chefs,
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612 EAST GREEN STREET
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Gus Johnson's

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your order

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Champaign, Ill.

Bell 1179 Auto 1471

HE'S OUT AGAIN

"I see the Italians have captured fifty cannon in Tripoli."

"Turkish Trophies, eh?"—*Cornell Widow.*

• • •

Indignant Farmer—Say, look here; y'er ain't gittin' as much milk from them cows as y'uster.

Hired Man—Nope. Sort er lost my pull.—*Cornell Widow.*

• • •

Old Grad—So you've met my son at college, have you?

Freshie—Sure, we sleep in the same philosophy class.—*Columbia Jester.*

• • •

Bible Student (preaching his first sermon)—"Yes, friends, I am trying to follow the divine injunction to cast out the sick, heal the dead, and raise the devil."—*Columbia Jester.*

• • •

"I have no time to lose," shouted the irate passenger, jumping off the car and starting in pursuit of the light fingered gentleman who had taken his watch.—*Columbia Jester.*

• • •

Did you follow everything in the show?

My, no, there were over fifty in the chorus alone.—*College Widow.*

YOU---

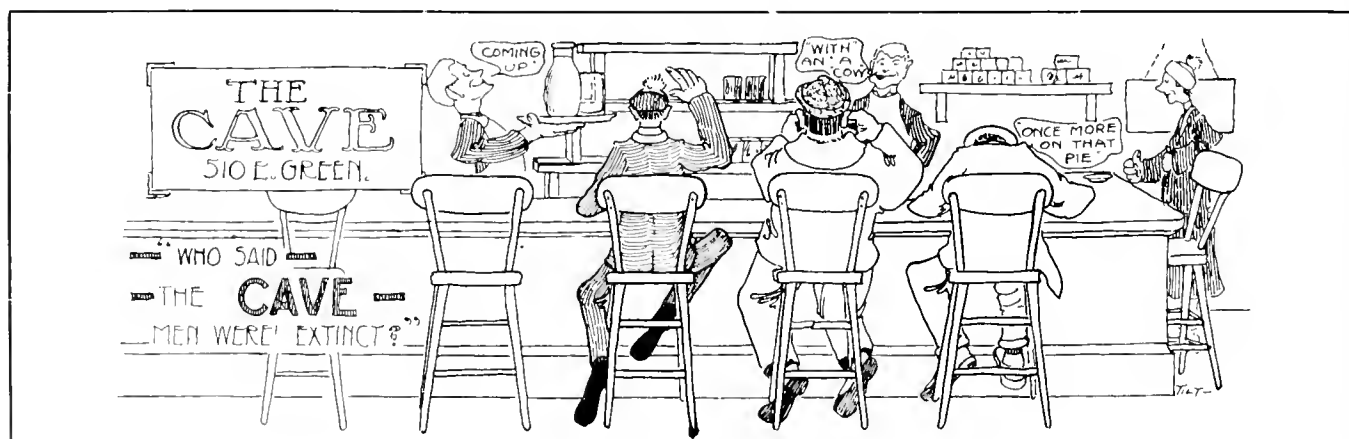
will certainly be interested in my showing of
FOREIGN SUITINGS
for this spring.

Each pattern exclusive to this store.

You will also be interested in the English fashions. Larger and looser coats, backs rather straight. Trousers full at hips, small at bottom.

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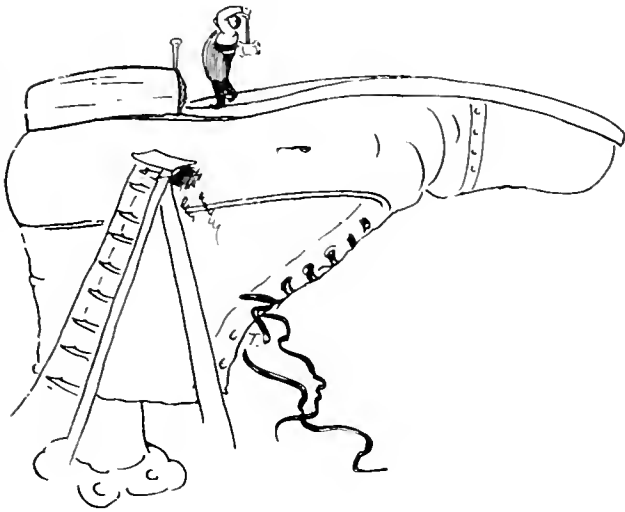
101 W. Church St.



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The Marinello Shop has removed from 11 N. Neil street to No. 2 Main street over Armstrong's Shoe store.

A thoroughly equipped hair dressing shop. All instruments sterilized. Graduate operators.

Did you notice that fellow at the Orpheum right opposite us?"

"That good looking fellow with the tan suit and red neck-tie? No, why?"—*Wisconsin Sphinx*.

• • •

Does she dress well?

I have never seen her.—*Harvard Lampoon*.

• • •

Judge: I'll give you your choice,—ten days or twenty-five dollars.

Prisoner: If there's no objection, your Honor, I'll take the twenty-five.—*Columbia Jester*.

• • •

The lamp goes out every night, but doesn't smoke nor drink a drop. Who would want to be a lamp?—*Yale Record*.

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"Why does Smith keep staring at that picture of the mermaids, half submerged, playing in the water?"

"He's waiting for the tide to go out."—*Cornell Widow.*

First Artist—What shall I call this picture? It represents a devil chasing a poor lost soul.

Second Artist—How does "Just one damned thing after another" strike you?—*Jack-O-Lantern.*

Mabel—Are you going to study tonight?

Gertrude—No, going down to the library.—*Stanford Chaparral.*



Church Member—"Does your father practice what he preaches?"

Minister's Son—"Yes, before a mirror."—*Cornell Widow.*

Don't Fail to See the

Goode Prizes

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Walker Opera House

1 Solid Gold U. of I. Signet Ring

1 Beautiful U. of I. Watch Fob

Each valued by Miss Bowman at \$10.00

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See the prizes and call upon Mrs. Goode, Manicurist and Chiropidist, First National Bank Building, Champaign, Ill.

"Ten years' experience in New York"

Landlord—I regret to say that your lease has expired.

Tenant—I thought something had, judging from the odor around the place.—*Williams Purple Cove.*



"Did he make a fraternity at college?"

"Well, you might speak of it that way. He started a new one."—*Michigan Gargoyle.*

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Fancy Livery
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Both Phones Opposite Fire Dept.
URBANA :-: ILLINOIS

Dear Dad: In your letter of the 16th you made the statement that two could live comfortably on the allowance you are sending me, and following out your wise suggestion, I wish to inform you that I have taken unto myself a wife.

Affectionately yours,

WILLIE, '15.

—Minnesota Minne-Ha-Ha.

George: You know I asked Miss DeGould to let me see her home.

Milroy: What did she say?

George: She said certainly; come around in the daytime and have a good look.—*Columbia Jester.*



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Then meet me tonight at the *Cleanest, Best Place in Town* CATERING A SPECIALTY.

THE SIREN

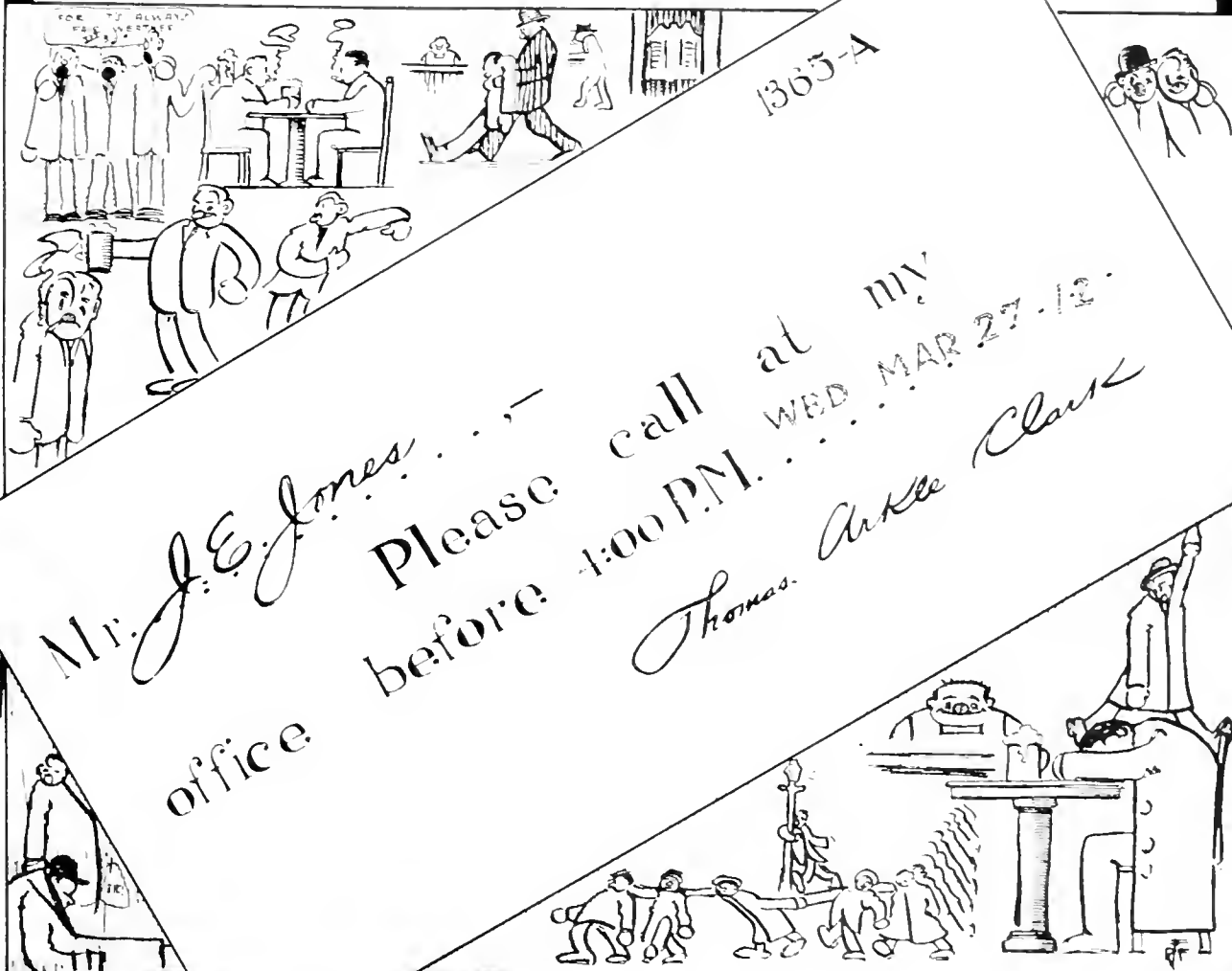
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Mr. J. E. Jones . . .

office

Please call at my
before 4:00 P.M. . . .

Thomas. Arklee Clark
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*You will want to be
well dressed then*

Get measured for a suit that will suit.

\$30.00 and up.

--IRWIN--

The Tailor

DO YOU WANT TO MAKE MONEY?



enough this summer to put you thru
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Take the Y. M. C. course in sales-
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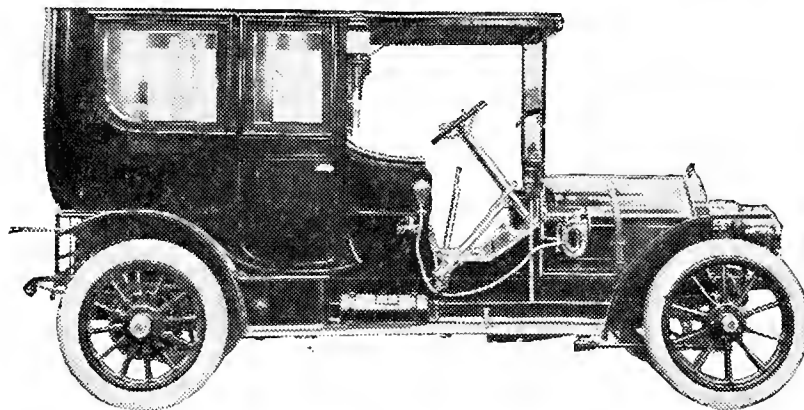
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URBANA

THE SIREN

WATCH THIS PAGE FOR THE COMING DANCES

College Club will Dance

at College Hall

March 16

June 2

Varsity Club will Dance

at College Hall

April 13

May 25

Crystal Club will Dance

At Elks Hall

April 12

May 3

May 17

Orange and Blue will Dance

at College Hall

March 23

April 5

May 17

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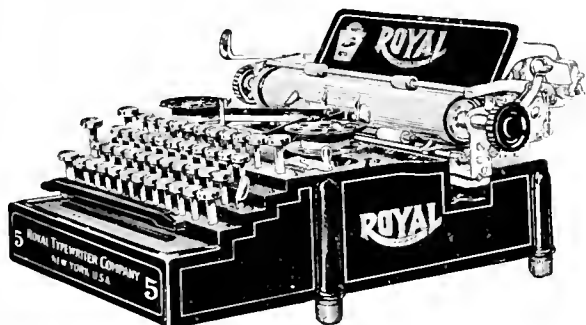
Room with free use of Shower Bath, \$1.00
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STANDARD TYPEWRITER



HAS TWO-COLOR RIBBON, BACK-SPACER, TABULATOR and many new and valuable patented features that other typewriters do not have.

PRICE, \$75

Send for "The Royal Book," 32 pages of typewriter information—the finest typewriter catalog ever issued. Yours for a postal card.

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Complete Assortments of Silk Suits and Coats.

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CHAMPAIGN, ILLINOIS

THIS IS NO FABLE.

Once there was a fair young artist.
She was an artist for she
etched eyebrows,
painted features,
colored cheeks,
penciled notes, and
drew young men.

—Columbia Jester.

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Fancy Livery

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UNIVERSITY of ILLINOIS

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PEORIA SPECIAL will leave Champaign 12:10 noon and arrive at Peoria at 3:20 p. m., stopping only at Clinton, Lincoln, Delavan and Pekin

CHICAGO SPECIAL will leave Champaign 1:00 p. m., and arrive at Chicago at 4:15 p. m., stopping only at 63rd, 53rd, 43rd Street Chicago Stations.

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Chicago Special will arrive in Chicago in ample time for connection with all Illinois Central trains westbound. Card system will be used on the northbound special to determine whether or not there will be a sufficient number of passengers returning at one time to warrant running special train returning, leaving Chicago at 9:00 a. m., Tuesday, April 9th due to arrive at Champaign at 12:15 noon, in time for one o'clock class. Go home the quick way and return the same route.

Ticket fares and specific time of other trains and to other points north, south or west at Illinois Central ticket office.

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CHAMPAIGN, ILL.

ANOTHER CASE OF BEERS.

PASSENGER (warmly)—Conductor, there's
no porter on this car?

The "Red Neck" Conductor—No, but there's
Lager, Pabst, and Schlitz in the buffet.

THE LATEST

Do Your Own Embossing
any Initial only 50 cents

Come in and see samples

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WHY GO TO DANVILLE?

Ink by the barrel

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You can get what you want, when you want it

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—OF—

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of purchaing a Diamond or a piece of Artistic Jewelry for yourself or others without taking a good look through our Jewelry department. You will see more beautiful inexpensive articles in gold and silver than you could have imagined. When you pick up a Diamond Ring or a piece of Jewelry in our store the *tag shows all the facts we know about it.* We have but *one price* and that is marked in *plain English*, so that any one can buy with perfect ease. For over 30 years the name *Ray L. Bowman* has stood for all that's *best in the Jewelry world.* The name is a *guarantee of satisfaction.*

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*If your watch goes wrong we can make it go right
Set your watch with chromometer time in our window*

DONT GIVE UP!!
all your salary for clothes
let us show you



Great Rain Coat Robbery

English slip on
\$10.00 values
for \$6.50.

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The Best Place to Eat

Your Sunday Night Lunches

Marten's Restaurant

Fine Cooking--Good Service

Near the I. C. Depot

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**Careful Stenograph
Mimeograph and
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Tryout on the **I** and we'll make good

The University Press
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a little better
than seems
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Our platform has but one plank. Read and test us out:
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Prologue



IZZY, DOZING, DRINKING DEEPLY



LCOHOLIC AMBER ALE,



ODDING, NAPPING, NOTING NOTHING.



OCIFEROUS VARLETS' VISION VEILED.



NDULGENT ILLINI IMBIBING,



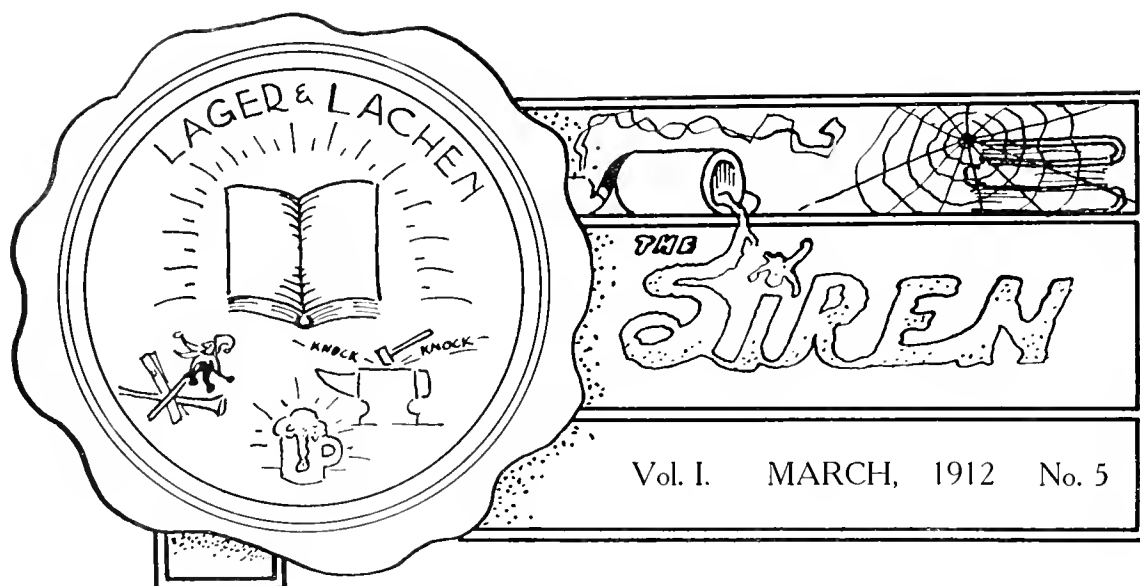
APPING LAGER LAUGHINGLY.



EANING, LURCHING, LAST LETHARGIC---



NVELOPING EBRIETY.



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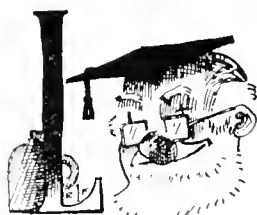
Published monthly during the college year by the students of the University of Illinois. Entered as second class matter, January 2, 1912, at postoffice at Champaign, Ill., under Act of Congress March 3, 1879. Subscription 50c per year in advance; out of town subscriptions, 75c; single copies, 10c; special numbers, 25c. All business communications should be sent to P. H. Ward, 211 Daniel Street. Contributions should be sent to Julius Goebel, Jr., 918 Nevada Street, or put in the Siren box in University Hall.

Contributors to This Issue.

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E. H. MORRISSEY

CARL STEPHENS

E. C. PIERCE
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LIKE Milwaukee, which won national fame and geographical position by a certain golden beverage, so the University of Illinois owes not a little of her recent renown to the politeness and chivalry of some of her students.

How the Eastern man, fresh from some decadent seat of learning, where chivalry is but an empty word, must marvel at the grace with which the Illinois keeps on his hat when he meets a professor on the narrow path which leads to Lincoln Hall. How he will admire the firmness of the same hat, when next our gentleman from the prairie passes a girl. But, alas, before he has recovered from his astonishment, he suddenly finds himself

THE SIREN

standing ankle deep in the mire that extends so picturesquely before the Woman's Building. Slowly he pulls out his new russet shoes and wonders at the graciousness with which the phalanx of young ladies has swept him aside.

Scarcely has our tenderfoot regained the sidewalk, when toward him he sees coming a youth and a maiden. He catches his breath. Is it a halo that surrounds the damsel's pretty head, or is it the veil of cigarette smoke woven by her chivalrous admirer?

The Easterner now boards a passing car, and takes a seat. The tramway slowly jerks along, and soon the car is filled. A maiden enters and glances about. The manly Illini make no move and keep on chewing their *nicotiana*.

The Easterner jumps to his feet, and tips his hat. The maiden sinks into his seat without a word. The startled stranger turns to a native swinging on a strap beside him. "Are the words 'thank you' not known here?" says he. The native shakes his head. "Indeed they are not. But I heard my grandfather once say that some Eastern guys used to talk such bunk when they first settled here."



THE *SIREN* has already announced, that the female students of the University will attempt to issue the *Siren* for the month of April. There will be, therefore, but one more number of the *Siren* edited by the regular board. The vacancies that will occur in the staff, will be filled on the basis of contributions submitted to the last number. The contributions may be of any sort, provided, of course, that they are humorous; cartoons, short jokes, or very short stories. All the work submitted will receive careful perusal. Anybody who believes he is a wit, is urged to give his Pegasus a good currying, and turn the combings over to the *Siren*.



THE winners of this month's contest were, Mr. E. C. Pierce, Mr. E. H. Morrissey and Mr. V. D. Cylkowski. The cover and center cartoon were drawn by members of the staff.



MUMPS.

I've had the measles and the croup, I've had the whooping cough;
I've had dread melancholia, but these were not enough,
For now I'm stricken with the mumps, my face looks like a muffin,
Or like a Christmas turkey that is swollen up with stuffin'.

I always thought I would avoid a vulgar double chin,
But now the darned thing's tripled, with no sign of growing thin.
It's soft as any pillow too, and hangs down t'ward my chest,
And still it grows, and still it swells, and soon will touch my vest.

The cutest nurse is tending me, and when the other night
I asked her for a kiss, I found my lips wouldn't pucker right!
And now one more disease I have, it is the doleful dumps,
So you be thankful who have got just ordinary mumps.

THE SIREN

THE MILL TAX KORAN THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO SAINT McCONNUS

CHAPTER V.

1. And it came to pass in these days, *which* was the sixth year of the reign of King Jaymees, that the mighty King Jaymees returned from the kingdom of Wilhelmus, who was the *second* of that name. And there was great rejoicing throughout the realm.

2. And when Jonathan, who was the vice-roy in the *kingdom*, had given the rule again into the hands of King Jaymees, he felt sorely smitten in his heart, for he feared that the King would *disregard* the decrees which had been made by him and that there would be sorrow in the kingdom.

3. Now it *happened*, that it came unto the ears of the mighty King Jaymees, when he was abiding in the land of Wilhelmus, that the *people* of the land were wont to drink of a certain liquid which they named "beer". And King Wilhelmus gave him to taste of the liquid. And it was good.

4. And behold, when he *returned* from his journey across the seas, he spake unto his *councillors* and said, "Lo, when I lodged in the palace of Wilhelmus, I drank of a certain liquid which was *named* "beer". And it was good. Can ye tell me if there is such in this land?"

5. And his councillors made *obeisance* and they spake, "Yea, there is such liquid in the land, but it hath been *banished* to the City of the Danvilli by the Vice-roy."

6. And King Jaymees was *glad*, and he spake unto his councillors, and said, "It is good that the Vice-roy hath *placed* the liquid beyond the reach of the Scholarides for it is a noble liquid and should be drunk by nobles of *proper* capacity only. It is wrong that the commoners should drink it."

7. And one of the councillors arose, and spake, "Is it in truth *wrong* to drink wine and beer." And he quoted the words of a great scribe, "It is right for *each* man to *decide* that unto himself."

8. And another councillor arose and spake, "Behold I know a wise woman in the realm who spake unto me, 'Verily they tell me that there are good people who do not drink beer. But behold, it *passeth* my understanding that men can be Christians and refuse so good a gift of God.'"

9. But King Jaymees was *firm* and he proclaimed that the decree of Jonathan *remain*. And there was great sorrowing throughout the realm, for the tongues of many, both Scholarides and Professorides were parched, and they suffered *grievously*.

•••••



That Illiograf.

HOLY! HOLY! HOLY!

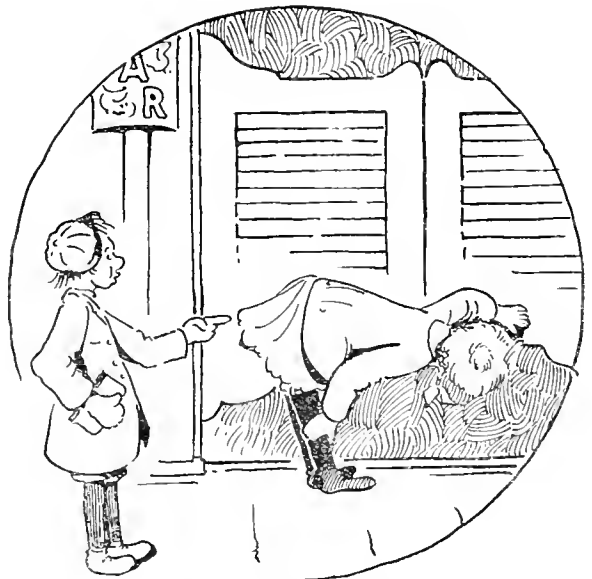
"CAN you think of some good adjective to describe a Swiss cheese, Mr. Jones?"

"Sure, porosknit."

A LONG ONE.

PITCHER—Who did you say has the biggest glass arm?

Catcher—The bartender.



"Naughty Marietta."

THE SIREN

AN INSHOOT.

"WHAT is Wagner hitting this spring?"
"Manhattans and Dry Martinies, mostly."

PIOUS AND PORUS.

"WHY fo' yo drink so much wine. Snowball?"

"Close yoh trap, yoh heathen. I'se holdin' communion wif mah-sef."

"THEY are giving D.D. degrees in matrimony now."

"A good solution. I'll wager. What are they?"
"Death and Divorcee."

SHAKESPEARE—1597

"FOR God's sake, a pot of small ale." "Taming of the Shrew."

CHAMPAIGN—1912

"A small spirits fermenti for medicinal purposes." Tucker's Drug Store.

COLLEGE STAYS.

BUD—What is the difference between an ordinary co-ed and a college widow?

Weiser—One stays four years and the other stays for years.

JINKS—I know a sure cure for woman's suffrage.

Binks—Is that possible?

Jinks—Sure, set the voting age at thirty-five.



"The Forbidden Way".



Making a Knight of it.

• • •

GOOD, GOOD, VERY GOOD.

"CAN you suggest some good means to combat the demon rum?"

"Sure, Y. M. C. A. booze fighters."

"PAPA, what is a barette?"

"A barette, my son, is a place where they dispense soft drinks."

"I laks possum, poak, an' chickum. What's yoh favrite fowl, Sambo?"

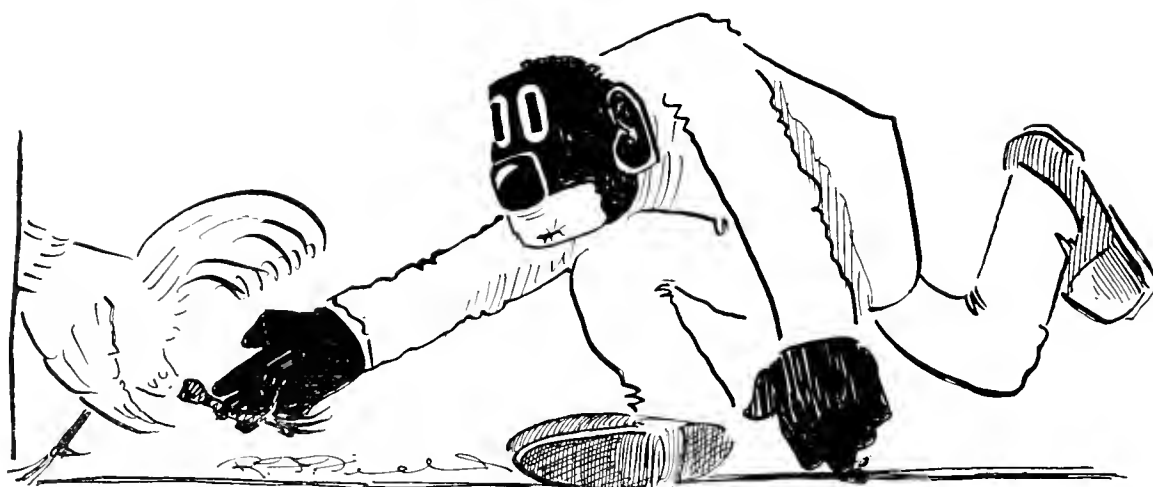
"Sit down, niggah, mine's 'Old Crow.'"

DRY.

"WHY are Prof. Windie's lectures like a desert storm?"

"Cause they fill the room with dust, I take it."

THE SIREN



A cocktail and a chaser.



THE FUDDLE.

What's wrang wi' ye Tam? Ye're as white as a wa'.
Hae! Kittle yer craig wi' a drappie o' that.
Hoosh! Easy ye Swankie! I dinna say a'
Ye act like ye had na head under yer hat.
Gin ye're a sechin' a dram or a fecht,
Just come t' McPherson's fuddle the necht.

But whist mon! I'll whusper the word in yer ear,
On the way to the Kirk, at the strikin' o' ten,
Where the road takes the turnin', ye're bid to appear,
For a drap o' Kilbagie—whusky ye ken,
Wi' a dash o' Tam Moore, an' mebbe a fecht
At auld Jock McPherson's fuddle the necht.

Ye needna t' snirtle ahent o' yer han'.
I ken what ye're thinkin', ye bletherin' fool.
Ye think ye can beat ony mon o' the lan'
At the coups, and er dawn put 'em a' aff the stool.
But I'll show ye anither, or we'll hae a fecht
At auld Jock McPherson's fuddle the necht.

Will ye be haudin' yer tongue mon, or nae?
Wi' that racket gaein', naebody could think.
My legs dinna wauble; ye ken 'tis na sae.
'Tis more like yer ain head that's fuddl't wi' drink.
But Hoot mon, we'll best be a savin' this fecht,
Till auld Jock McPherson's fuddle the necht.

DE LEMMA.

"DID Frank ever kiss you, Mary?"
"No, Elizabeth. About two months after
we started, he asked if I thought it best and—
what could I say?"

A SPRING TONIC.

BLAB—Yes, at this time of the year I'm very
fond of greens—dandelion, beet, spinach,
lettuce—and, in fact, almost any kind.

Crab—Jevver try Paris?

AY, THOT'S THE PINT.

"WHY did old Himmissy git drunk on iliction
day?"

"Begorra, an' he said he had no intintion av
votin' dry."



Make it two.

THE SIREN

DANVILLE
DANVILLE



The evolution of Danville

CALL THE RED CROSS

"E F I don't enunciate gorrectly, you vill blease dell me."

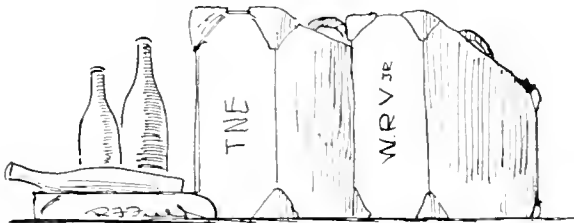
"Yah, ef you don'd enunciate eggs-actly, I vill dell you."

LEO—You were in the restaurant business for some time, what was your shortest order?

G.—Go to hell.

SCOTS WHA DON'T WI TOMMY DRINK.

O, Tommy brewed a peck o' maut—
You don't believe it, nor do we;
We've got to take his word for it,
But that's enow for me.



Grips that pass in the night.

BETTER YET.

"I saw her bathing on the beach."
"Huh, I saw her at the ball."

CANNED.

"SAY, Jones applied for membership with the Masons and was turned down. What did he get?"

"A mason jar, they say."

VULGAH NATCHAH.

"SO you are a Mellin's Food product, Regin-ald?"

"Yes, deah boy, by one of those fortunate and rare circumstances of Natchah, mother is a prohibitionist."

LAUGHING STOCK.

"IF God made the hyena laugh, papa, what has kept him at it?"

"Noah and the ark, my son."

FEMININE PHILOSOPHY.

"WHAT reason did you give for the existence of God?"

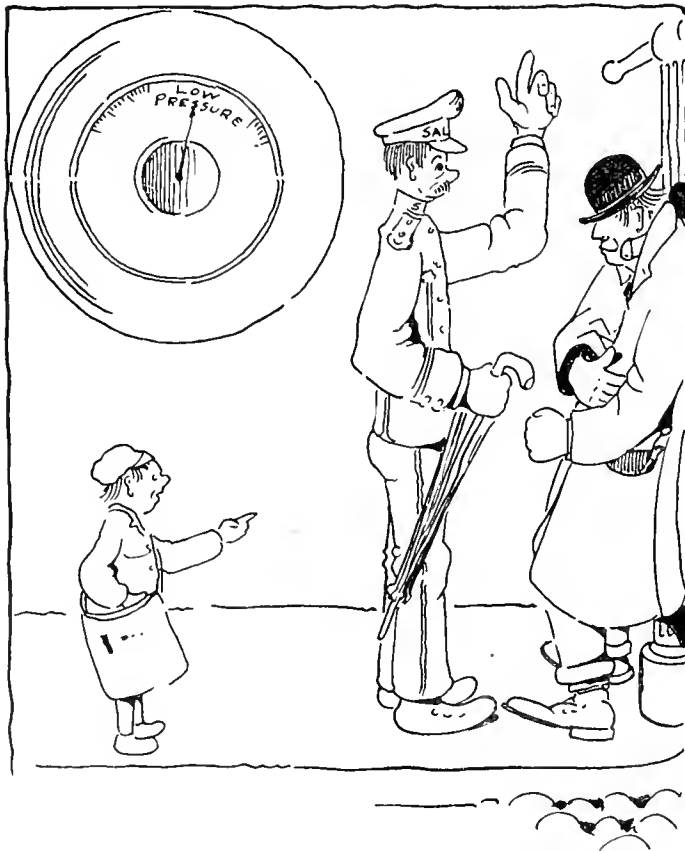
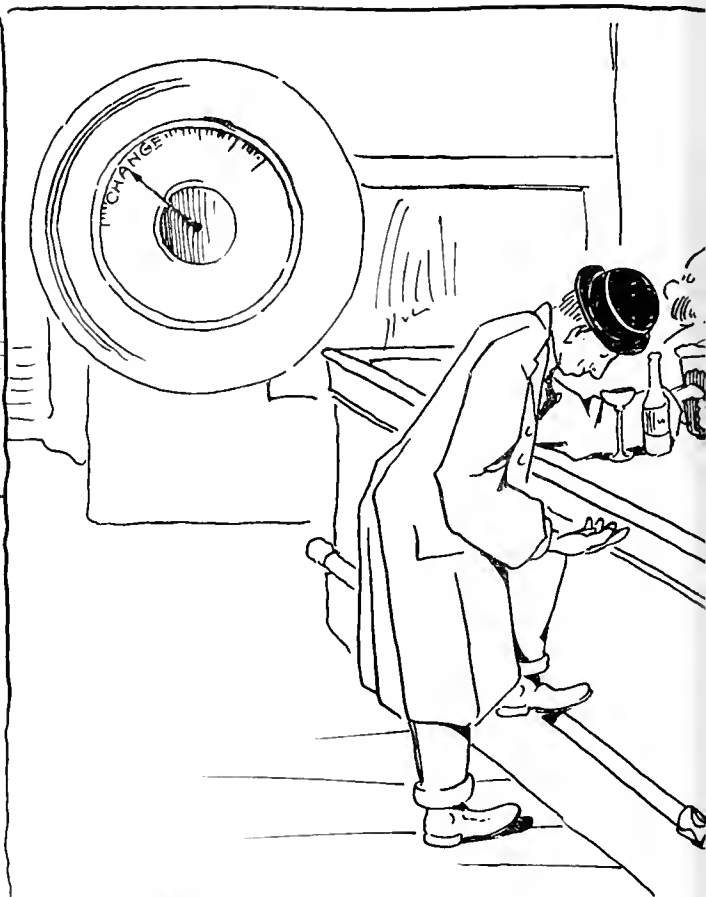
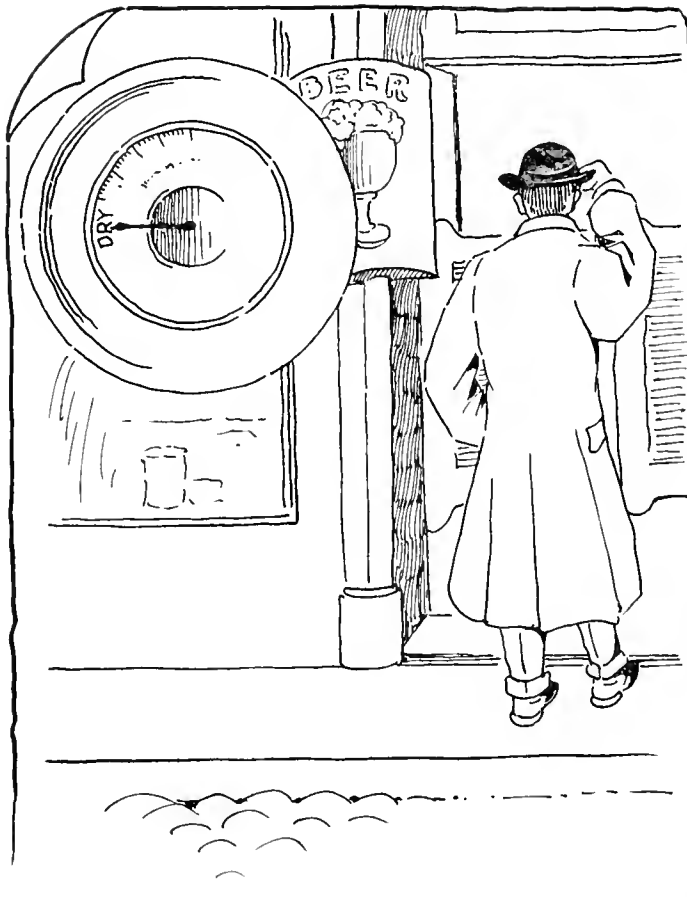
"Because."

"WHOOPEE, a letter from home with a draft in it."

Roommate—Close it up, quick. I'll catch my death of cold.



Celebrating on the weak end.



REN



TINIS +

OMETER

THE SIREN



Track teams.

CROSSED OUT.

"AND the double crosses, dear, mean me. Every time you see those you dance with me."

(Ten minutes later the freshman finds a stray program.) "How cruel of you, John. What made you take all these dances with the other girl?"

Oh, pity the M. E. whose learning
Keeps his brain continually churning.
For it may be his fate
To design each new grate,
Where the fires eternal are burning.



FRESH

SOPH

JUNIOR

SENIOR

IN JUDEA.

NURSE (teasingly)—O, Isaac, what do you want, a boy or a girl?

Isaac—Vell, vich is de cheapest?

EUGENIC.

"SIR, may I marry your daughter?"

"My boy, at present she is quite out of form; her normal weight is 120. Yesterday she weighed but 116. With regular hours and the approved diet your proposition will meet with favorable consideration within three months."

P REP—My major's math, and yours?
Hep—Morse.

I F a drunk Mexican failed to find the window entrance, could he picador?

I F the Mammoth Cave were full of moonshine, would that made a stalactite?

W. E. K. NEES—I'll bet they used a big sack when they sacked Rome.

H. E. D. Strong—Not so very, a ransack.

DANVILLE'S METRIC SYSTEM.

Ten cents = one dime
One dime = one drink
Ten drinks = one drunk
One drunk = ten days
Ten days = one sober.



THE SIREN



Why doesn't that fat boy do something?

.....

GIRLS GIRLS GIRLS GIRLS GIRLS GIRLS GIRLS

GIRLS FREE

FREE GIRLS

THE SIREN

Will give the following prizes for contributions to the next number.

GIRLS

Cover Design	\$2.00
Best Collection of Jokes	\$3.00
Best Double Page Cartoon	\$2.00
Best Small Cartoon	\$2.00
Best Joke	\$2.00

GIRLS

GIRLS

All contributions must be submitted by April 9, 1912. Only girls are eligible.

GIRLS

GIRLS GIRLS GIRLS GIRLS GIRLS GIRLS GIRLS

THE SIREN



A Pickled Pair.

SALUBRIOUS.

There is many a night, that I've been pretty tight,
When I've had a remarkable jag on;
But I'll never forget that night, you can bet,
When I climbed on the blank water wagon.

I'd at last drunk my fill at the Hooligan grill,
And my stomach felt like a lagoon.
As I stepped in the night, I was shaken with fright,
To see what had struck the old moon.

I could scarce trust my eyes and I choked with
surprise,
For the steady old fellow was full,
And he lifted a flask, just as big as a cask,
And took a deliberate pull.

So with movements discreet, I embarked on the
street,
But imagine my pain and disgust,
For the trottoir was reeling with gestures appealing,
Like one who is stewed to the crust.

I took a step for'ard, then one to the starboard,
Then two or three more to the stern;
But the risk was audacious, midst objects bibacious,
So I made a swift right about turn.

There I stood face to face with Pat Hooligan's place,
'Twas piped from the roof to the floor!
So from this you may know, just why I don't go
On a rollicking toot any more.

"THE most unkindest gut of all," snarled the
restauranting stude, as he bit into the tur-
key's windpipe.

INTOXICATION A LA MODE.

GETTING drunk is one of the fine arts. To make perfect it takes practice. Yet there are several simple suggestions to guide the novice. There must first be an unsatiable thirst, a love of strong drink. In that love there must be respect; he is not a true artist who attempts to monopolize the entire output of the distilleries, but is only emulating Sisyphus. In the desire to appease that thirst, let the candidate for a souse step up to the bar and open with a gin fizz. This should be followed by a silver and a sling. To be ultra-fashionable, order a quart of Johannis-berger and retire to a quiet booth. Slowly sip the nectar until the walls, the bar, the tables, the chairs, the mirrors, and the bottles begin to wheel. Watch them closely as they go careening like a feather ship in a heavy sea. Don't try to snatch a bottle as it slips past, for if you do, some one is bound to laugh. A little dignity is quite necessary to an upright position. If merry, sing and have the boys join in the choros. Set 'em up all around. Keep in mind the immortal words of the Marquis of Queensberry, "The Lord loves a good old sporting-Christian." Follow these simple suggestions and you will be a Bachannalian up to date. A tip—Don't try this in Urbana.



Daphne, the Household Science Grad.

THE SIREN



Her Favorite Him.

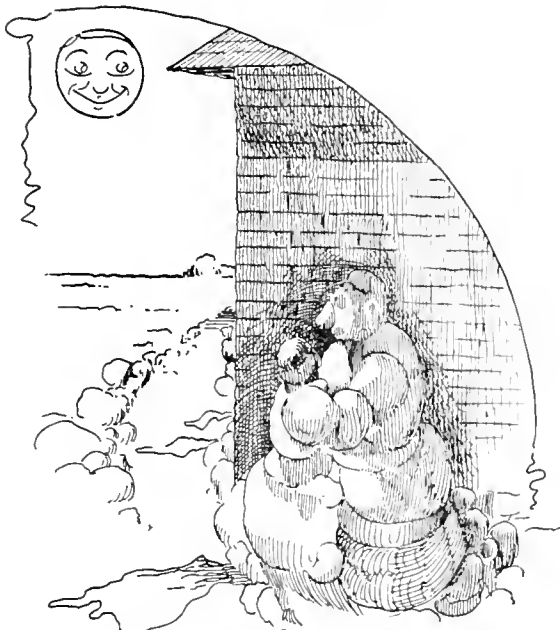
BY JOVE.

COHEN—I dink you be ashamed before Gott to egg-pegg 99 bro cent.

Rosenthal—Aber, ven der liebe Gott looks down, he dinks id's 66.

SH! NO FAMILY ENTRANCE.
I take my beer at the barrel house,
For there I get it free;
If it's good enough for T. A. C.
It's good enough for me.

POPULAR FICTION.



"She melted away in his arms."



A One Night Stand.

IT was leap year.

The unresponsive one sat gazing into the fire, casually yawning.

"I love you", she burst out passionately, but the unresponsive one continued to yawn.

"Speak to me, tell me that my love is returned. Say something soft to me", she cooed.

Slowly turning till his eyes met the wood-brown pools of Paradise, he softly whispered, "Mush".

POPULAR PLAY.



The Stronger.

THE SIREN

TALES FROM SHAKESPEARE III



"Shanks, ol' shap. I don' care if I do."

PROF.—We have metallic currency today,
haven't we?

Voice—Nope, not this late in the month.

"**I**KEY iss sick dey dell me."

"You don'd need to worry abound id."

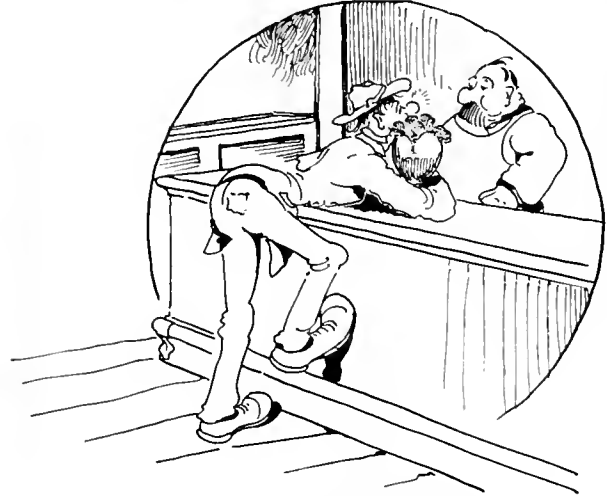
"Bad he owes me dirty cents."

BEEVE—Why does a dyspeptic remind you of
a poor fountain pen, Steve?

Steve—Both bum feeders, I reckon.



The Moth and the Flame.



"Lay on Macduff."

—*Macbeth.*

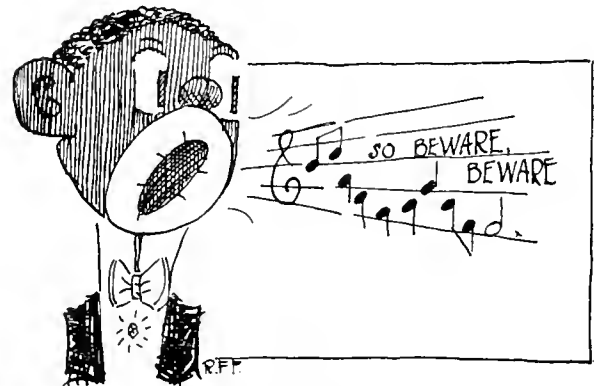
NOT FOOLSCAP.

Upon my head I've tried to wear
Most every kind of dress;
I've worn tea-biscuits in my hair—
The coif of good Queen Bess.

I coil my switch a la old maid,
A very comely style;
I'm not content to be so staid
For just a little while.

If I don't wake in time to primp,
I grab my Irish toque
And give a jerk upon the gimp
To hide my frowsy coque.

And so it is I come to wear
Most ev'ry kind of cap;
There's only one I've had to spare—
That's on my knee to flap.



Black Bass.

HE—Those Antarctic explorers in their furs
look just like big cats.

She—Yes, but they'd *have* to be polecats.

STORY FOR GIRLS.

THE CHERRY IN THE GLASS.

If you want to hide an idea, mix it up with a lot of other ideas. Did you ever stick the cherry in your Boston under the ice cream, and then hunt for it? It's funny how little it takes to amuse you, when you are out for amusement. I'm going to hide a pale red idea under the fizz of a carbonated story. Watch me!

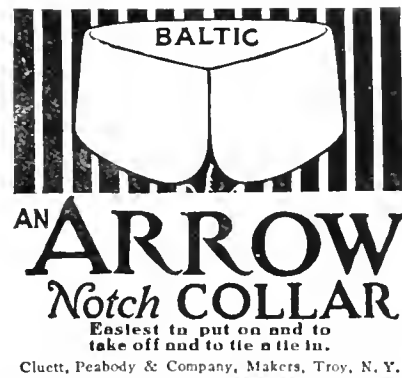
Ethelia was a Puritan for fair—even if she was a Pi Omega. She wouldn't dip or turkey trot, and every time she said "Gosh!", she bit her lip. She knew, and everyone knew that she was nice and good and sensible. She used to advise the other girls "so" sweetly. "Now, Mary, dear," or "Amy, darling, that isn't nice, you know." I wonder sometimes if gods don't tire of being good. At any rate, Ethelia, the Omega, had a pathetic droop around her eyes.

Liz, the Omicron, was different. She had a fellow—the raciest in the school. She could dip or Boston or turkey-trot or cat, and "damn" was meat and drink to her. Strange to relate Ethelia liked wild Liz.

One evening when Jerome was over seeing Liz, Ethelia came to call. Jerome was "real" polite and did the proper thing—he made a fool of

himself for the entertainment of the ladies, (he was no elemental fusser). While he was standing in the middle of the room, the lights went out. Did Ethelia scream? Did Lizzie giggle? Was Jerome able to escape? Three minutes later the lights came in. J. was looking straight ahead. Lizzie was on his right, Ethelia on his left; both blushed furiously. Liz laughed and started to read a magazine. Ethelia stealthily brushed the powder off the shoulder of Jerome's coat. Jerome winked hard.

The Cherry—"I don't love you, Mr. Satan, but there's something about you I like."



NEW MODEL CORSETS

Necessary for the Success of Spring Gowns



It will be impossible to have the new gowns right unless they are constructed upon correct figure lines, and they can only be obtained by the use of the new corsets.

The difference is distinct and are even greater than would appear upon mere inspection of the corsets. There is less restraint above the waist, many of the best models extending to a height of several inches. The boning over the abdomen and hips is usually a trifle shorter, which gives greater ease and better appearance when sitting, and skirts are longer than ever.

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Come and have your corset fitted by a skilled corsetiere, she will give you the model that will best bring out the fashionable lines, thus producing real comfort and perfect satisfaction.

Modart, the front lacing corset, a pair \$5, \$6, \$6.50, to \$8
 Nemo Corset, for stout or slender figure, a pair \$2 to \$4
 P. N. Corset, a pair \$1, \$1.50, \$2, \$3 to \$5
 Royal Worcester Corsets, a pair \$1 to \$3
 Bon Ton Corsets, a pair \$3

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Cleaning, Pressing
and Repairing.

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Champaign, - - Illinois

BOTH PHONES

THE SIREN

EXCHANGES

"My fortune, sir, is in my face."
"Well, poverty is no disgrace."—
Sphinx.

• • •

"What kind of girls do you like best?"
He (absently)—"I'll take a tall dark
one."

• • •

Joe—"Let's have a quiet little meal to-
gether.

Gertie—"Oh, no; let's have some soup,
too.—*Columbia Jester.*

• • •

First Chorus Girl—"Why does a
chicken cross the street?"

Second Chorus Girl—"I don't know,
dearie, unless she sees a traveling man
on the other side."—*Stanford Chaparral.*

• • •

Miss Buttin—"And why are you tak-
ing a bathing suit with you?"

Miss To Be Wed—"I'm to be married
in the spring."—*Stanford Chaparral.*

• • •

She (to maid)—"Pull down the shades,
Ninette. Even the hooks have eyes."—
Yale Record.

GOOD SODA, CANDY AND LUNCH

AT

*McCormick's
Confectionery*

61 N. NEIL ST.

Catering a Specialty.

BEARDSLEY HOTEL



Headquarters for
Student's Requests

BEARDSLEY
HOTEL

Champaign, Illinois

Quoth a Freshman to a
Sophomore,

"Let us go into a show"

"Yes, Freshie," answered
Sophomore

But do you know where to
go?

"We'll go where lights are
shining

To a gloomy place we'll
not

We'll visit the Lyric
Theatre

Renowned as Champaign's
Bright Spot.

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DOPE

SIREN
SPECIAL

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Myrt (happily)—Eddie smiled at me just now.
Gert—I don't wonder, dear. Your hair's crooked.—*Yale
Record.*

• • •

Where did hash originate?
Probably in the border states.—*Purple Cove.*

That Harvard Studie—Are you going to learn to Boston?
This Harvard One—No; I'm going to Boston to learn.—
Yale Record.

• • •

"Here's where I put in the Christmas season", said the
chef, as he mixed the spice for the mince pie.—*Yale Record.*

EVERYBODY

GET IN ON

STEPHEN'S PLATINUM CABINET PANEL

\$5.00=====Stephen's Building=====Urbana

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Best Quality
Lowest Prices**

*Call and see them
at*

Gus Johnson's

*or phone in
your order*

*Springfield and Third
Champaign, Ill.*

Bell 1179 Auto 1471

EXCHANGES

Guff—"That fellow has struck out three times. What is the matter with him?"

Stuff—"He's a prohibitionist."

Guff—"A prohibitionist?"

Stuff—"Yes. He doesn't like a high ball and never touches a drop."—*Stanford Chaparral.*

• • •

Teacher—"How dare you swear before me?"

Pupil—"Excuse me, sir, I didn't know you wanted to swear."

• • •

Co-op Clerk—"This book will do half your studies for you."

Freshie—"Give me two."—*California Pelican.*

• • •

She—"Why did you kiss me last night?"

He—"I heard you had a past and I thought I'd give you a little present."—*Princeton Tiger.*

YOU---

will certainly be interested in my showing of **FOREIGN SUITINGS** for this spring.

Each pattern exclusive to this store.

You will also be interested in the English fashions. Larger and looser coats, backs rather straight. Trousers full at hips, small at bottom.

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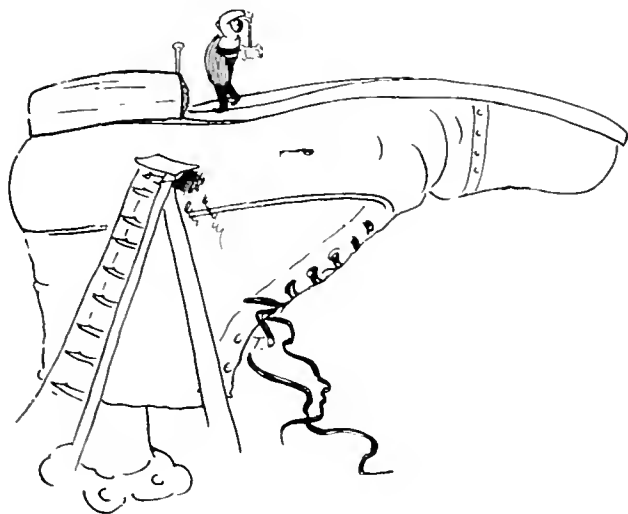
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The students of Illinois have found the *one* place to get "white" treatment---clean lunches---best candies---satisfying sodas and sundaes, at reasonable prices. Our store is *their* store. We guarantee everything we sell.



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CHAMPAIGN, - - - ILLINOIS

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Under First National Bank

Manicuring while you wait
CHAMPAIGN, ILL.

First Bum (landing in the street)—My wifsh a good frien'!
Second Bum—Howsh tha'?

First Bum—She's always willin' to help me out.—*Yale Record.*

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an old Baseball and Track "I" man, is proprietor of the finest *Billiard Hall* in the Twin Cities. He solicits a part of your business. Courteous treatment always. Nine tables.

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Around the Corner from Green Street Pharmacy

Uncle Pete—Young man, do you study intelligently at college?

Young Man—Nix, there ain't no such course.—*California Pelican.*

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**20 for
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With each package of Fatima you get a pennant coupon, 25 of which secure a handsome felt college pennant (12 & 32) selection of 100.



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About two weeks ago we commenced a sale of eight hundred Men's and Young Men's Suits at Half Price. When we finished invoicing we discovered that we had about 1400 Suits of Men's Clothes, which were 800 more than we ought to have. We advertised "choice of any of the 1400 suits in the house at Half Price until 800 were sold". We have sold 300 in about two weeks leaving 500 more to be sold at EXACTLY HALF PRICE.

These are not shop-worn or out-of-date. We picked out all of the old suits and divided them into two lots, pricing one lot at \$3.75 and the other at \$5.00 per suit. These were not included in the 800 advertised and are being sold, some of them, at 25c on the dollar.

F. K. ROBESON

CHAMPAIGN

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If so, *forget* it. You can save time, money and probably several "other things" by getting your

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Consider the possibilities in a bottle of INK. Fame and fortune have come to many a man by its judicious use. We can furnish it in ounces, $\frac{1}{2}$ pints, pints, quarts, kegs and barrels. You will find on our shelves the following brands:---Carter, Waterman, Sanford, Stafford, Higgins, Thomas, Arnold, Standard, Diamond and Post. Vintages of 1911-12. We also have *Fountain Pens* and *Stationery* especially adapted to these inks. What's the matter with a bottle of *Mucilage*? **FREE**
Pure, cool, refreshing water always on tap at our hydrant

APRIL, 1912

VOLUME 1. NUMBER 6

THE SIREN



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NUMBER

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Your father is in the art gallery quite often now.
Yes, ma's made him cut out burlesque shows.—*Cornell Widow.*

• • •

You say it shocked him when you broke your engagement?
Yes, I had to tell him the naked truth.—*Chapparel.*

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Enough this summer to put you
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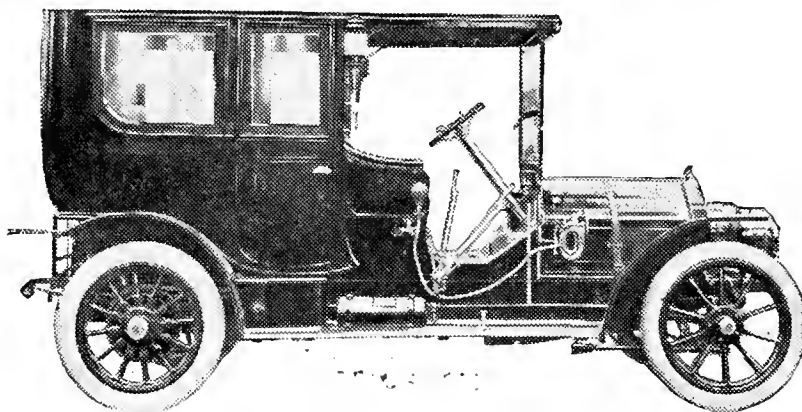
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Crystal Club will Dance

Orange and Blue will Dance

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May 25

At Elks Hall

May 3

May 17

at College Hall

May 17

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Who Found The

"FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH"

ANSWER ?

Who Found the Fountain of

"PURITY AND PERFECTION"

Bradley

of course

The wages of gin is breath.—*Harvard Lampoon.*

• • •

Hiram—Wal, Maria, here's Dave writing down from college that he's a cross country runner.

Maria—He always did have a tolerable bad temper, Hiram.—*Princeton Tiger.*

• • •

They sat beneath the apple blossoms. The moon shone softly. Suddenly he broke the silence:

"What's to prevent my kissing you?"

"Why, my goodness!" she exclaimed.

But it didn't.—*Princeton Tiger.*

• • •

G. R. Aft.—How much did you get for your vote?

R. E. Peater.—Thirty days.—*Columbia Jester.*

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We want you to take them literally. Believe just what they tell you---discount nothing.

As we should talk if you were here, so we talk to you in the paper. To do anything else would be foolish.

We are looking for your continued patronage if we can get it.

And the only way we know how to get it is to do what we say and say what we do.

If you haven't yet proved that this is an eminently satisfactory store at which to do business there is a pleasure awaiting you.

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CHAMPAIGN, ILL.

He—"If you hadn't been so long dressing we shouldn't have missed this train.

She—"And if you hadn't hurried me so we would not have to wait so long for the next."—*Judge*.

~ ~ ~

The Afflicted Stude—"Um-ah-er-er-er!"

Jeweler (to his assistant)—"Bring that tray of engagement rings here, John."—*Michigan Gargoyle*.

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Auto 1041

CHAMPAIGN, ILLINOIS

Licker—Will Jones' dog eat out of your hand?

Bicker—Yes, and out of your leg, too, if he gets the change.—*Princeton Tiger*.

• • •

Her—Are you a collector?

Him—I collect my thoughts now and then.

Her—I see, you like rare specimens.—*Yale Record*.

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That's Her business.

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all your salary for clothes
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English slip on
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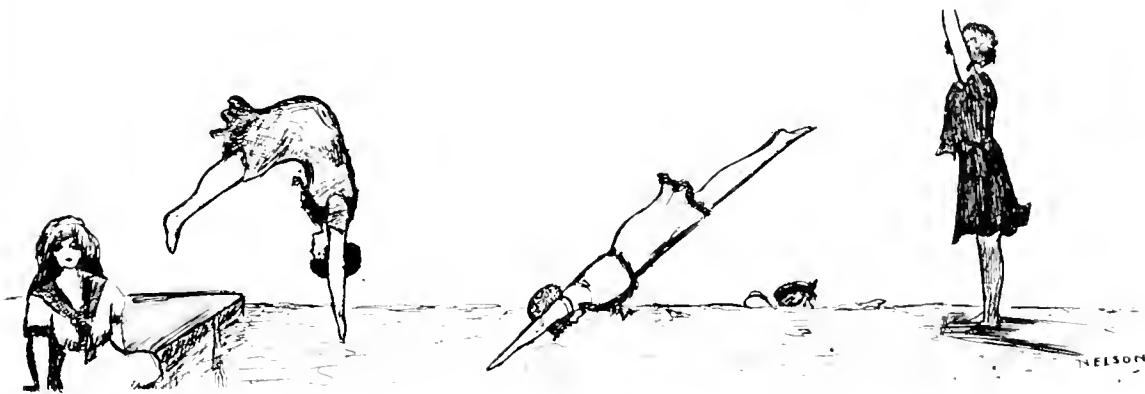


PANDORA'S BOX

Prologue

*Pandora's the maiden you've all heard about,
Who opened a box and let men's troubles out.
The Gods named her "All-Gift", this maiden so fair,
And sent her to earth to start things moving there.*

*Things are still on the move 'round this campus of ours
"All-Gift's" curiosity will ne'er lose its powers
So long as Illinae must publish fool books
To rescue "The Siren's" stale jokes from the hooks.*



THE SIREN

Her name is Pandora,
The Gods' gift to men,



Who soothes, cheers, and comforts,
Then troubles again.

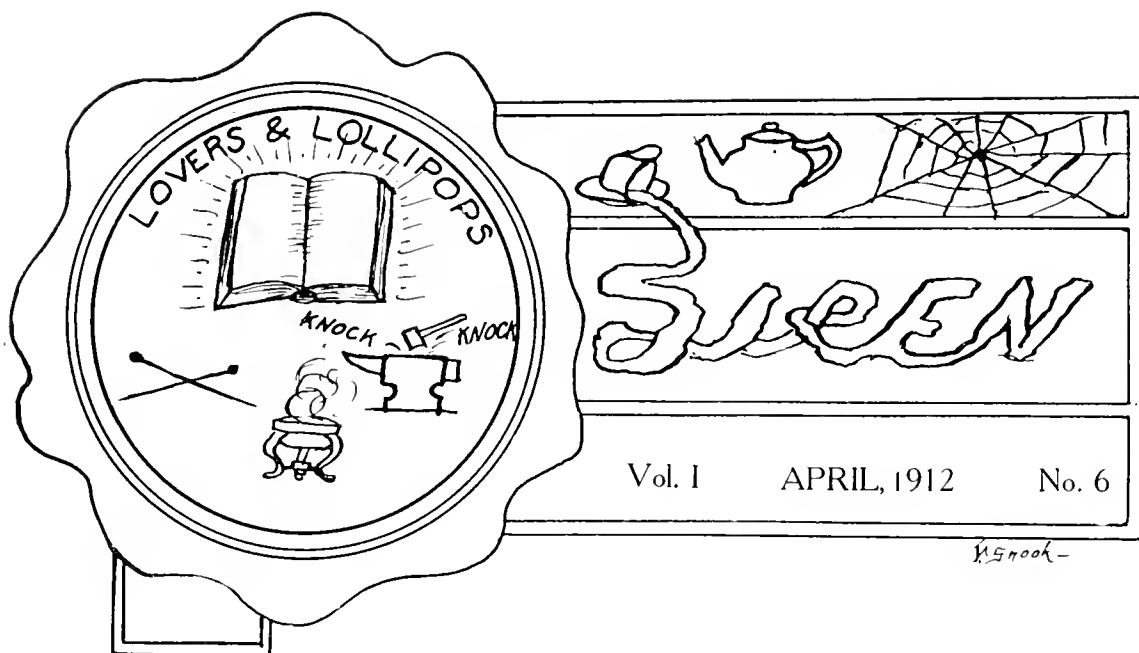
THE SIREN



Greeting

PANDORA'S BOX" WE GIVE YOU
AND THE LID IS OPEN WIDE.
NOW TROUBLES FLY OUT WILDLY
DON'T WORRY, HOPE'S INSIDE.
O . DON'T WASTE TIME ON TROUBLE
REMEMBER, HOPE IS TRUE.
AND WHEN YOU LAUGH AT TROUBLE
SURE THE WORLD WILL LAUGH WITH YOU.

BUT IF SOME WE SHOULD NOT PLEASE
ONLY THINK WE MEANT TO TEASE.—AND
XCUSE IT AS YOU PLEASE.



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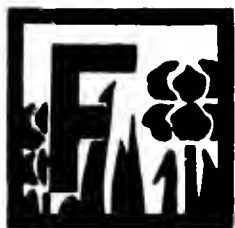
Published monthly during the college year by the students of the University of Illinois. Entered as second class matter, January 2, 1912, at postoffice at Champaign, Ill., under Act of Congress March 3, 1879. Subscription 50c per year in advance; out of town subscriptions, 75c; single copies, 10c; special numbers, 25c. All business communications should be sent to P. H. Ward, 211 Daniel Street. Contributions should be sent to Julius Goebel, Jr., 918 Nevada Street, or put in the Siren box in University Hall.

Contributors to This Issue.

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VERNA SNOOK, '11
ROSSLYN NELSON, '14

MIRIAM KNOWLTON, '14
CATHERINE PLANK, '14
PAULINE OSBORN, '14



OR once in the procession of ages, the girls have unlimited opportunity to express themselves in print. There is no Illini editor to glare at their plea for space, no Illinois Magazine critics to ruthlessly carve their contributions, no Siren Board to scornfully call their dope "feminine". At such a state of equal suffering they gasp for breath in the gleam of brilliant opportunity—and then—stampede. After all, it's ever so much more fun to wonder "whether the old bear will put that copy in or not" than it is to mark its space on the dummy and know that every word of it is really on its way to the printer. It is incredibly more convenient to spend a few class hours strolling about the twin cities seeking the members of one's committee than it would be to see one's

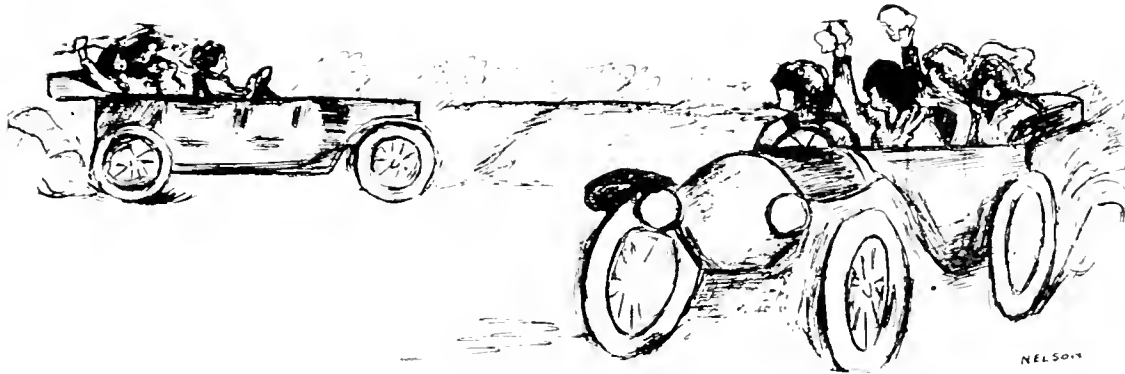
THE SIREN

announcement graciously printed by the aforesaid bear, even if the little notice was cunningly tucked away among the vaudeville advertisements, where the committee-men would never see it anyhow. In joy of such opportunity half the feminine literary lights on the campus have taken their pens by the bit and driven them at the Siren's "Contributions-Gratefully-Accepted Box". We cannot print all the rumpus, please await the next issue.

.....



HERE will be only one more issue of the Siren this year. This edition, we are glad to announce, will be edited by the regular board, composed of newspaper men of loudest note. On account of foreseen and unforeseen circumstances there will be a few vacancies on the staff next year, and these places will be filled on the basis of contributions submitted to the last number. To make a favorable impression upon the editorial staff all contributions should be up to the tone set by the present issue. Material of any sort, cartoons, jokes, or very short stories will be given careful consideration. All cartoons must be in the hands of the regular editor by May 1, and all other material must be turned in on or before May 6.



.....

HEARD BY THE WAY

FRESHMAN M. E.—Say, I want a copy of "Imitations of Immorality" and "Wild Religions I have Met."

POPULAR MUSIC

WHILE the crowd waited at the Eddy concert for the appearance of the organist, the soloist sang, "Trust in the Lord, Wait for Him."

OVERHEARD BY THE WAY

FAIR Co-ed, picking up a baseball poster—"I don't think its fair to make men illegible just because they play summer baseball."

UP TO THE MARK

STUDE—What is your honest opinion of this exam paper?

Prof.—It is worthless.

Stude—I know, but go on and tell me anyhow.

FLORENCE had a passion for classical statues which her younger sister Rachel did not share. The elder had been given a small statue of the Venus de Milo and had just purchased on her own account a Winged Victory. She led her sister into the library to view the statues and exclaimed in ecstasy, "Oh, Rachel, aren't they perfectly wonderful?"

The younger girl surveyed them for a moment in silence, and then remarked, "Oh, Florence, you do beat everything for running to cripples."

RURAL SCHOOL PATRON—"I can't see why in the world the Board of eddy cash-un bought them new 'cy clopedias. Some kid will get his neck broke inside of a week tryin' to learn to ride 'em."

When in hot water call on your friends; they will be cool enough.

THE SIREN

SMALL brother (enthusiastically) — "Oh, grandma, Harry broke the record at the college contest!"

Grandma—"Well, I declare, that boy is always breaking something. What will it cost to fix it, or will he have to get a new one?"

SWEET low voice—"Hello, is this the Delt House?"

Masculine voice—"Yes."

Sweet low voice—"Is Bill Munsell there?"

Masculine voice—"Yes."

Pause of two minutes—

Masculine voice—"Would you like to speak to him?"



He Threw His Whole Soul into His Work.

• • •

AT the Ladies' Aid Society there was one woman who had recently had an operation for appendicitis. She was discussing her troubles at length and that started the other women to telling about their ailments. Finally one woman who had been noticeably silent got up to leave. The hostess hastened after her. "Aren't you going to stay for the business meeting?" she asked.

"No", replied the outraged one. "If I had known that this was going to be an *organ recital* I wouldn't have come."

FAIR CO-ED—"My roommate had on her pumps and silk stockings this morning."

Grouchy Grind—"Didn't she have time to change?"

OUCH!?

YOUNG MISS, at her first basket ball game—"Why do they cheer so when one of your men gets hurt?"

Wise Guy—"So the co-eds can't hear what he says."

• • • • •

SEEIN' THINGS AT ILLINOIS

I'll tell yer what I seen last week
When down at old Champaign.
And when this tale I've finished
You'll think they're all insane.

About the first thing that I met,
When walkin' down the street,
Was what we call "policeman",
Down there they call him "Pete".

I had to know so many things
I thot I'd just ask him.
I said, "Have you seen Charlie?"
He said, "He's at the Gym".

Jim says he wasn't there at all.
But Pete, he surely knew.
Police is most times honest
So of course it must be true.

I heard another funny name,
I don't know to this day
Just what that course is planned fer
That some call "Ella Nay."

And tho I speaks American
I just can't see at all
Just what they meant by "quizzes",
"P. T.", and "Uni. Hall".

And when I heard 'em talk of "M. E.'s"
I knew that wasn't right,
Tho I ain't had much grammar,
And they are all so bright.

But bright folks sometimes make mistakes
As all us fellers do
I heard them call one man a "shark"
Who wasn't one, I knew.

They ain't no place fer fish down there
Except that little crick,
It looked just like the one back home
And made me feel homesick.

The "Boneyard" is the name its got,
Tho why I couldn't see.
It ain't got no bones and ain't a yard.
I swan! it just beat me.

Of all the names they had fer things
The "Coop", it beat 'em all,
Our hens would never know it
Fer it's so wide and tall.

I ain't began to tell you all.
I'll tell you what old boy
If you are out for one good time
Just go to Illinois.

THE SIREN

THE GOSPEL REGARDING LOLLIPOPS

English Version According to St. Edward Chauncey

CHAPTER XXIII

1. And it came to pass about the second hour of the afternoon a young couple sat upon the steps of the Auditorium.

2. Yet spake they very little, sat hand in hand, blissful, unmindful of all that was near them.

3. And lo! Pete Adams came unto them and said, Why sit ye here idle? Get ye over to Lincoln Hall unto the Seminar and read Rossetti.

4. And the young couple went away in silence, and did his bidding.

5. Therein read they of love and valor, of spring, the birds of the air and the flowers of the field.

6. And a second time about the fifth hour came they forth, but this time they sat upon the Observatory steps.

7. Yet again came Pete Adams unto them, but now said he,

8. Hear ye the law of King Edmund, that except ye be of a professor's family ye shall not love or be loved upon the campus.

9. Therefore leave ye this spot, ye and all your kindred, ye generation of lovers.

10. And get ye hence unto the grave-yard or forestry where neither police disturb nor rivals enter in and steal.



"Blondy"



"Olie"
"As Seen at the Orphenn"



"Duckling"



THE CANDIDATE

Who smiles whene'er he meets you
And does not hesitate,
(The wintry winds are blowing
And the bell is ringing eight)
To lift his hat full gallantly?
Oh, 'tis the candidate!

Who says nice things about you
And asks you for a date?
And tho his call is pleasant
It soon must terminate,
For other girls are waiting
To meet this candidate.

Who brings a politician
And rings your bell quite late
And gets you into such a stew
You most evaporate?
There're many dances coming
And O! you candidate.

You think—you almost dare and hope—
(These thots your heart elate)
You think he's truly interested
But ah! you play with fate.
Election's what he's working for
That scheming candidate!



C. K.---"Julep, we're in a hole."

Julep---"Yes, I know it. We'll have to get the girls to



100



Figure 1

100

and holds the rilling tin at him whenever he sat. D. S. Luling, C. died is requested to be interred

THE SIREN



GEE! A LETTER FROM NELL—
FIRST ONE IN FOUR YEARS
WONDER WHAT'S HAPPENED!



HUH? GETTING INTERESTING—GOING TO
ASK ME AN IMPORTANT QUESTION



PLOT THICKENS AND THIS IS
LEAP-YEAR TOO!

"MIRANDY, what business is that young man
in?" asked Mrs. Ridgfarm of her daughter.

"I don't know, ma," said Mirandy, "but I think
he must work in a woodyard. He always ends
his letters 'Cordially'."



O, PIFFLE! WANTS TO KNOW WHAT
TO GIVE DICK FOR COMMENCEMENT.

A LITTLE girl had been told an Indian story
at school and came home much excited.
"Oh Mamma", she exclaimed, "they called the
Indian ladies, squashes, and the little children, ca-
booses."

WHEN MEN VOTE AT WOMANS LEAGUE ELECTION ANYTHING WILL BUY VOTES

He stood on the bridge at midnight—
The boneyard looked troubled and dark,
He murmured: "Bless papa and mama
And Tommy Arkle Clark."

He stood on the bridge at midnight—
Cabs were hurrying to and fro.
He jingled his pennies and sadly said:
“How I wish dad would send me some dough!”

He stood on the bridge at midnight—
Spring filled him with rapture and glee.
He leaned on the railing and gazed at the moon,
Softly singing "My Rosalie."

He stood on the bridge at midnight—
He felt he was one of that mob
Who was going to be handed his sheep-skin
And couldn't land a job.



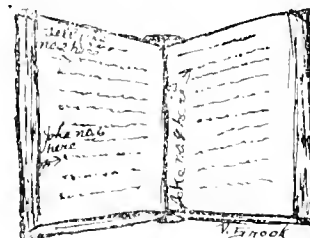
Freshman—Well, what about lard?

WONDERS will never cease. The editor saw a runaway horse turned into a telephone pole. This reminds her of Lot's wife, only she was a woman and salt is more bitter than wood.

In deep tones of disgust, as a few men rise here and there: "I said *men*,—not popcorn."



Can the Leopard
Change His Spots? Mt. Oliver's Summit.



Dean Myer's text book.



"No, darlin'," replied the gallant one, "I'se jes' numb."

THE SIREN



RHETORIC 3

Thomas Augustus.
A popular lad.
Took "Daily Themes"
To please his dad.
Thereafter whenever
His friends did invite
He sadly replied
"I've a theme to write."
Was it walk or talk—
Or dance or game.
Thomas Augustus'
Reply was the same
"I've a theme to write".
His friends and relatives
Suffered from fright
For Thomas Augustus
Ceased to write.
At last they received
A midnight wire
That roused in them a mighty ire.
For Thomas Augustus
Had died that night.
His last words were.
"I've a theme to write."

HE—Your dress will never please the men.
She—I don't dress to please the men, but
to worry other women.

THIS edition of the Siren is not in any trust,
but all the same it is trustworthy.

...

IN view of the fact that this is
Spring, our beloved president
wishes us to announce in our col-
umns that this is a co-educational
and not a co-educational institu-
tion.

IF you don't understand our jokes,
just drop us a postal card en-
closing ten cents and we will ex-
plain.

SILENCE is golden, but never
glitters in oral quizzes.

IT'S an unpleasant fact that what
your friends call self-posses-
sion, your enemies call brass.



"Gone
but not
Forgotten."

SPRING. A BOARDING-HOUSE ROMANCE

Off all der times vot comes mit der year
Oh, der Spring iss der best, say I.
Der lofely flowers vass all in von bloom,
Und bright und blue is der sky;
Und der vakin'-up lofe in mine heart, it leaps high,
Ja wohl, mine heart it leaps high.

I eat me by von boarding house
Und I pay me much too high:
I do not mind so much the pay
For I see there dot girl so shy:
Und der wakin' up lofe in mine heart, it leaps high,
Ja wohl, mine heart it leaps high.

I valk me by her in der efening time
Und I see how blue 'ss her eye:
I feel so thumpy und bumpy inside.
I vonder it iss for why?
It's der vakin' up lofe in mine heart beating high,
Ja wohl, it's mine heart beating high.

I tink me after some few years
I vill marry dot girl so shy:
In von leetle house out by mine farm
We vill live both she und I;
Und der wakin' up lofe in mine heart, it leaps high,
Ja wohl, mine heart vill leap high.

...



Has Spring Come?



Jest 'er.

WANTED MORE OF IT

A CERTAIN Washington lad, who is trying to enter one of the New England colleges, wrote his mother the other day that the faculty were so pleased with his examination that they wanted him to take another in several studies a few weeks later.

SPEAKING of coffers of gold, some Seniors haven't coughed up the \$2.00 for Memorial yet.

BALTIC

AN **ARROW**
Notch COLLAR

Easy to put on or take off, 2 for 25c

ARROW
SHIRTS

\$1.50 and \$2.00

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Cluett, Peabody & Co., Makers, Troy, N. Y.

CHARMING DISPLAY OF EVENING GOWNS

We present for your inspection a very extensive exhibit of beautiful evening gowns at popular prices. These gowns being developed most from Chiffons, Nets, Crepe, Silks and

We Direct Special Attention to the Following Numbers

At \$18.50 We show a simple chiffon evening dress, square yoke and V neck of shadow net. Waist of this garment is simple draping of gathered chiffon over shoulders, in fichu style coming to front over each arm and shoulder. Edges of chiffon formed by hemstitched border, and little hand made roses used as ornaments on front of waist, with satin belt. Skirt is made with ruffle flounce in straight lines—garment is made over near-silk slip, with weighted bottom; colors are light blue, pink, lavender, maize and white, size 14 to 38, \$18.50.

At \$25 We feature an exquisite dress of Point d'Esprit. A most charming frock for party and dance occasions. Waist is made square neck style, with Cluny insertion and the new "Quaker girl" shoulder draping; dainty little short sleeves, with flower trimming and bows of pink ribbon on sleeves, waist and skirt with belt to match. Three rows flouncing at bottom of skirt, in old fashion tunic style, three quarter sleeves, with border of shadow lace. The daintiness and charm of this garment is most appealing. Price \$25.

These garments are on display in our window, and on second floor

W. Lewis & Co.

WE ARE REAL CARPENTERS



AT HOOVER'S
WE SHINGLE YOUR HAIR

Under First National Bank

Manicuring while you wait

NOW DAYS.

Cook is in the kitchen, proposing to the cop.

"Be mine," says the maid to the butcher as she kneels beside her mop.

Sister's in the parlor, hugging her young man.

Brother's in the cellar, hiding while he can.

—Minnesota Minnehaha.

"Bill" Royson

an old Baseball and Track "I" man, is proprietor of the finest *Billiard Hall* in the Twin Cities. He solicits a part of your business. Courteous treatment always. Nine tables.

606-608 S. 6th Street

Around the Corner from Green Street Pharmacy

We read in the newspaper that the gas was found escaping from an old maid's room last night. Do you blame it?—*Jester.*

• • •

Why is it a saloon man cannot be prosecuted for beating his wife?

Why, because he has a liquor license.—*Michigan Gargoyle.*

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Developer
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ALEXANDER GRAHAM

Butterick Building

New York City

THE SIREN

EXCHANGES

"When I graduate from Michigan I will slip into \$200,000 per", modestly exclaimed Miss B, the future senior.

"Per what?" inquired Miss H., the soph.

"Perhaps," said the freshman.—*Michigan Gargoyle.*

...

Lulu—"Jack didn't come this afternoon."

Lily—"Did you miss him?"

Lulu—"I'll mister him the next time I see him and he'll miss me.—*Michigan Gargoyle.*

...

County Clerk—"What did you tell that man?"

New Office Boy—"That this was not a blacksmith shop."

Clerk—"What did he want to do?"

N. O. B.—"File a mortgage."—*Stanford Chaparral.*

...

Silas Wayback (reading)—Dear dad, I broke into the Four Hundred—

Mandy W.—Sakes alive, Henry, in society already!

S. W.—That you sent me for next semester's expenses.—*Stanford Chaparral.*

...

FROM THE RUF NECK GALLERY

'13—Smith has been given the acid test.

'12—You bet, that's the fifth lemon he's danced with this evening.—*Chaparral.*

...

Deal—Sharpe looks prosperous; he must have made a raise.

Shuffle—He did, confound him, and I raised him back when he held four aces.

...

'13—You ought to make a greater fighter out of that dog of yours.

'14—How?

'13—Feed him scraps.—*Yale Record.*

...

Yale—Queen.

Columbia—Peach.

Princeton—Pippin.

Harvard—An undeniably pulchritudinous specimen of the genus femina.—*Columbia Jester.*

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Student's Requests

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\$5.00 for \$4.50

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experts only.*

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MARINELLO SHOP

Bell Phone 1807 2 Main St. Auto 2172

Over Armstrong's Shoe Store.

Blushing Bride—What was that our friends stuck all over our suit cases, Honey Love?"

Honey Love—That was a union label.—*Stanford Chaparral.*

• • •

"Do you know what killed Julius Caesar?"

"No, what?"

"Too many Roman punches."—*Jester.*

"Fifty-one percent of the Freshman 'co-eds' at the University of Wisconsin are knock-kneed."—*New York Tribune.*

If this is a fair example of existing conditions, it is no wonder that lately we hear so much less of women wishing to adopt male attire.—*Yale Record.*

EVERYBODY

GET IN ON

STEPHEN'S PLATINUM CABINET PANEL

\$5.00—————**Stephen's Building**—————**Urbana**

Pitsenbarger & Flynn

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CLEANING & PRESSING

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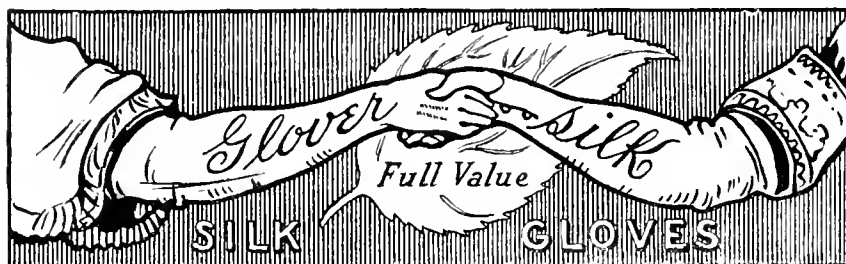
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THE SIREN

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We fit all gloves.

We guarantee all hose.

Let us show you.

YOU---

will certainly be interested in my showing of **FOREIGN SUITINGS** for this spring.

Each pattern exclusive to this store.

You will also be interested in the English fashions. Larger and looser coats, backs rather straight. Trousers full at hips, small at bottom.

LA WDER
EXCLUSIVE TAILOR
101 W. Church St.

If you see anything in the paper that does not appear in it, you are hereby notified not to mention it, as it was taken out by the censor.

...

If rocks ever bled, they would bleed quartz.

...

Conductor, to pretty Senior—"Your fare, miss."

She—"Do you really think so?"

...

In life Dick Steele was always broke,

And even now, in Lincoln Hall,
We find his picture also broke
And gone, alas, unto the wall.

...

He—Golf certainly keeps you in good shape.

She—(Suggestively)—Literally speaking?

He—(waking up)—No. Figuratively.
—*Princeton Tiger*.

...

Small Boy—Say, teacher, did Santa Claus fill your stocking?

Miss Shapely—Yes, dear.

S. B.—He made a pretty good job of it, didn't he?—*Cornell Widow*.

FLOWERS

**Biggest Variety
Best Quality
Lowest Prices**

Call and see them
at

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or phone in
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Springfield and Third
Champaign, Ill.

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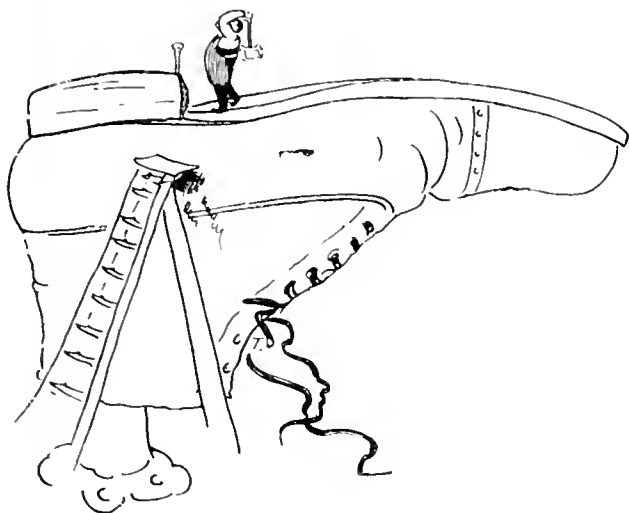
Who said the Cave Men were extinct?

They are still "live" ones, you can find them any time, day or night playing billards in **Page's** eight table new up-to-date billard hall, or eating in the Cafe below.

Come and see for yourself.

STRIKE ONE

Come and see me.



BARNY KETTERER

The Little White Shop north of the Boneyard

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For Danville, Decatur,
Bloomington, Spring-
field, Peoria and St.
Louis.

Automatic Electric Block Signals

Luxurious Parlor Cars

“The Cost is Slight for Travel Delight”

Frequency,

Convenience and

Comfort on the

“Road of Good Service”

The Girls of Illinois

Are unanimous, in their opinion, of the best chocolates made. They all say they never ate such delicious, soft chocolates as



famous “LaVogue” Chocolates.

The price of 60c the pound does not represent the high quality of these dainty chocolates--they really are worth a dollar the pound.

HARRIS & MEAD

608 E. GREEN ST.

CHAMPAIGN,

ILLINOIS.

Law Scholar—Prof., I'd like to ask a question.

Prof.—Let it filter.

L. S.—Do the laws of this state permit a man to marry his widow's sister?—*Minne-Ha-Ha.*

• • •

A—Who was that girl Binks was with the other evening?

B—Why, that was his intended.

A—Well, all I can say is that he hasn't the best of intentions.—*California Pelican.*

• • •

“Love,” said the Fountain Pen, “is an all-absorbing passion.” Just then the cat jumped upon the table and upset the inkstand.

“Alas,” said the blotter, “I can hold no more. Surely this is love.”—*Cornell Widow.*

E. S. DODSON

FLORIST AND NURSERY MAN



ALL KINDS OF CUT FLOWERS

IN SEASON

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Urbana

THE SIREN

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The Twin Cities.

GOOD
SODA,
CANDA
AND
LUNCH
AT

*McCormick's
Confectionery*

61 N. NEIL ST.

Catering a Specialty.

EXCHANGES

The Waiting Student—Get me a chunk of ice, will you?

The Student Waiter—Can't serve hard drinks on Sunday.—*Yale Record*.

• • •

It is said figures don't lie, but the figures of some women are very deceptive to say the least.—*Columbia Jester*.

• • •

All the world loves a lover—especially the florist, the confectioner and the taxi-driver.—*Columbia Jester*.

• • •

Willie thought he had a girl.
But Willie's brother kissed her.
And next time Willie came he found
He'd have to call her sister.

—*California Pelican*.

• • •

"How old is Ann?"

"How do I know? An(n) is an indefinite article." — *Dartmouth Jack-o-Lantern*.

• • •

Is he a Democrat or a Republican or a Democrat?

Hanged if I know. He's in favor of Roosevelt.—*Dartmouth Jack-o-Lantern*.

• • •

O! EXQUISITE JOY RIDE

"Yes," said the prospective buyer, "I judge a machine by its motor alone."

"But the exquisite finish," said the salesman, anxiously patting the voluptuous upholstery.

"Just as soon as my son gets home from college, my dear sir, he attends to finishing every one I buy."—*Dartmouth Jack-o-Lantern*.

• • •

Newlywed—My wife took a domestic science course.

Friend—And you?

Newlywed—I took ill

• • •

Bangs—So you left your boarding house. What was the fly in the ointment?

Bings—'Twasn't a fly in the ointment, 'twas ants in the mush.—*Chaparral*.

SMITH

*The Square Deal
Jeweler.*

*The Store That
Saves You
MONEY.*

*Opposite Beardsley
CHAMPAIGN.*

*Expert Watch-
maker.*

*"Ask Your Room-
mate"*

Scientific care of
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Hair Goods
Cosmetics

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Floor.**

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Phones

Auto 2165.

Bell 194.



Writing to Her

Tell her all about it—she won't be jealous if you save a corner of your heart for Fatima Cigarettes.

**20 for
15 cents**

With each package of Fatima you get a pennant coupon, 25 of which secure a handsome felt college pennant (12x32)—selection of 100



FOR THE WINNING GIRLS

We hope this issue of the "SIREN" will be the most interesting and attractive number.

We are offering interesting bargains to the Winning Girls.

A CUSTOMER-WINNING SHIRT WAIST SALE

A large line of Chiffon, chiffon over net, Habutai Messaline, Taffeta, Net and Voile waists, both high and low necks, all colors, models and sizes, for this sale at from \$3.47 to \$4.98.

Lingerie Waists--Fine quality of lawn, lace and embroidered models, high and low necks, long and 3-4 sleeves, open back or front at 98c, \$1.25 & \$1.47.

Beautifully embroidered and lace waists, made of Persian lawns, fine handkerchief linen, voiles, high and low neck, some trimmed with Clunny lace, at \$2.47, \$2.98, \$3.98 and \$4.98.

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F. K. ROBESON

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To the Students of the University
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THE
TWIN CITY BRAND BUTTER?**
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CHAMPAIGN, ILL.



200 Modern Rooms With Bath or Shower

HOTEL BISMARCK

175 W. Randolph St., Chicago. ½ Block West of
City Hall and Court House.

RATES:

{ Room with free use of Shower
and up.
Room with Private Bath, \$1.50 and up.

The SIREN



GRAMM.

FAREWELL NUMBER

IF QUALITY COUNTS

You Are Looking for

--IRWIN--

The Tailor

COAL

Chester A. Harris & Company
Illinois Building Phones ^{Bell 176} ^{Auto 1388} Champaign

NOT BY A LONG WAY.

"Distance lends enchantment."

"Not with a girl in a taxi."—*Chaparral*.



Francis Fuser—I'm crazy about—
Cruel Roommate—About three-fourths
of the time.—*Wisconsin Sphinx*.

Ladies' and Gentlemen's Fine Clothing

Dry Cleaned

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and best equipped
shop in Central Illi-
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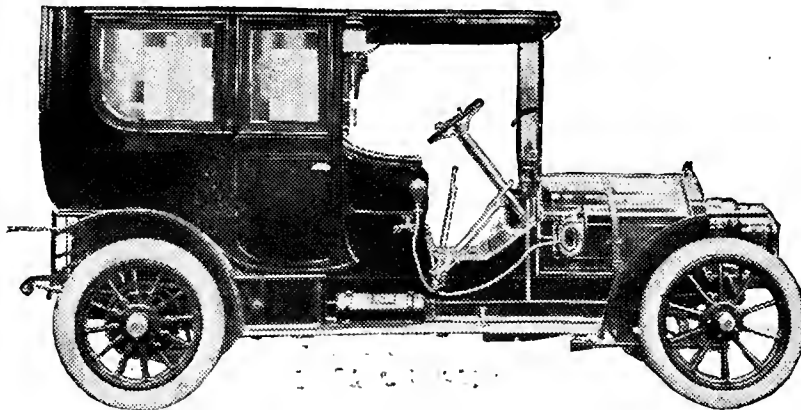
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PEERLESS LIMOUSINE SERVICE

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Treatment

Reasonable
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All Day and
Night Calls
will be Given
Prompt Atten-
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CLOSED CARS FOR PARTIES SAME RATES AS CABS

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105 W. Hill St.

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CHAMPAIGN

URBANA BRANCH

206 E. Main St.

Bell 265 Auto 4210

URBANA

THE SIREN

WATCH THIS PAGE FOR THE COMING DANCES

College Club will Dance

at College Hall

May 11

June 2

Varsity Club will Dance

at College Hall

May 25

Crystal Club will Dance

At Elks Hall

May 17

Orange and Blue will Dance

at College Hall

May 17

MAKE YOUR DATES EARLY

"In Everybody's Mouth"

"What's That"

"Some kind of a

Bradley

"A--La Boston"

Woodies's Pressing and Cleaning Place

Clothes called for and delivered

Auto 2172

Both Phones

Bell 1505

VERY SIMPLE

First Cannibal Lady—Have you seen the new styles for this summer?

Second Ditto—Yes, they will be small necklace beads and narrow bracelets—Chaparral.

**When you read
our ads**

We want you to take them literally. Believe just what they tell you--discount nothing.

As we should talk if you were here, so we talk to you in the paper. To do anything else would be foolish.

We are looking for your continued patronage if we can get it.

And the only way we know how to get it is to do what we say and say what we do.

If you haven't yet proved that this is an eminently satisfactory store at which to do business there is a pleasure awaiting you.

WUESTEMAN

The Tiffany of Champaign

**U
N
D
E
R
W
E
A
R**

We have no need to argue
Underwear with you.

Our stock of undergarments is so complete that you need but name the sort which your comfort de-

mands--no matter what size, weave or cut.

The prices are just right in every instance.

50 cents and upward for a single garment.

Flat Iron Store Company
Urbana, Illinois

THE SIREN



200 Modern Rooms With Bath or Shower

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175 W. Randolph St., Chicago. $\frac{1}{2}$ Block West of
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RATES: { Room with free use of Shower Bath, \$1.00
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Room with Private Bath, \$1.50 and up.

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Opposite I. C. R. R. Depot

Save Your Transfer Orders
for Our Student Solicitors

POLITNESS -:- PROMPTNESS -:- RELIABILITY

"Was the dance a full-dress affair?"

"Oh, yes, for the men."

"And the women?"

"Barely so."—*Jack-O-Lantern.*

• • •

THEN SHE WENT HOME TO MOTHER

Miss Newlywed—You know the proof of the pudding is
the eating, dear.

Mr. Newlywed—Yes, but I'm no test tube.—*Chaparral.*

• • •

¶ This Publication is a fair sample of the work
which is turned out by the Book Depart-
ment of "The Flanigan-Pearson Co."

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Work will gladly be made by addressing
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CHAMPAIGN, ILLINOIS

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Buy where you get the Best

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THE PLACE TO GO

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INSURE IN THE NORTHWESTERN MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE CO. OF MILWAUKEE

FIRST NAT'L BANK BLDG.

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OLD HAMPSHIRE BOND

The Stationery of a Gentleman

THE BEST EVER

Take a box home with you

TWIN CITY PRINTING CO.

Printers and Stationers of Quality

Bing—Has she many suitors?

Sting—Oh, yes, but none of them do.

Bing—Do what?

Sting—Suitor.—*Jack-O-Lantern.*

THE CO-OP

(Opposite the President's House)

Meet Your Friends at the Co-op

Kodaks

Supplies

Postal Card Pictures of Every Event

OPEN SUNDAY MORNING

THE CO-OP

You can get what you
want, when you want it

—IN—

HABERDASHERY

—OF—

R. E. ZOMBRO

604 E. Green Street

DON'T WAIT

Until the last minute to select your gifts
for the Graduates or the June Bride.
Look them over today, at the gift store.
We have the time to show; we have
the prices to convince in Diamonds,
Watches, Jewelry, Silverware and Art
Goods. :- -: :- :-



RAY L. BOWMAN

The Little Store With a Big Stock
Walker Opera House - Champaign, Ill.

To the Students of the University

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W. D. MILES

ACE C. PARRIS

The University Press
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Society Printing and Office Stationery a Specialty

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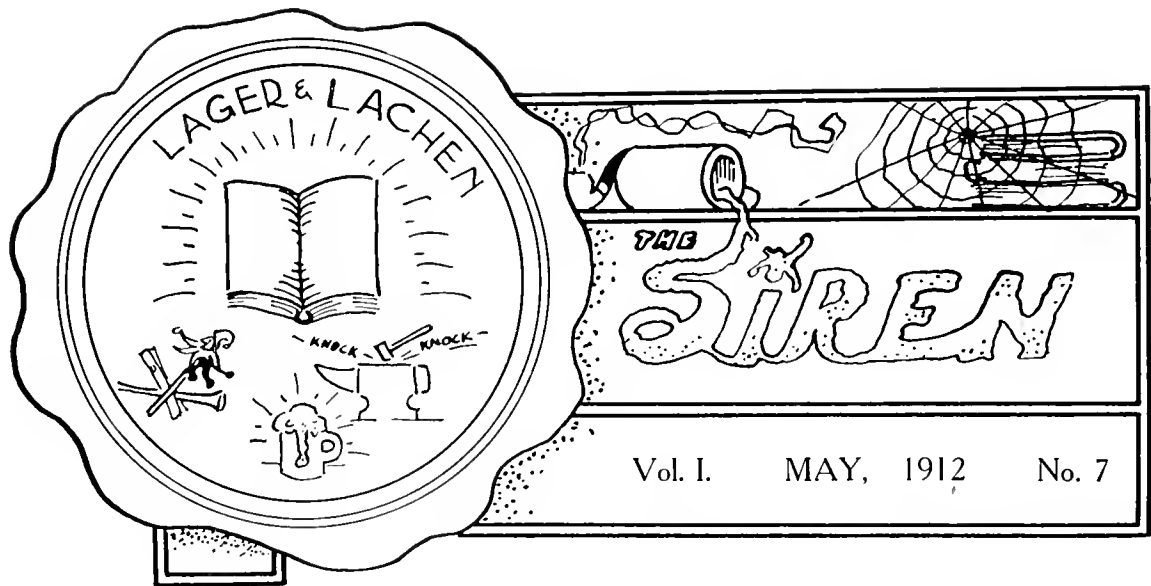
Basement First National Bank
URBANA

All Work Delivered When Promised

Prologue

Ladies and Gentlemen.

It gives me greatest pleasure in behalf
Of the management, the company and staff
To thank you for your very kind applause.
The ladies will remove their hats, because
Our patrons find it rather hard to hear,
With so much color in the atmosphere---
(Ahem. It didn't even make a dent.)
The management is happy to present
La Siren, whom the critics say,
"Outshines the stars that twinkle on Broadway."
Miss Siren with her famous repertoire
Of all the standard plays (on words) that are,
Will entertain you for another year.
Again I thank you for your presence here.
"And ere the moment shall have ta'en its flight",
I bid you one and all a kind good-night.



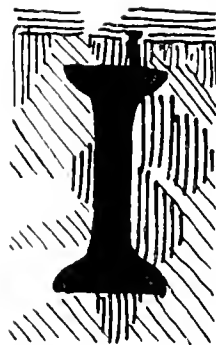
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Published monthly during the college year by the students of the University of Illinois. Entered as second class matter, January 2, 1912, at postoffice at Champaign, Ill., under Act of Congress March 3, 1879. Subscription 50c per year in advance; out of town subscriptions, 75c; single copies, 10c; special numbers, 25c. All business communications should be sent to P. H. Ward, 211 Daniel Street. Contributions should be sent to Julius Goebel, Jr., 918 Nevada Street, or put in the Siren box in University Hall.

Contributors to This Issue.

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E. P. HERMAN	A. R. ROHLFING	C. J. STOWELL



T was long ago in dreary November when the Siren, lured from her cool and dreamy island where the stony-hearted Homer had inconsiderately banished her, first knocked at the door of our sanctum, and demanded entrance. And since that memorable day, we have been her willing and devoted slaves. Like faithful mammas and papas have we kept the record of her bright and witty sayings, drawn the pictures which she has commanded, and most chivalrously obeyed her behests.

When, in the wintertime, unused to the caprices of the Urbana climate, she would come shivering to us, we cuddled her, and read her Homer and Simonides, and explained to her how little better the climate was on the nasty little island, where for aeons, she had been wasting her divine talents,

THE SIREN

singing to the waves and the inappreciative marines, when all that time she might have been competing with Schuman-Heink and Adelina Patti. And when, oppressed by the warmth of our incipient spring, she longed to touch her lips to a good Homeric *ἡμετέρη*, we took her gently by the hand, boarded the inter-urban, and went skidding eastward, leaving our offices in the capable hands of the girls.

At last, the sudden and terrific burst of summer has disheartened our protege, and she has threatened to pack her gripsacks and depart. In vain we have pleaded, put the Boneyard at her disposal, and the swimming pools. Alas, she remains obdurate. We, who prided ourselves that we had learned to understand at last one woman, surrender in despair. We give her in the gentle hands of next year's editors, we know not whether they can dissuade her, but they may try.



SO we have on our hands a fickle daughter of the laughing waves—a lusty wench with a thirty-page appetite and a domineering voice. Her complexion is fair as the ocean's froth and about her is a faint aroma of printers ink. It is this wilful hussy that is left in our care.

She has a bad reputation with her former keepers. She kept them up nights, grayed their hair, furrowed their brows and even robbed their pockets. And now she wants a rest—she longs for moisture. Well—she shall have it.

But she will return next fall, her fair skin tingling and her eyes sparkling, for we shall offer her health and joy, and perhaps the clinking of golden coins, and possibly give her a chance to preach for she is something of a missionary, this sea nymph of ours. Yes, she will return with her appetite larger and her voice louder than ever before.

We are under her charm, and may we never sprout a Ulysses to avoid her voice or disobey her command.



WE are pleased to announce the election to the staff for next year of Charles Morgan, V. D. Cylkowski, and E. H. Morrissey.



VACATION SPORT

Just been swimmin'—lots of fun
Real hot dog days just begun.
Water's cool em' clear 'n deep,
First a run 'n' then a leap.
Next come bubbles 'n' then you too,
'N' as you swim you yell out "Oo!"
Ain't this water sure just fine?
The swimming' hole's the place for mine."

While we was there we seen someone too.
A feller 'n his girl was in a canoe.
We all jumped in, but she blushed to the hair,
'Cause she'd come so near to seein' us bare.
Then Billy Jones he up 'n yelled out,
(I tried to duck him but they heard him shout),
"A girl and canoe may be very fine,
But just the same it's the swimmin' for mine."

THE SIREN

THE MILL TAX KORAN

THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO SAINT McCONNUS

CHAPTER VI.

1. And it came to pass in these days, which was the sixth year of the reign of King Jaymees, and the second month after the great Hegira, that a certain one of the Professorides, Brooksius by name, made a *journey* unto the lands of the Chikagoats, and there he abided in the chief city of the realm.

2. And it came to pass, that, after having eaten and drunk his fill of the *provender* which was offered unto him, he arose and betook himself unto the *caravansary*, which the people called I. C.

3. Now it happened that good treatment had been given Brooksius by the *inhabitants* of the city, and Brooksius was glad and joyous within him. And he climbed into the richest of the caravans, tho he well knew that the law said he must pay extra shekels if he *would* ride in the richest of the caravans.

4. And, *behold*, it came to pass in this wise. For, when Brooksius had *ridden* for but a short while in the caravan, there came to him the leader of the caravan who spake unto him and asked from him the extra shekels. But Brooks-

ius laughed at him, and *mocked* him and would not pay the extra shekels.

5. And behold the leader of the caravan was wroth, and thrice did he *curse* Brooksius, and would have thrown him from off the caravan, but another of the travellers had pity on Brooksius, and he cried out unto the leader, *saying*, "Nay, cast him not out, nor molest him, but be of good cheer, for we shall come soon unto the city of *Kankakeekeens* and there canst thou deliver him over to the centurions of the Kankakeekeens."

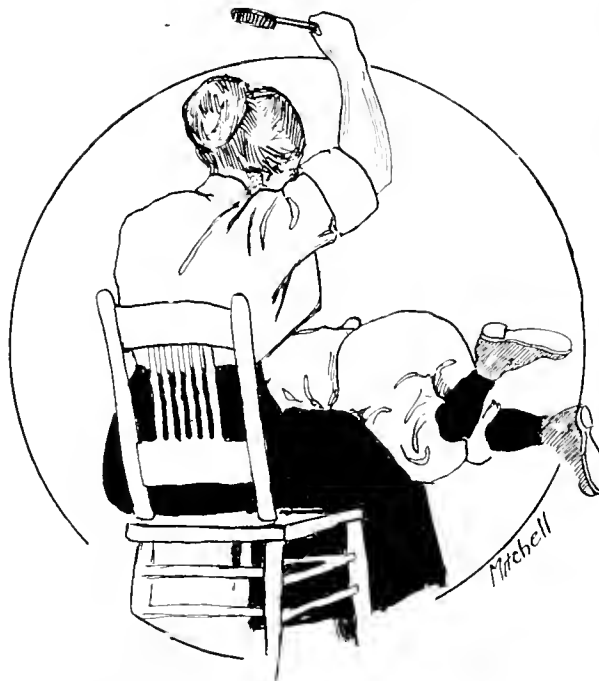
6. And this counsel seemed good in the eyes of the leader of the caravan and he called his helpers to him, and counselled them to watch Brooksius, that he escape not, for he was to be delivered unto the centurions of the *Kankakeekeens*. But Brooksius heard him not, for he was sleeping the sleep of the just.

7. And lo, when the caravan *had* at length reached the city of the Kankakeekeens, a swift and trusty helper of the leader of the caravan sped forth, and gave the alarm, and a mighty body of *centurions* came forth for the *capture* of Brooksius.

8. And when they arrived at the caravan and were about to seize Brooksius and beat him, lo, he slept. And they *seized* him and carried him away and cast him into the *dungeons* of the Kankakeekeens, and still he slept.

9. And when these tidings reached the realm of King Jaymees, there was *great* sorrow and lamentation *among* the people, for Brooksius was honored among them, and he had eight *children*.

TALES FROM SHAKESPEARE



There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Merchant of Venice.

JOHN—They give a course in Matrimony at Wisconsin.

Joe—That's nothing, all the ags at Illinois take animal husbandry.

FER why do they close the churches in the summer time, Casey?

Begorra, ye blamed fool, don't ye think the Lord wants a vacation, too?

ED.—They've quit burning coal in Ireland.
Carl—Why?

Ed—It's so blamed full of British Thermal Units.

The - Evan-Dog-en - Conference-Committee-On-Summer-Basa-Ball-

Expert in the - Rad e-
Activity-of-Ethural
Fluids

Commissar
in-Injuntesimal
Calculus

Expounder of the
theory of Random cal
Disintegration of
apex +

Calulator of
the Flight
of
Siverealizing

Discoverer
of the
Principle of
Actual
Humidity

Propounder of
Paleozoic Polarity
in - Pink - Purple - Van

Analyst of
the Ethuric
Demomstrats of
"Ab-Securist" - Ocean
Fossils

Designer of
Triple-
Complex-
Compound-
Decapillatory

Father of the
Elliptical
Spheroidal
Sanghans
or - the
Simpsons
Minorum

Distiller of
the Alkaloids
in the Cyro-
Cumulus on
Mount Ararat

Professor of
Nephelom-
Euplomania
in the - University of
Knowitall [Chicago]

Lecturer on
the Labial
Loquacity of
the - Lingual - Halograth

- Nelson -
'12

with - Compliments - to - Harris

With apologies to Mr. Rudyard Kipling.

And he's aiming for the White House in the morning.

"He's coming to his own at last!" the joyful one replied;

And it's Teddy for the White House in the morning.

And he's going to the White House in the morning.

THE SIREN

A ROMAN TRAGEDY

Young Tullius a stude of Roman stock,
Inspired by a goodly stein of bock,
Composed some couplets to his lady love.
I said he was a stude three lines above.

COUPLETS IN OLDE STYLE

In good sooth I love to study,
Often tho, at sacrifice,
For when lost in contemplation,
I forget my occupation,
Beatrice.

Contemplation? Oh, for certes,
Thou dost need not ask me this.
Of whom could perchance it be,
If indeed 'twere not of thee,
Beatrice?

Be not angry with me maiden,
Rather call an armistice;
I will swear to discontinue,
Let your wrath abate within you,
Beatrice.

This name of Beatrice, we thus assume,
For, as you've guessed, it was a nom de plume.
Besides, she was a maid of high degree,
And acted thus, as you shall straightway see.

She summoned up a lowly poetaster,
I have no guess as to the price he asked her,
Suffice it that when Tully'd read her verses,
There was a dearth of first-class Roman
hearses.

The poem serves now as an epitaph
At which on Sundays Roman lovers laugh.

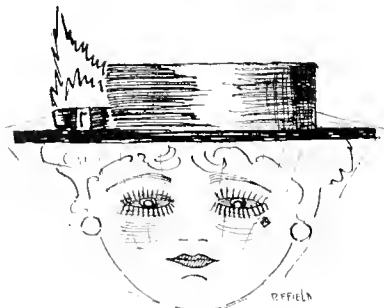
COUPLETS UP TO DATE

Aren't you the classy kiddo,
With your poetry and fuss.
Do you think you have my number
That I cannot eat or slumber,
Thinking of thee,
Tullius?

When I read your honeyed missive,
All my thoughts were in a muss;
As I scanned your dovelike cooing,
'Round my heart was something doing
What could it be,
Tullius?

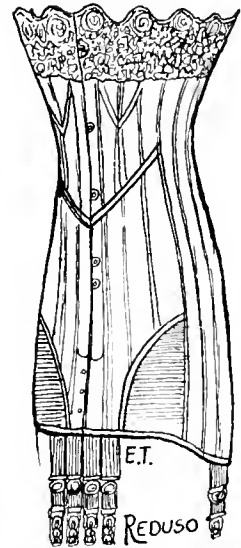
Yes indeed 'twas something doing,
I was mad enough to cuss.
Let me tell you, next to sheenies,
I hate Romans, kraut and weenies.
Take it from me,
Tullius.

BASEBALL TERM



A Hot One to Pick Up

CHEMICAL TERM



Reducing Agents

FRIEND—I see you're learning how to play golf.

Jones—No, I'm just learning how to curb my temper. You see, I have a lady stenographer now.



Mary had a hobble skirt
Tied in a tiny bow,
And everywhere that Mary went,
She couldn't hardly go.



Senior Bawl

THE SIREN



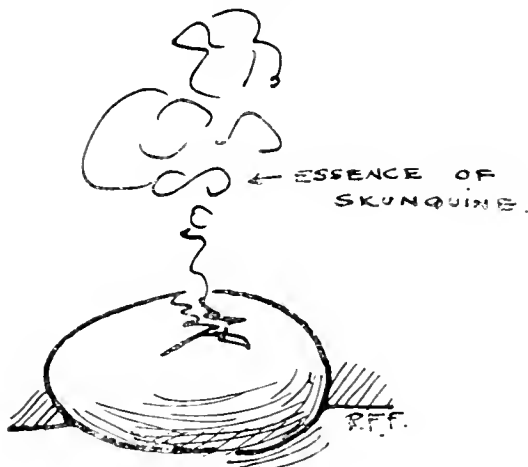
Their Favorite Pastimes

THE ILLINOIS CREED

I believe in Huff, the father of baseball, coach of the thousand percent. And in Silent Gill, his steady pal in track. They conceived the idea of honest athletics, suffered under the Conference regime, brought forth wonders from indifferent material and in spite of greatest odds, came forth triumphant in the end.

I believe in graduate coaching, in the death of the Conference, in the square deal and glorious future of Illinois, with fame everlasting. Amen.

• • •



An Ancient Lay

DEAR SIR.—

I herewith enclose a copy of my latest Illinois song. I know it will be a scream, as it is just like all the rest.

Wave the Orange and the Blue,
Illinois, we're true to you
Fight on to victory, "warriors" bold,
To HELL with Chicago!
Biff bang! Oskee-wow-wow!

Tune—As near as you can come to Sousa's march without getting yourself into a law-suit.

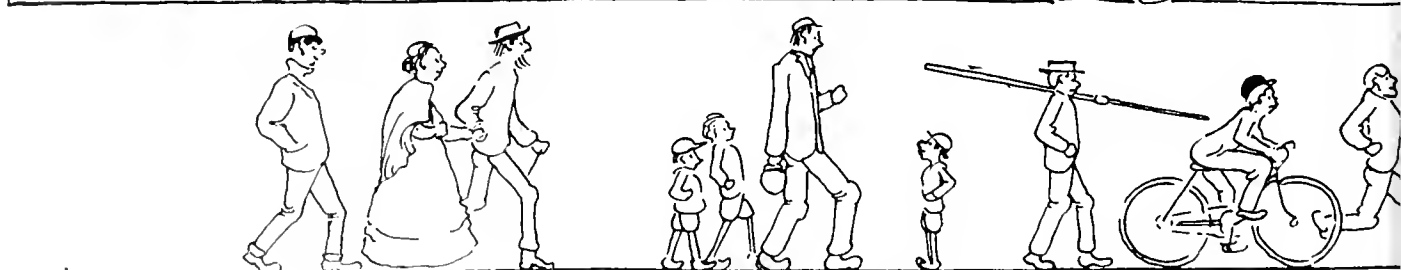
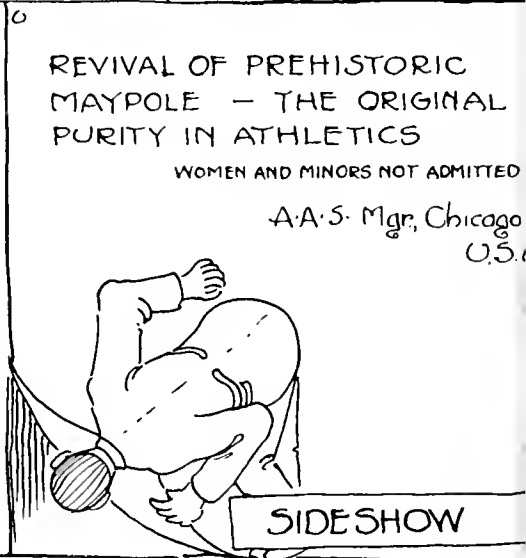
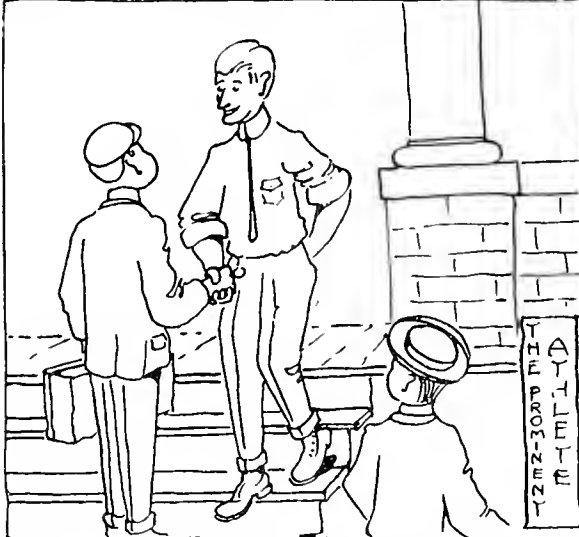


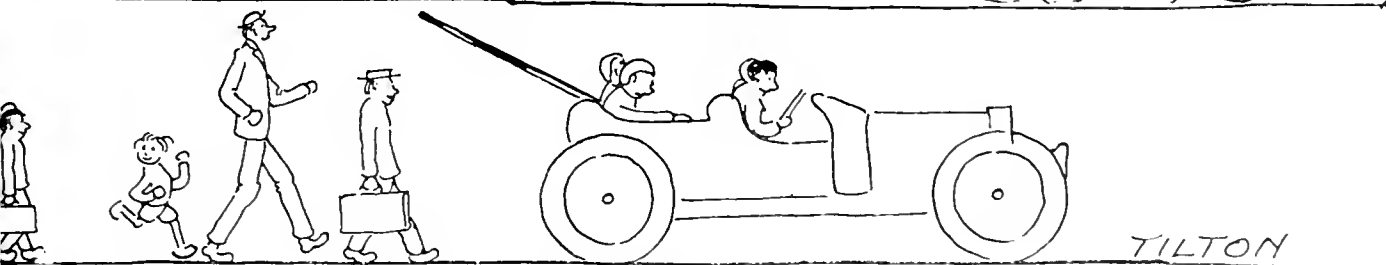
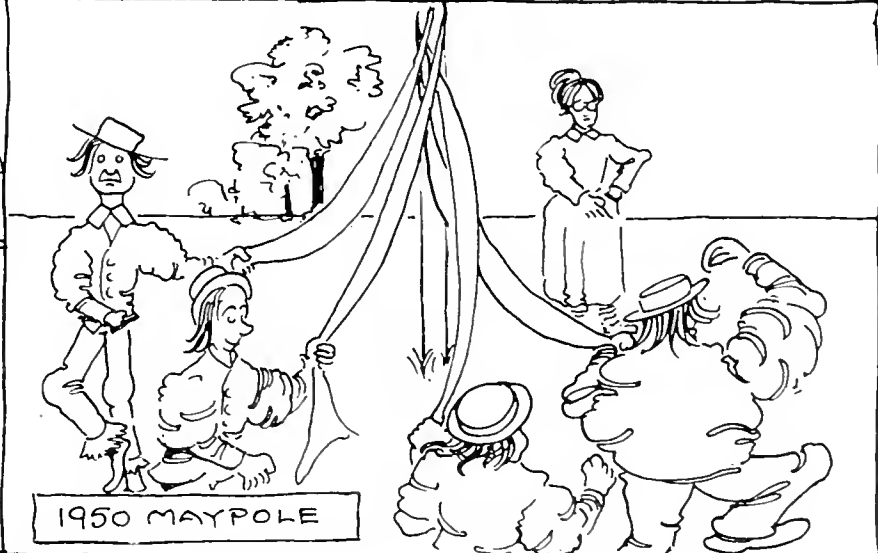
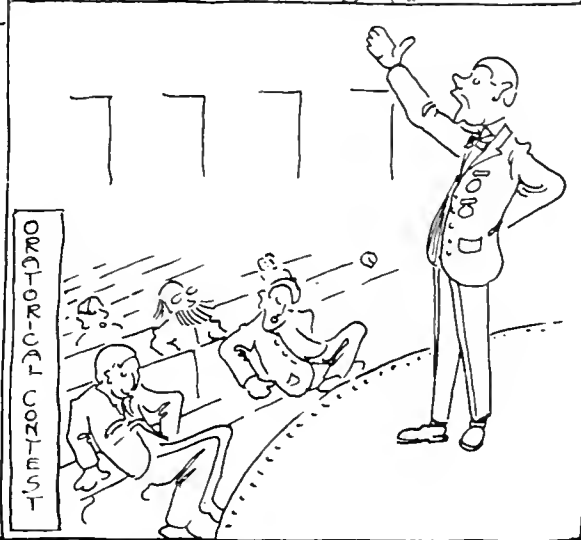
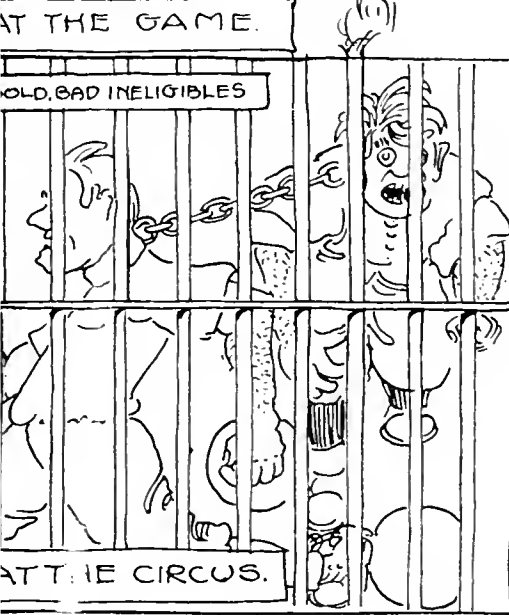
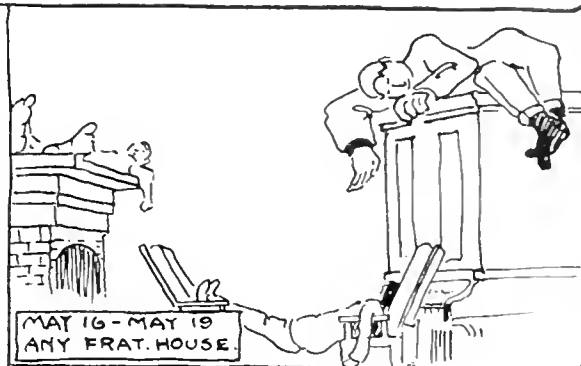
Graduation Exercises

• • •

HUMOUR

"WHAT kind of leather makes good shoes?"
I don't know, but banana skins make good slippers.





THE SIREN

BONES FROM ZING

Miss Brown was sitting in the back yard drying her hair. It was eleven o'clock in the morning and the sun was shining from an undimpled sky. Miss Brown, purely by chance, looked up. The unbroken blue was sullied by a puzzling speck that grew most amazingly. As she watched, the speck became a shapeless bundle and hurtling down broke on the lawn. In its flight she thought that it had a covering of cloth, but now she saw it was only a pile of broken bones and a cloud of dust.

In the year 900 B. C., so numbered on our earthly count, P'xso Aaoa and his wife, god and goddess of the asteroid Zing, were eating breakfast.

Zing is the name of one of the miniature planets which we call asteroids. It is twenty-eight miles in diameter and lies off the coast of Jupiter. Unlike the earth, this planet keeps one pole pointed to its sun; thus its sunny side is extremely hot, while the opposite side is colder than compressed ammonia the year 'round.

The house of P'xso Aaoa was situated on the cold side, some ten yards from the line where hotness began—a most convenient arrangement.



The god was seated opposite his wife inhaling his breakfast through a long silver tube. All food in this world is cooked on the sunny side, which is so sunny that the food is vaporized and conducted to the table by pipe lines. He was arguing with his wife about the silver pipe. (I may say here that solid food has been out of fashion so long that the facial muscles of the people have atrophied and they communicate with one another by the fingers. For example, the god's name—it is impossible of lingual interpretation.) The argument ran something like this:

P'xso—If your female ancestors used brass pipes, aren't they good enough for you?

He frowned—that is, he waved his hand twice in the air.

The Goddess—But that old pipe has an awful taste. I hate it. I'd as lief have my mush and milk through a bicycle tire. P'xso, don't you love me?

P'xso was softened, for he waved his hand three times in the air—the signal for a smile. He answered gently:

"Well, my dear, I'll see what I can do. I'll see—". He paused, sniffing at one pipe line after another; then he signaled for a frown and looked up:

"Where's my bacon?"

The brass pipe rattled between the goddess's what might have been teeth and her fingers trembled so that P'xso could hardly see her talk.

"Gunsgvk told me this morning, dear, that it was gone. Someone must have stolen it. I'm so sorry."

P'xso interrupted her fiercely. He was waving couplets with his head, legs, and both hands.

"Where is Gunsgvk? Send my son to me."

The goddess beat a hasty retreat. In a few moments the son came in, dragging a most peculiar mortal with him. A human dressed in the costume of the early Egyptians. He was shivering from the cold, and he talked excitedly. P'xso opened his mouth in amazement. Then he was amused; he waved three times for a smile.

"Who is the man with the wriggley inhaler?"

"I found him in the store house."

The store house was a tiny asteroid that had been tied to the cold pole of Zing.

"What happened to my bacon?"

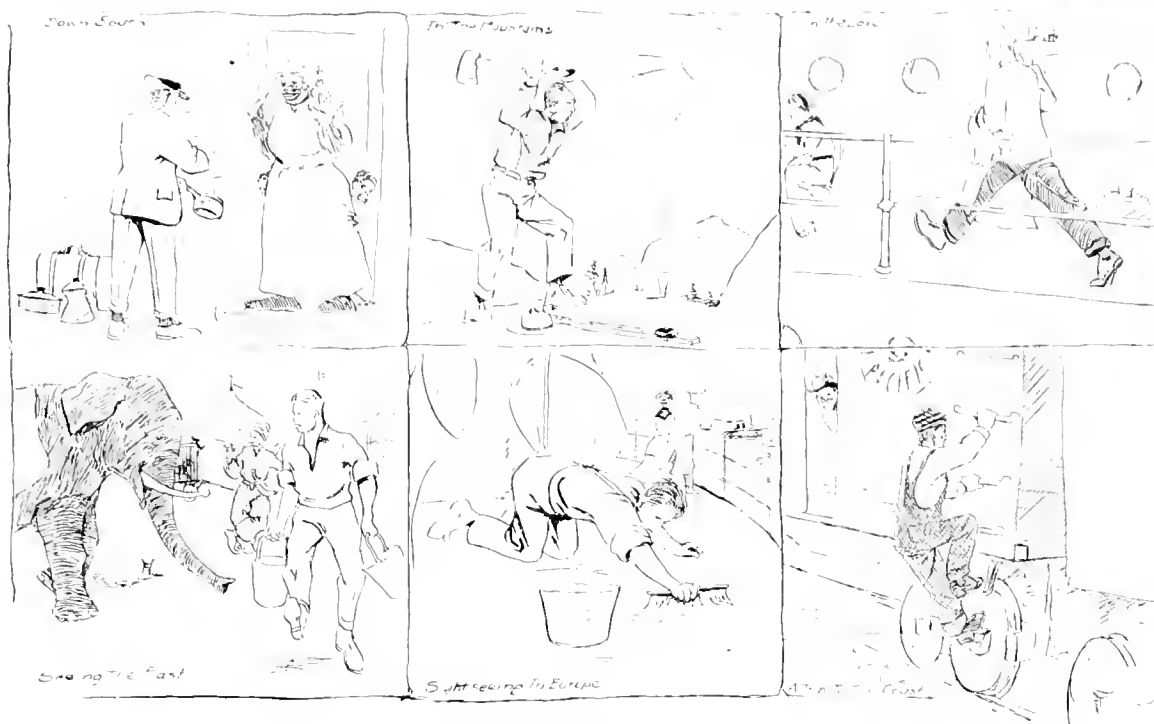
Gunsgvk rubbed the stranger's stomach significantly. P'xso stared coldly for a moment. Then rage gradually filled him. He weighed 350 pounds—a match for his son, except for his limp which he had accrued while walking on the cold side. He had fallen and his enormous weight had compressed the atmosphere beneath him into liquid air, which froze one of his hips irretrievably. Nevertheless, he advanced toward his son.

"You lie. How could this man eat bacon when it is solid?"

In reply the son took a piece of bacon out of the stranger's pocket. He made a few gestures and handed it to him. Wonders of wonders, the man lifted it to his lips, twisted his face, and the bacon disappeared.

(Continued on Page 146)

THE SIREN



Our Wandering Jews



NO DUTY!

Why think it strange to see us wear
Our hats a la skewgee,
With oil and perfume in our hair—
We're on the faculty?
Why call it crude to see us go
In a week old shirt to tea?
Our linen need not be like snow—
We're on the faculty.

Why smile to see us wrap our ears
The biting cold to flee?
Why hoot at us with calls and jeers?
We're on the faculty.
And tho' our pants have baggy knees,
A thing we scarce fawncee;
Why cawn't we do the things we please?
We're on the faculty.

IN A PINCH

"WHEN the Y. W. C. A. girls were trying everything to raise their building funds they might have hung up their stockings."

"Yes; but it takes an awful lot of dimes to raise \$8000."

PHYSIOLOGICAL-PSYCHOLOGY

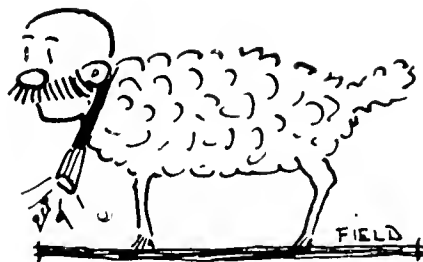
"SHE snapped at me like a tortoise. What do you suppose she had been eating?"
"Mock-turtle soup."

TWELVE TRIBES

"WHY doesn't Jones go to church?"
"He's been reading Lamertine and struck the verse 'God send a large family to the man who fears the Lord.'"

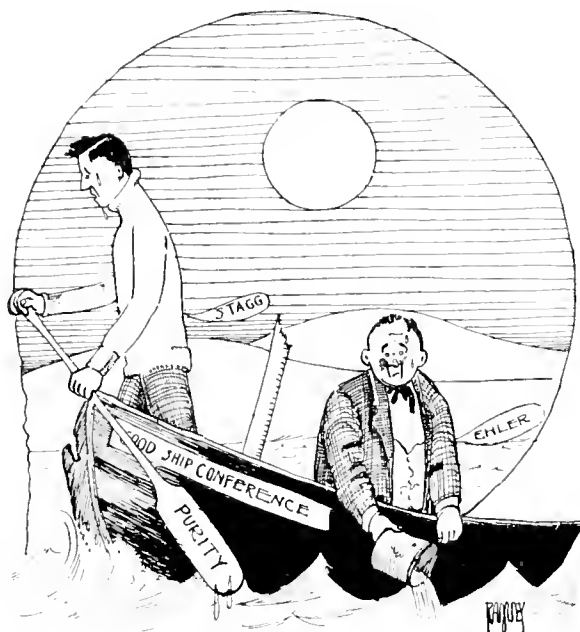
PRESERVATIVE

"SHE will always be a most complete and perfect specimen."
"You think so? Why?"
"She never lets anyone even take her arm."



THE SIREN

ILLINAE WIT



Will the Old Ship Sink?

• • •

Mary had an aeroplane,
It ran by gasoline,
And everywhere that Mary went,
Her aeroplane was seen.

One day when Mary went to town,
Her airship hit a spire,
Poor Mary soon came tumbling down,
She's now a different flyer.

• • •



Some Vacuum Cleaners

I have found humor among the Presbyterians, the Masons and even among the Methodists, but the feminine sex—it is charming, naive, refreshing, but, thank the powers, it has proved itself not humorous. What is more irksome to us mere plodders for substance than a humorous woman? If the humor be delicate, it is in this day and age no longer humor; and if it be indelicate, the gentle lips of womanhood are sullied. If the joke is a pun, we call it crude or "bum"; if it is not "bum", we refuse to laugh. Who expects or cares for crudity among women?

There is another side. For ages we masculines have looked on the humorous as our especial field. Since Eve played her practical joke on Adam, levity among her sex has been frowned upon. We like to hear her voice in lullabies and in cooing saccharine notes, but if she lowers it to the raucous tone of a joke, she is trespassing—our sensibilities and our pride are hurt. To be specific. Do you remember this one? "This edition of the Siren is not in any trust but it is trustworthy." Now, this is bad; it is not "bum;" neither is it indelicate. Compare it with a pun published in a late issue of the Siren.

"Why foh you call yoh boy Epsom, Nastasia?"

"Cas he am so physically strong, ah reckon." This, you can readily see, is both "bum" and indelicate. There lies the secret.

Verse comes under a different rule. If I were unjust, I would refer you to the bugs on pages 134 and 135. (I'm not.) They are too illegible to look dangerous. The drawing signed V. S. in three different places and entitled "As Seen At The Orpheum", the one "Gone but not Forgotten" and the gentle twist of "Dean Spigot" called "Spring Has Come" all came close to the head of the nail. The sketch named "He Threw His Whole Soul into the Work" might also be praised had not "Life" discovered its merits some months ago.

At all events the Illinae Number was received most courteously, and, as we of the male staff take our places around the red table to grind out fluffy decorations for the Siren's pages, we thank the girls for their timely assistance.

THE SIREN

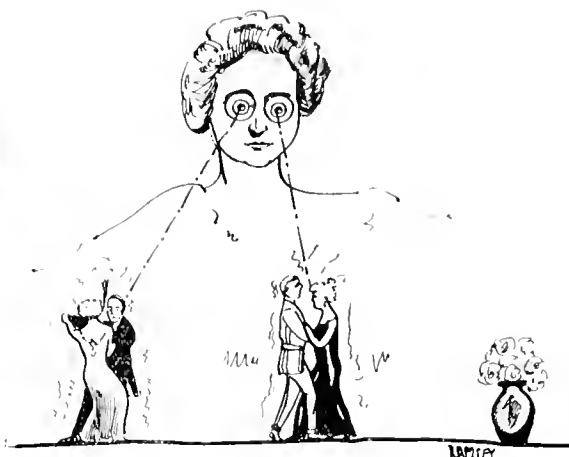
TALES FROM SHAKESPEARE



"Still be kind, and eke the performance with your mind."
—Henry V.

ENTHRALLING

"REV. MR. O. R. TORREY has no trouble in holding his congregations."
"Where does he preach?"
"In the penitentiary."



The Ragtime Goblin

QUOTH THE RAVEN

"PROF. F. A. M. LEE is certainly a great bird fancier."

"Naturally, his father-in-law gives him \$10,000 for a single visit of the stork."

N. M. C. T. Y.

SHE—Why do you like Paris for the name of a garter?

He—In my mind Paris and legs are very closely associated.



THE END

BONES FROM ZING

(Continued from Page 142)

Pxso gasped with his fingers:
"Who are you? Who are you?"

The stranger guessed at the question and answered:

"I'm an Egyptian. I have discovered a way to overcome the force of gravity and the centrifugal force of the earth sent me here."

This was, of course, only a series of grimaces to the god. As he asked question after question and received only ridiculous twists of countenance, accompanied by derisive squeaks, he became very angry:

"He is a senseless monstrosity. Take him away. Wait a minute." Pxso chuckled with his thumb. "He's a foolish mortal. Send him back to where he came from. Drop him off the edge of Zing. Say, don't give him a speedometer."

Gunsgyk dragged the stranger away. Pxso inhaled a half dozen of crisp waffles and contentedly beat triplets with his right hand, as to a peaceful, dreamy waltz.



Getting His Third Degree

WEATHER INDICATIONS

Man sees tailor on the streets,
Seems a trifle nettled,
Crosses to the other side
That suggests "Unsettled."

Maiden with a powder puff
Daubing here and there;
This reported "weather-wise,"
Means "Continued Fair."

Garments for Graduation Wear

Mainly tailored garments that have been designed especially for the graduates, who at this time, finds so much use for the neat tailored waist and skirt of white.

PLAIN SHIRT WAIST

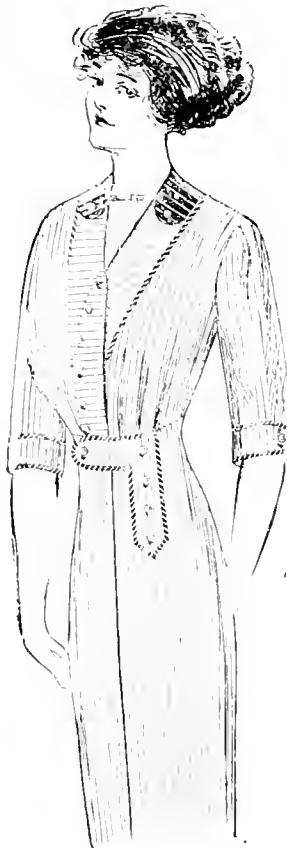
Made of fine quality long cloth, strictly tailored, with laundered cuffs and neck bands, size 34 to 42, price is.....\$1.25

LINEN SHIRT WAIST

Plain linen, pleated shirt waist, 1/2 inch pleats forming the only trimming of this garment. Laundered cuffs and neck band, size 34 to 42, price is \$3

PLAIN TAILORED SKIRT

Of soft, plain fabric, similar to long cloth, plain tailored, panel



front and back, plain seven gore model, price is.....\$3

WHITE PIQUE SKIRT

Made of wide wale pique, with slot seam front and back, plain gore model, a very nobby garment, price is.....\$3

TAILORED REPP SKIRT

Plain tailored skirt in a seven gore model, has detachable pearl buttons down entire left side, price is\$3.95

PURE LINEN SKIRT

Five gore model, plain front, panel back, two pleats back on each side of panel, which gives the necessary fullness, price is\$5

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THE ADDED EXPENSE

Now that all his mental trials were past,
And Senior Ball was here at last,
There in a snatch of sleep bound fast
 The resting senior lay;
But even while he softly slept,
A fancy strange most queerly crept
Into his mind, and there it kept
 His thoughts all far astray.

The meaning of his dream seemed sane,
His girl came on the noon day train
And so he went to meet his Jane,
 His darling, home-grown beauty;
But alas this fair imported girl
Was such a jewel, was such a pearl,
That the customs keeper, basest churl,
 Asked for an import duty.

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EXCHANGES

Janitor—Say, missis, doan' dat feller up in No. 16 evah do no work?

Landlady—Nope; guess he must be one of them idle rumors I hear folks talkin' about.—*Stanford Chaparral*.

• • •

"S-shay, ol' man, is thishaway to Boston?"

"Not quite. Don't slide so much and put more spring in your knees.—*Harvard Lampoon*.

• • •

"Why did everybody cry in that last death scene?"

"Because they knew the actor wasn't really dead."—*Wisconsin Pphinx*.

• • •

Missionary—Why do you look at me so intently?

Cannibal—I'm the food inspector.—*Minnesota Minne-Ha-Ha*.

• • •

Butt—Is that a barber pole?"

Jeff—No; it is a shaving stick."—*Yale Record*.

• • •

He—Have you heard that new song entitled "Alexander's Ragtime Band?"

She—Yes, but I can't hear it.

He—Then I'll teach you.—*Wisconsin Sphinx*.

• • •

Woman's Rights—Mrs. Parkhurst.

Woman's Wrongs—Lydia Pinkham.—*Williams Purple Core*.

• • •

Irate Parent—I didn't mind my frivolous son at college being engaged several times to flirts, chorus girls and singers, but when he got married to a co-ed, he over-stepped my limit.—*California Pelican*.

• • •



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OUR MUD YARD

I dreamed I was a bit of fluff
Floating thru the air:
No brain to think, no heart to feel.
No sorrow, pain or care.
I floated on thru silver space;
Blew kisses to the stars.

Drank Luna's rays till I was drunk.
And fell asleep on Mars.
Down, down I fell to the hard, cold earth.
From out the silver sky.
"A rag, a bone, a hank of hair,"
No bit of fluff was I.

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THE SIREN EXCHANGES

Paris—What would you say if I were
to kiss you?

Helen—I'm a woman of few words.—
California Pelican.

~ ~ ~

Cyril—I hear the Italian barbers have
gone on a strike.

Egbert—Yes, they refused to use
Turkish towels.—*Yule Record.*

~ ~ ~

Freshman (reading Macaulay)—What
is a noble charger?

Soph—A tailor who lets your bills
run for a year without writing to your
old man.—*Williams Purple Cove.*

~ ~ ~

"The prof. told me I had the best
paper in English."

"Zat so?"

"Yep! Old Hampshire Bond.—*Pur-
ple Cove.*

~ ~ ~

With one sweep of his strong arm
he lifted her from her feet and crushed
her to his breast. His nervous hands
encircled her silken neck—she snuggled
close against him and felt the passion-
ate throb of his heart in the excite-
ment of the crucial moment.

"Ah, Birdie. You are mine!" he
cried, as he coolly placed her neck
across the chopping block and signaled
father to let the ax fall.—*Stanford
Chapparral.*

~ ~ ~

Patience—Poor Mr. Brown! He pro-
posed last night and today he's insane.

Patrice—Oh, then you accepted.—
Cornell Widow.

~ ~ ~

A very excited gentleman rushed into
the drug store on the corner, when one
of the clerks immediately recognized
him as a former school-mate. Before
the excited gentleman could say any-
thing the clerk shouted:

"Why, hello, Tom, old man, how are
you. Say, you know, you're looking
mighty fine—and mighty prosperous, too.
Why, old fellow, you look as though
you had a million."

"How in hell did you guess it?" was
the reply. "Give me ten cents worth of
insect powder, quick!"—*Columbia Jes-
ter.*

~ ~ ~

'22—What is an optimist?

'10—Why, a man who will write PER-
SONAL on a post card and not expect
everybody to read it."—*Punch.*

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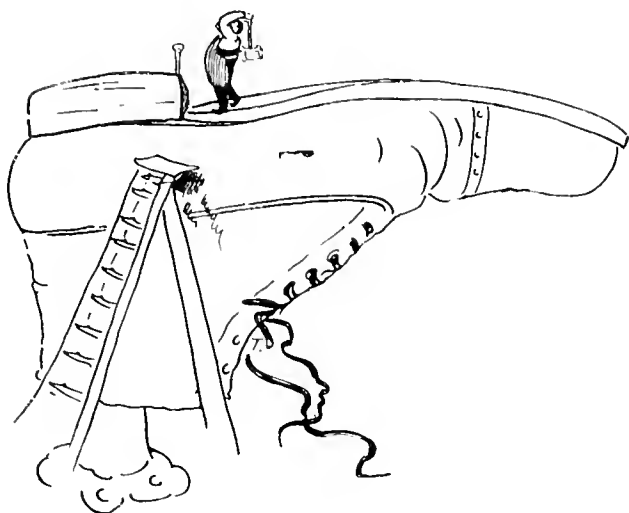
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THE SIREN

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"What did she say?"

"Nothing."

"It wasn't my wife."—*Jack-O-Lantern.*

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"Say, Abie, ver you got it dot suit of clothes?"

"Oh, ofer at Greenberger & Teitelbaum's, vater."

"Py golly, I wish only I could got a salesman like dot."—*Cornell Widow.*

"Waiter!" said the absent minded professor.

"Yes, sir."

"If I have dined bring me the bill. If I haven't bring me steak and mushrooms."—*Tid-Bits.*

Miss Spearmint—Have you ever been troubled with somnambulism?

Piper Heidsick—I've been known to walk out in the middle of a lecture.—*Dartmouth Jack-O-Lantern.*

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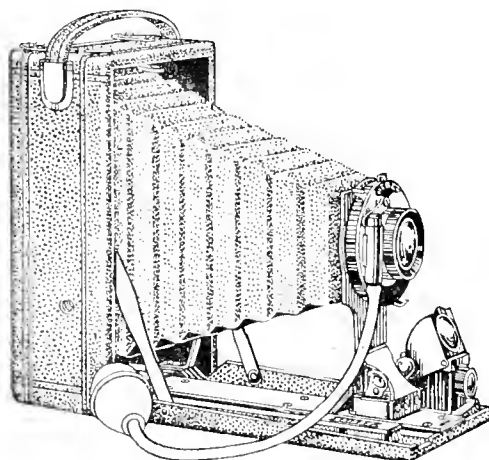
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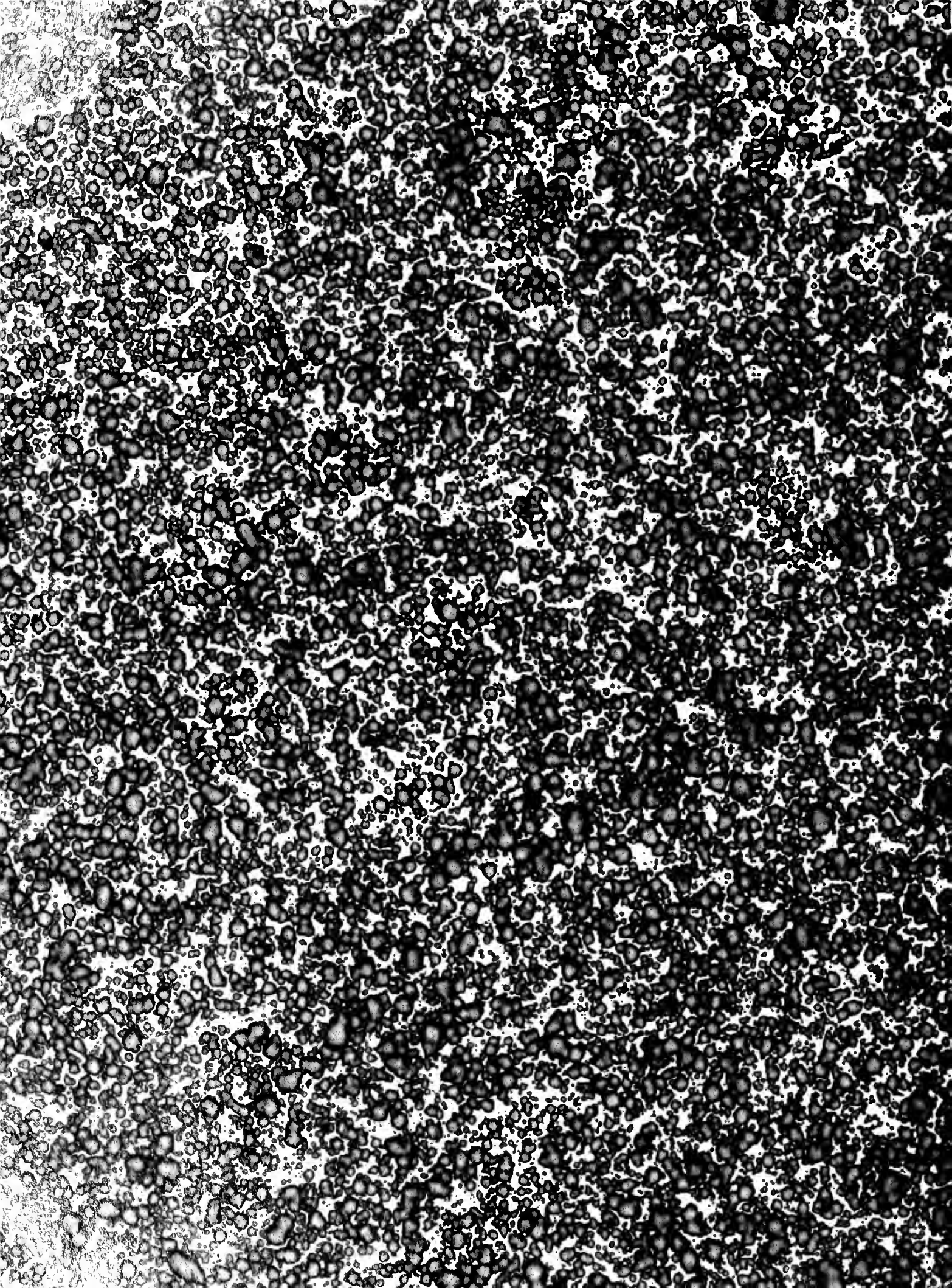
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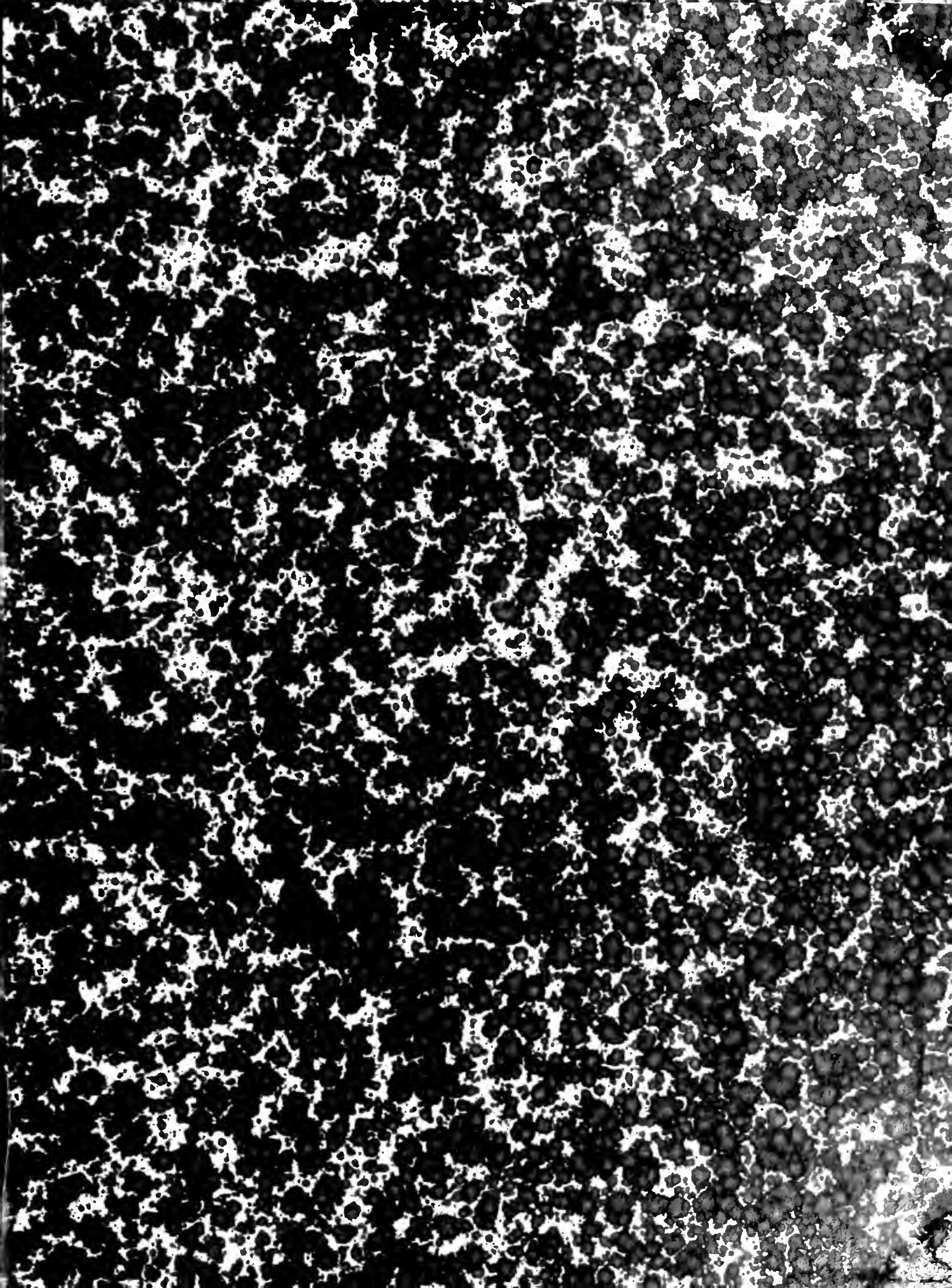
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